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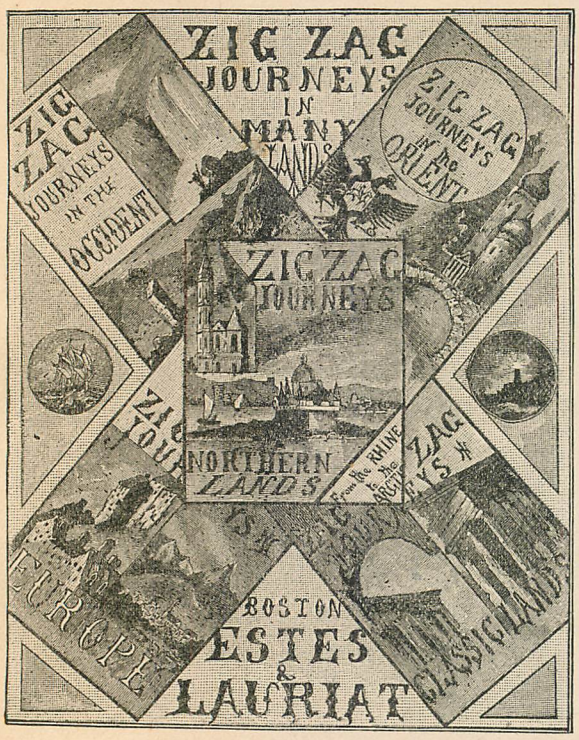
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Chatterbox

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Chatterbox.



"As if the likes of him could be called a gentleman!"

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

By the Author of 'The Silver Flagon.'

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG BARONET.



'AND what are we to do with young Sir Florence? Bless us, what a name!'

'He must come home, of course.'

'A rubbishy little Italian, too much of a Miss Molly to go to school, and with a girl's name!' grumbled the executor of the late Sir Edward Gould's will and guardian of his only child. 'I'll not be bothered with him. My boys would make mince-meat of him in no time—a set of young rascals! I lay about me with a cane now and then, but it's no use.' And the father chuckled in anything but a disconsolate fashion.

'He must come home,' rather absently repeated the Rev. John Silver, curate of Middlemere.

'Now look here, Silver,' said Mr. Thornton, laying his hand familiarly and impressively on the clergyman's arm; 'you have boys of your own: what do you advise me to do with my poor friend's child?'

'So have you!' returned Mr. Silver, with a faint smile.

'Yes; but you see I am busy all day, and mine are really getting beyond me. I shouldn't know a happy moment if I went to my office leaving a Miss Molly of a young baronet behind me at home every day. To tell the truth, I think my poor friend was just as anxious to protect his precious son from me and mine as from the public schools I suggested sending him to. Look here!' and Mr. Thornton drew a letter from his breast-pocket, and proceeded to rummage all his other pockets in turn for his spectacles.

But Mr. Silver, whose sad gray eyes were as keen as those of a hawk, had already taken up the letter, and was reading it aloud. It was as follows:—

'My dear Thornton,—By the time you read these lines the hand that traced them will be cold in death. I have but little strength remaining, and though I have made ample provision for all emergencies in my will, appointing you my executor and guardian of my orphan boy, I am irresistibly urged to use the little remnant to write a last appeal to you on his behalf. Take care of him, dear friend. He is like his mother, and she was a tender flower. ["As full of whims as an egg is full of meat, but a pretty creature," interpolated Mr. Thornton.] He is too young to go to school ["Eleven, if he is a day. Mine all went at eight, and a good thing too!"]; indeed he is too delicate at present to be with other boys at all, unless they were exceptionally well brought up. ["Mine have been dragged up."] Lay the blame on me, my dear Thornton, if you think this is a bad state of things; not on him. For the present I only want him to be in a happy, quiet home, with companions younger than himself, where he can get over his grief for a father's loss [Mr. Thornton grunted], and gradually learn self-confidence. Put him with rough boys, even in a home, and he will be ruined for life. ["Fiddlestick! All the same, *I'll* not take the responsibility."] To tell the truth, I should die happy if I could think of my boy, brought up under the shadow of the old trees, learning his lessons in the library at Gould Hall, where I learnt mine; but I suppose you will shake your head at this, old friend! Well, the dying man must go his way, and leave those that come after him to fight their battles as they may; but it is hard. For the rest, my boy will carry his recommendation to your kindness in his face. And so, farewell! Edward Gould.'

'I doubt it,' said Mr. Thornton, as Mr. Silver folded up the letter and laid it down. 'Give me a good, honest, rosy-cheeked English lad, who is up to anything; scorns a lie, and has fists as hard as pebbles!—that's the sort to get on in the world! None of your sly, sickly ones, who squall at a touch, and always turn out the worst tyrants in the end, for me. How Edward Gould came to have such a son—and I remember that fellow when he was as mad as a March hare; up to anything, hunting, shooting, fishing; and as innocent and gentle as a woman with it all. Poor Gould!'

'Just so,' said Mr. Silver, quietly; 'and it does not follow but that this boy, when he has outgrown his delicacy, may turn out exactly like his father.'

'Not he!' exclaimed the disgusted guardian; 'he'll be his Italian mother all over again; take my word for it. And then to think of Ned Gould calling his son Florence! I declare there ought to be a law to punish parents for fixing opprobrious titles on their innocent offspring. Florence!'

'He was born in Florence, I conclude?' remarked Mr. Silver.

'And if a man were born in a farmyard you'd call him Cock-a-doodle-do, I suppose? I've no patience! Luckily, now I come to think of it, the boy has another name—my own, too—Richard! A very good name, though I say it. Sir Richard Gould! Come, that's not so bad; and "Dick" will do for every-day wear. One can make anything out of a boy who answers to the name of Dick; but Florence—a girl's name!—why, sir, it's enough to break any lad's spirit! And now to business. Where is the boy to go?—that's the question. He is not to go to school; I can't take him: where are we to put him?'

Mr. Silver played with the letter lying on the table, and made no answer.

'Have you any suggestion to offer, Silver?' asked Mr. Thornton, watching him with some curiosity.

The clergyman shook his head.

'Hang it, man! can't you speak?' exclaimed the irascible Mr. Thornton. 'You see what a quandary I'm in. You can help me out of it, and you won't!'

'Anything I can do,' said Mr. Silver, slowly; 'but the matter requires thought. His father's wishes——'

'Bother his father's wishes!' broke in Mr. Thornton. 'Look here, Silver; can't you take him yourself? It would be just the thing for you. You have three nice boys—quieter than my lot. However you can keep them so passes me. Mrs. Silver would be a mother to him, and you, with your ability and scholarship, would make him fit for college in no time. Then of course, you know, there would be something very handsome allowed, and you'd have the run of the Hall gardens, and all that——'

Mr. Thornton was rather red and flustered when he had finished this speech, for, poor as he was, no one ever ventured on a liberty with the Curate of Middlemere; but Mr. Silver had flushed up himself, and raised one

hand as if to stop Mr. Thornton when he first began, but by the time the speech had come to an end he was as pale and calm as usual.

'You are very kind,' he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the letter which lay on the table; 'but it does not suit our arrangements at present to take pupils.'

'And you call that taking pupils?' exclaimed Mr. Thornton, almost pathetically, so much was he disappointed; 'doing a kindness to Sir Edward Gould—poor, dear fellow!—and laying me under the greatest obligation! I have never allowed myself to fall under to any man! There's Christian charity!'

'I thought it was a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—not of charity at all,' said Mr. Silver, approaching as nearly to a joke as he ever did. Such as it was, it encouraged Mr. Thornton to urge the plan with all the eloquence he was master of on the Curate's consideration.

'It does not suit our arrangements at present to take a pupil!'

'And you as poor as a church mouse!' thought Mr. Thornton. He could not exactly say this, so, as he had no amiable remark to offer, he remained silent.

'Why not follow his father's desire?' asked Mr. Silver, taking up the letter again. 'Bring him here and get a tutor.'

'Easier said than done,' growled Mr. Thornton.

'Nothing could be easier,' rejoined Mr. Silver. 'I think I know a gentleman——'

'Would you undertake to superintend his studies?' asked Mr. Thornton, reviving under this new idea.

Mr. Silver shook his head, and went on without taking any further notice.

'If you wished it, my sons could still be his companions—in play-hours, I mean, of course,' he added, hastily; 'and the tutor, I am sure, would turn out everything that was desirable.'

'Such tomfoolery!' grumbled Mr. Thornton: 'a child of eleven cocked up with a tutor in a great place like this! However, since there seems to be nothing else for it, I must say I take it rather unkind of you, Silver.'

'Don't do that,' said Mr. Silver, earnestly. 'Believe me, I have good reasons for what I do.'

He rose as he spoke, and prepared to leave the room.

'Not going, are you?' said Mr. Thornton.

'I have a sick woman to visit on my way home,' said the clergyman. 'Good-bye.'

'Now I should like to know,' soliloquised Mr. Thornton, leaning back in his chair and watching the tall figure of Mr. Silver crossing the lawn, which stretched away from the library windows of Gould Hall, 'what's at the bottom of that fellow's refusal to take poor Gould's boy? It's always the same. To my certain knowledge he has nothing but his curate's pay—salary, stipend, whatever they call it; and yet he will have no one inside his doors, or do nothing to lift the burden a little: not even for the sake of his sons, who are getting no education to speak of, and eating him out of house and home. Some skeleton in the cupboard. And Mrs. Silver seems a good sort of woman, too. But one never knows. However, there's no use bothering about one's neighbours' affairs; I wish he hadn't been quite so stiff. It's a bore, and I don't see my way out of it.'

Whereupon Mr. Thornton lit a cigar and strolled out upon the lawn.

Mr. Thornton had come from the neighbourhood of Liverpool, where he lived, to Gould Hall, in Blankshire, the home of his life-long friend, Sir Edward Gould, on receiving news of his death in Italy. Sir Edward had been abroad for twelve years, and during that time the Hall had been shut up, and Middlemere had been left to take care of itself. The Rector was himself a non-resident, and the only gentleman in the place was the Rev. John Silver—if, as the villagers remarked, 'the likes of he could be called a gentleman.'

For Mr. Silver was poor—not genteelly, but painfully poor—and lived in a shabby white cottage, along the lonely road beyond Gould Hall, which lay between it and Middlemere.

How he lived nobody exactly knew, for no one was ever inside the doors; and it was already a point of honour with the three boys—young as they were, to say nothing of what went on at home.

It would have been some consolation for them to have been allowed to go into the deserted grounds of Gould Hall; but Mr. Silver would not allow it. He was an eccentric man, everybody said. He would not accept favours himself, nor allow his sons to do so.

'We are not born to Gould Hall,' he would say; 'what right have we to enjoy it?'

The boys grumbled, of course, and not seldom played truant; but they were severely punished when caught. On winter evenings, when returning from sick visits in the village, Mr. Silver would take a long round, rather than the short-cut through the demesne of Gould Hall, doubling his walk by so doing. All this caused Mr. Silver to be looked upon as a very odd man.

Mr. Thornton had always made periodical visits to Gould Hall to see that things were in order, and on those occasions invariably asked Mr. Silver to dine with him. He did not always accept the invitation; but sometimes he did, and this was one of the occasions. Poor Sir Edward was dead, in a foreign land, leaving an only child; his wife, an Italian, had died many years before; and Mr. Thornton had come to make all the arrangements and settle what was to be done with the boy, who had received, as we have seen, the strangely inappropriate name of Florence.

Mr. Thornton was really concerned; he wished to carry out the father's desires. He did not like the tutor plan, but could see no other, and was thoroughly vexed with Mr. Silver for crossing his plans.

He walked up and down the lawn, thinking uneasily all the time, until he had finished his cigar; and then he went back again into the library through the open French window, and threw himself into an arm-chair. But he had not sat there for five minutes when a shadow came between him and the light, which caused him to look up. Mr. Silver had come up to the window, with what Mr. Thornton imagined to be a rather pale and ominous countenance.

'Hallo, Silver!' exclaimed Mr. Thornton, jumping up: 'what's brought *you* back? Anything happened?'

'Yes,' replied the clergyman; 'something rather remarkable has happened.'

(*To be continued.*)



Starting for the Race.

SLOW AND SURE WINS THE RACE.

HERE are three boys starting for a race. A capital sport for a winter's day—a much better plan for keeping warm than muffling up in great-coats and sitting over the fire. How keen boys are in running a race to get a good start! How they all have to come back because one *will* spring off before the signal is given! But it is not always the boy who gets off most quickly who wins the race. Often the boy who starts quietly and works along with a steady swing outstrips those who spent all their strength and all their 'wind' on an outburst at the first. 'Slow and sure wins the race,' at least if it is a long one.

And it is so in the race of learning, which *is* a long one. If you wish to win a prize in this race, do not think that you will do so by working very hard for a little while and then getting careless because you find that you can outstrip your companions when you do work; but, if you wish to succeed, keep steadily at your lessons, with all your mind, through all the school-time.

The Christmas holidays will soon be here, and you will enjoy them with double joy if you have been steadily at work till the happy days come, when lessons are put aside for a time and all is mirth and gladness in the land because we celebrate our Saviour's birth. Perhaps you may have the great pleasure of bringing home a real prize from school, but even if you do not do this, you will have made some steady advance in the long race of learning, and you will have the sweet feeling in your heart that you have tried to do your duty—that you not only started well, but have run all the way as well as you could.



BRITISH POETS—SHAKESPEARE.

Charlecote Church.
Shakespeare's House—interior.
Entrance to Stratford Church.

Ann Hathaway's Cottage.
Stratford Church.

Charlecote Park Palings.
Shakespeare's House—exterior.
Porch, Charlecote.

BRITISH POETS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the 'acknowledged Prince of Poets,' was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, in the month of April, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover, and during the first part of his married life he appears to have been a prosperous and highly respected man. He held at one time the office of chief alderman of Stratford, and was therefore permitted to call himself Mr. instead of simply John Shakespeare.

William was the third of eight children. His two elder sisters, Joan and Margareta, died in their infancy. Two more sisters, Joan and Anne, and three brothers, Gilbert, Richard, and Edmund, completed the family. The old house in which the poet was born, and where his boyhood was spent, is still standing; and its quaintly timbered walls are gazed upon almost with reverence by visitors from all parts of the world.

We know little of Shakespeare's early life. The glover probably sent his son to the Stratford Free Grammar School; and there is some slight ground for supposing that the great dramatist went to one of the universities. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was seven years older than himself, and for a short time longer he remained in Stratford. But his father's fortunes were then beginning to decline; and his own occupation, either as a schoolmaster or lawyer's clerk, was not very remunerative.

In 1586 he decided to try his fortune in London, and succeeded in obtaining some kind of employment in the theatres. There his remarkable talents were soon seen; and as actor, manager, and playwriter, he advanced rapidly along the road to fame. He remained in London until 1612, enjoying the favour and friendship of the most intellectual men of his day. Year by year he became more popular as an actor; while the beauty of his own plays excited the admiration and also the envy of other playwriters who lived at the same time. His two favourite parts are said to have been the Ghost in *Hamlet* and Adam in *As You Like It*.

His prosperity enabled him to assist his parents, who were struggling with their poverty. In 1596 he found himself rich enough to purchase a house at Stratford called New Place, and there his father and mother spent their last days in peace. John Shakespeare died in 1601, and his wife Mary in 1608. Four years later Shakespeare left London; and from that time until his death, on April 23, 1616, he lived with his wife and his youngest daughter, Judith, at New Place, entertaining his friends hospitably, and taking a kindly interest in the affairs of his fellow-townsmen. He died at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in front of the altar in the beautiful church of the Holy Trinity, whose gray spire still casts its shadow upon the green banks of the Avon.

Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven plays. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, are three of his finest tragedies; *The Merchant of Venice* is unsurpassed as a comedy; and of the historical plays, *Julius Cæsar* and *Richard III.* are perhaps the best. He possessed a wonderful imagination, and was a keen observer both of men and things. Coleridge speaks of him as the 'thousand-souled' Shakespeare; and certainly no other writer has ever delineated such a variety of characters with equal truth and delicacy.

Charlecote Park, three miles from Stratford, was in Shakespeare's time the residence of a certain Sir Thomas Lucy; and is still regarded with interest by many lovers of the great poet, although the story which connects him with the place is probably untrue. It is said that in his youth Shakespeare led a wild life; and being caught poaching at Charlecote, was imprisoned for the night in one of the lodges, and afterwards brought before Sir Thomas for examination and punishment. He revenged himself by writing some rude rhymes, which he fastened to the gate of the Park; these vexed Sir Thomas so much, that the young man found it necessary to quit his native place without further delay.

A cottage at Shottery, near Stratford, is pointed out to visitors as the residence of Anne Hathaway before her marriage. She was the mother of three children; Susanna, who married a Stratford physician, Dr. John Hall; Judith, who became the wife of a vintner named Thomas Quiney; and Hamnet, whose death at the age of twelve was a source of much grief to his father.

H. L. T.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE boys and girls whose homes are in our larger towns are likely to think that the prosecution of witches is a thing of the past. But even now we sometimes find from the newspaper that in a little village here or there an old woman of eccentric habits has been thought by her neighbours to be in communication with the Evil One. We must not boast too loudly of the education of the labouring classes, when we read of a young man assaulting a poor dame with a spade under the belief that she had bewitched him. It is not quite seventeen years ago since a poor Frenchman, old and paralysed, was seized and ducked as a wizard at Castle Hedingham, Essex. The result of this was more serious than those who took part in the act expected. The old man died from the shock. Can we not imagine any Parisian boys and girls, who may have heard of this, putting the English down for savages, little more refined than the Patagonians?

But the annals of France in past centuries furnish us with some of the most terrible stories of this kind. The number put to death in that country in the year 1520 is beyond calculation. One of the accused confessed to having about a thousand associates, and as many of these as possible were hunted up and tried. These trials were of course a farce. The mere fact of being accused was enough to procure

the torture of the rack. Under the agonies of this, the poor victims usually confessed whatever their examiners required. So terribly were people's minds enslaved by superstition, that husband accused wife, parents their children, children their parents. No defence was of any avail. Women were sworn to have been seen at such a time and at such a place joining in the witches' dance. Friends swore that at that very moment the accused persons were elsewhere with them. The Judges replied that they had been deceived by their senses! There was no doubt but that at the time stated the persons were away at the devil's dance!

Other countries of Europe were no better than England and France. Five hundred witches were burned alive at Geneva within three months in the year 1515. At a village in Germany thirty persons were burned in four years, and the population only numbered about six hundred. The contagion also spread to the English settlements in America, and numbers were burned there in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

If we have not as yet heard quite the last of witchcraft, we may hope that the next generation will not see it lingering even in our most secluded villages.

A. R. B.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

THE naval history of England, with all its host of victories, does not contain a more splendid act of bravery than that in which Sir Richard Grenville died.

Sir Walter Raleigh had devised a plan for capturing the Spanish Plate-fleet at the Azores. To carry it out, Sir Thomas Howard left England with six ships of war and some others, Sir Richard Grenville in the *Revenge* being Vice-Admiral. They set out in 1591, and waited six months at Flores, expecting their prize to appear. In the meantime the Spaniards had sent out a fleet of fifty-three men-of-war to act as the Plate-fleet's convoy.

When this armament neared the English the latter were not prepared for battle. Most of the crews were on shore, and their best plan clearly was to set sail with all speed from the greatly superior force. The others managed to escape, but Sir Richard Grenville being unable to get his ship off as quickly as the rest resolved to stay and fight it out. Without waiting to be attacked, he pointed the *Revenge* towards the Spaniards, and the battle began.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the fight commenced at close quarters, and for fifteen hours that one English ship withstood the attack of fifteen ships of the enemy. The *St. Philip*, a Spanish vessel of 1500 tons, which first encountered the *Revenge*, was very glad to sheer off after one broadside. But as fast as one drew off another was ready to supply its place. Two Spanish ships were sunk, and two lay mere wrecks upon the water. But the gallant *Revenge* was little better off. It was a mere hull, the masts overboard, the tackle cut away, the decks swimming with the blood of her crew. Sir Richard Grenville was wounded early in the fight, but for eight hours he refused to leave the upper deck; he was then wounded in the body, and was again struck by a musket-ball whilst the former wound was being dressed. He now proposed to sink the ship, to which a good part of the crew agreed; but the rest declared for surrender, and this was done. But their captain never lived to see a Spanish prison; from this fear, death set him free soon after he had spoken these last words:—

'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, having ended my life like a true soldier, that has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour.'

A. R. B.

'MARCH ON, YOUNG SOLDIERS.'

MARCH on, young soldiers,
Bravely step out,
Right to the garden end,
Then wheel about.
Each little head erect,
Stout every heart;
Let every soldier-boy
Play well his part.

First marches merry Tom,
Trumpet in hand,
Sounding the valiant notes
At Dick's command.
Dick is the captain bold,
Armed with a sword;
Brave in a new cocked hat
Giving the word.

Here are the rank and file,
Nine sturdy boys;
One merry maiden, too,
The frolic enjoys.
Jane cried that she must be
One of the band,
Gravely she marches on
Musket in hand.

March on, young soldiers,
A battle is life;
Hard will that battle be,
Long is the strife.
Fight still on day by day
'Gainst self and sin,
Hew down the enemies
Lurking within.

Fight down the angry thoughts,
Guard well the lips,
Stretch out the helping hand
If some comrade slips.
The great God our Captain is
To lead, help, and crown
The faithful with brighter gem
Than human renown.

A JEW'S EYE.

TO be worth a Jew's eye is a phrase for being of great value. Some think it arose from the fine black eyes which the Jews so often have. But it is more likely that the words go back to the time when the rich Jews were tortured and threatened in every way to get money from them. Sometimes their teeth were drawn for this purpose. The threat of putting out an eye seems to have been more powerful.

A. R. B.



"March on, Young Soldiers."



Peter rescuing the Dog.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 3.)

CHAPTER II.—PETER.

I THINK there are few sights so peaceful and homelike as that of an English farmhouse. I suppose it is the thatch, red brick, and roses, or perhaps the lowing of cows and the grunting of pigs, which have this peculiar effect; but certain it is that I never see one without thinking how singularly happy the inhabitants must be.

And yet I know that they are not happier than other people. Farmer Constant was, next to Sir Edward Gould, the richest man in Middlemere, and certainly had the most picturesque house to live in. And in one sense he deserved it, for never a summer day dawned that did not find him out at four in the morning among his labourers.

The house was the perfection of a homestead. Rather old—just old enough to be mellow in tint—built of warm, red-brown bricks, thatched—a mode of roofing at which Farmer Constant was often grumbling—with all sorts of lattice and dormer-windows, projecting gables, and overgrown with roses and Virginia creeper, it was a study for a painter. The house was rather long, and one half was built at right angles to the other, so that the door, with its deep porch, stood in the warm, sheltered angle, and had stone seats at each side of the porch. Farmer Constant would sit here in the summer evenings smoking his pipe, while his mother sat opposite to him knitting, and the wife was busy in-doors.

In the winter they all sat in the best kitchen—the kitchen opening out of it was the one in use for cooking purposes. All the second-best china was ranged on the dresser (Mrs. Constant was very proud of her china); the stone floor was scoured to the last extremity of cold and cleanliness; a huge fire burned in the wide chimney, and at each side of the hearth sat Farmer Constant and his mother in large arm-chairs. Mrs. Constant sat further back by the table, with a basket of stockings to mend, and the children learnt their lessons till bed-time.

The door of communication between the two kitchens was left open, in order that Farmer Constant might shout his orders to any outdoor man that came in on business or pleasure, and that Mrs. Constant might be able to superintend her maids.

In the winter there was the summer-parlour—quite a genteel apartment, with a piano and chiffonier, feather ornaments under glass cases, the large Family Bibles and two *Books of Beauty* on the table, covered with a bright blue cloth bordered with a pattern in yellow braid, white muslin curtains, and a jar containing *pot-pourri*. This parlour was the joy of Mrs. Constant's heart, but the farmer and his mother did not much like it; and the old lady had a habit, if it were not fine enough on summer evenings for the porch, of stealing into the back-kitchen with her knitting. Of course the maids paid her great respect; but Mrs. Constant, though she never said anything, did not much like it. But then Granny was, of course, a privileged person.

The children, as children always are, were everywhere. At least Peter, the boy, was—there were only two, a boy and a girl—but then Peter was a boy who always did seem to be everywhere. He was a very curious boy, was Peter Constant; curious in both senses of the word. He was only thirteen, but long, and lanky, and awkward—that is, in appearance, in reality his agility was something marvellous.

He could twist those long limbs of his into every sort of contortion, all but tying them up into a knot. Indeed he had made sundry efforts at school to do that very thing, and did not despair of it yet.

He could wriggle himself through apertures which would have staggered a cat, climb heights which only an enterprising goat would attempt, and knew the names and haunts of every wild creature for miles round. He had collections of birds' eggs, butterflies, flowers, ferns, and nondescript curiosities of all kinds. He classified and arranged them without troubling anybody, and was looked upon by his sister as a prodigy of learning. With all this he was, though not exactly a merry, a very odd boy. He had an odd face, rather thin and long, and so much freckled that no one would ever have guessed him to be remarkably fair. Mrs. Constant told everybody that as a baby he was a 'perfect lily.' This, coming to the ears of his schoolfellows, would have been a standing joke against him, if he had not himself been the first to lead the laugh. He was a capital mimic: could make the most extraordinary grimaces, doing with his features what he endeavoured to do with his limbs; he could make his voice appear to come from anywhere he pleased; and had a perfect genius for cutting ridiculous figures out of paper, carving grotesque faces out of pieces of cork, constructing miniature men-of-war, and turning orange-peel into every sort of conceivable image.

Altogether, a delightful boy as a companion to other boys, but rather a disturbing element in a schoolroom. For though he sat as still as a stone, and scarcely ever missed a lesson, it somehow always came to pass that the boys in his immediate neighbourhood were convulsed with laughter, and often got into great scrapes in consequence. The master, though pretty well aware of the state of the case, could never fix the blame on Peter Constant: how could he, when Peter sat in his place the perfect pink of propriety, and always knew his lesson when he was called up, and the other boys were as staunch as steel?

It was rather hard, certainly, on the boys who were punished, but Peter always made it up to them in some way out of school hours, and they one and all adored him.

Peter was not a great talker, and when he did open his lips it was generally to utter some nonsense with all the solemn gravity of a philosopher. His sister declared that he talked to her, and they were certainly as much together as possible, but what he said never came out. He had straight, lank, light hair, covering his head closely like a thatch, and a pair of deep-set light blue eyes, rather small, but very good in expression. He had also a long upper lip, which, without improving his beauty, gave him a sensible look. Altogether, though very odd-looking, he was by no means an ugly boy.

On this special summer evening, when Mr. Silver was asked to dine with Mr. Thornton, Peter Constant had a good deal of business on hand. It was a half-holiday, but half-holidays were never of much use to Peter, for his father always claimed his services on the farm. Peter used rather to wonder how they got on without him on the days that were not half-holidays, since he seemed to be in so much demand on the days that were. But he never said anything, for Farmer Constant had none of the new-fangled notions about parents obeying their children, which is the reading of a certain text nowadays, and disobedience or a lie meant a thrashing. The evening was free, and then Peter ought to have been learning his lessons for the next day. Instead of which he was out in the Gould Hall woods.

There were certain moths only to be found in the evening, and in a particular part of the woods, which Peter wanted for his collection, so he took his butterfly net with him. There was a remarkable water-plant growing on the banks of a running stream he knew of, which he had never yet found time to procure, so he stuffed his tin case into one pocket. There was a fern his sister wanted for the rockery, so the trowel was stuck into another pocket. There were certain birds' nests which he knew to be in the neighbourhood, but could not tell exactly where; and above all, there was an absorbing occupation to which he had bent all his energies, and which had to be carried on in the profoundest secrecy, and even under cover of night. This was the training and education of a young dog he had rescued from the murderous hands of certain young ruffians of Middlemere, and taken under his protection.

The dog, as usual in such cases, was of no particular breed, and remarkable for its absence of all personal charms whatever. It was long-bodied and lanky, like its master, of a dirty yellowish white, and possessed of a screwy tail generally tucked tightly between its hind-legs. It looked forlorn in the extreme, even after having been fed and comforted by the compassionate Peter, and went about the world evidently laden with a sense of intrusion and inferiority. It had, however, good, intelligent, though very mournful eyes, always bleary and tearful, and Peter had even discerned traces of undeniable genius in its doggish lineaments.

He remembered having once been at a fair in the market-town ten miles off; there, amongst other wonders, he had seen a performing dog—in appearance the dog was something like his own,—and ever since then the dearest wish of Peter Constant's heart had been to possess a performing dog.

Here was a golden opportunity which must not be let slip. But half the glory with which he hoped the dog would cover him in the eyes of his schoolfellows would be lost if its education were carried on in the eye of day. Every one, according to custom, had scouted the unlucky animal—Farmer Constant had kicked him, Mrs. Constant had turned him out of the house, Peter's schoolfellows had hooted at him, and even his sister had called him 'ugly,' which is a distinct term of opprobrium.

What a triumph for Peter's sagacity if the dog should turn out able to tell fortunes, to count the pips on cards, to sit up and read, spectacles on nose, and to fire off a musket, &c. &c.! How he would burst on the astonished eyes of Middlemere, like a new star in the heavens! But in order to accomplish this the dog must be kept in the background out of people's way, and educated in the dead of night.

Now Peter was a daring boy, and not likely to stick at much in carrying out his desires; but he was not a bad boy, and Farmer Constant was perfectly easy in trusting him out of his sight. Nevertheless, I think his hair would have stood on end had he known what his son was about. Peter was great friends with everybody about—the gamekeeper, gardeners, lodge-keepers, and everybody about Gould Hall. They let him come and go as he liked; but they did not know everything. For in Peter's favourite nook in the woods—a lovely sequestered glade, where nobody ever came, full of rare plants, butterflies, and birds' eggs—he had with his own hands constructed a kennel, and there tied up his prize.

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance, for Peter knew perfectly well that if the keeper found it out good-bye to his chance of immortality among his comrades. But the keeper, being somewhat old and stout, never did go there, and certainly never suspected Peter of playing him such a prank.

So, besides butterfly net, botanical box, and trowel, Peter had to carry his dog's supper in his pocket—and very ready for it was Master Match'em, which was the name Peter had, after much cogitation, bestowed upon him; for though he was the most resigned of curs, it *was* rather tiresome to have only one meal a-day, and spend all the rest of the time endeavouring to find oblivion for his woes in sleep.

And now I hope you understand what important business Peter had in the Gould Hall woods this evening.

Escaping all observation and questions from his sister as best he might, Peter went off with his peculiar, long, slouching gait, as soon after tea as he could, covering the ground at an amazing rate. But as he came near the spot he was surprised, not to say alarmed, to hear a shrill bark from Match'em, an imprudence of which that remarkable dog had never yet been guilty. Could the keeper have found him out—or the boys from the village? Could anybody be murdering him? Peter quickened his pace to a run, and arrived breathless and panting on the scene.

There was Match'em looking quite lively, with his tail and ears erect, half crouching, wagging his tail, and emitting short barks, which had no particular expression in them, so to speak. In front of him was an unknown young gentleman in velvet knickerbockers, so remarkably looking that Peter stood still in amazement. Match'em looked out of the corner of his eye as his young master approached, and as Peter afterwards asserted, stopped barking, and positively *winked*—a proof of genius which would have filled his bosom with pride and delight if there had been room in it for anything but astonishment.

He stood rooted to the spot, staring at the invader without a word; and the little boy in velvet knickerbockers looked in equal silence, but with much more composure, at him. Match'em was the only one of the party who seemed to know anything about the matter. *(To be continued.)*



GOOD ADVICE.

A LADY once applied to the Rev. John Newton for advice and consolation. Her distress arose from ill-natured remarks which had been made upon herself, and her dread of future annoyance. After listening to her tale Mr. Newton said, 'I will tell you a story. One day this winter, as I was going to visit some sick persons at a distance, I found a good deal of snow in the streets, and a number of idle boys throwing snowballs at people as they passed along. I made up my mind to pass them as well as I could; I did not, however, escape them, for they attacked me from behind, but I took no notice and hastened on, and was soon out of their reach, and was not hurt by the balls which struck me.

'On my return I came to the same troop, who were still bent on mischief. I prepared to be assailed, but as I drew near to them I heard one say, "Here *he* comes again, let us have at him!" but another said, "No, do not let us snowball him, for he took no notice of us before." So I passed on and saw no more of them. Now, Madam, if you take no notice of these ill-natured things, the persons who have said them will cease to give you cause of complaint.'

THE STORY OF THE THREE HUNDRED SPARTANS.

XERXES, the king of Persia, resolved to conquer Greece, and he collected a great army from every part of his dominions. There were to be seen gathered together men of all nations: Medes and Persians, woolly-haired negroes and swarthy Indians, all armed with their various weapons—nearly two millions of fighting men. For the Persian empire was the largest in the world; and the king thought in his pride that he could easily overcome such a little country as Greece, that could only muster a few thousand warriors. But then these were all free men, fighting for liberty and their families, whilst the



Eurytus fighting the Persians in the Pass.

Persian army was chiefly composed of men forced to leave their homes to fight for an Eastern tyrant. The king had spent four years in making preparations for the war, and he had a fleet of ships that he might attack Greece by sea as well as by land. He caused a bridge of boats to be made over the Hellespont, the narrow strait that separates Asia from Europe, but the waves dashed it in pieces; so he made a stronger one of ships, and then his army began their march. So great were their numbers, that it was seven days and nights before they had all crossed over the bridge into Europe.

Now there was only one way of entering Greece from the north-east coast, and that was by a narrow pass through the mountains. This pass was called Thermopylæ, from the hot springs there; it was about five miles long, but very narrow at each end. A little within the pass there was a wall that had been built at some former period, and here the Greeks, no way affrighted at the multitude of their enemies, resolved to make a stand, and bar the way of their invaders. So they sent a force of about four thousand men, under the command of Leonidas, to take up their position in the pass. Leonidas was the king of Sparta, and he had with him three hundred chosen warriors, all of them men ready to die in defence of their country. Two of the Spartans, however, Eurytus and Aristodemus, were attacked by a disease in their eyes that nearly deprived them of sight, and they were compelled to leave their posts and retire to Alpenus, a town at the southern end of the pass. The rest of the small army was composed of troops from the different states of Greece.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ with his vast host, he thought that the Greeks would fly in terror at the mere sight of him. He sent forward a horseman to examine their position. Now the Spartans wore long hair, which they were very particular to keep smooth and carefully parted; and the horseman saw them behind the wall within the pass, some of them sitting quietly combing their hair, whilst others were exercising themselves in feats of strength. There was with Xerxes one Demaratus, a deposed Spartan king, who had taken refuge at his court; and when the horseman returned and told the Persian monarch what he had seen, Xerxes, in astonishment, asked Demaratus if it were possible that this handful of men would dare to oppose him. 'They certainly mean to fight,' replied the Spartan; 'for it is the custom of my countrymen to arrange their hair before going into battle.' But the king would not believe him, and waited four days in the expectation that the Spartans would come out of the pass and submit to him.

At length he sent a body of troops to capture them, and bring them in chains to his feet. But the Spartans, firmly standing at the narrow entrance of the pass, drove them back with their long spears with dreadful slaughter. Xerxes was seated on a lofty throne, whence he could see the battle; and he now ordered his own body-guard to advance to the attack. They were called the Immortals, were ten thousand in number, were supposed to be invincible, and felt sure of victory. But they also had to give way before the steady valour of the Spartans, and the king rose from his throne in fear and rage when he saw the destruction of his finest troops! The battle had lasted the whole day.

Now there was an intricate path over the mountains, known to but a few of the Greeks themselves; and when Leonidas heard of it he posted some troops on the hills to guard it. A treacherous Greek, named Ephialtes, betrayed the secret to Xerxes, who immediately sent Hydarnes, the commander of the Immortals, to follow the guidance of the traitor, and enter the pass at the southern end, so that the Greeks would be hemmed in. The Persians set out at nightfall, marching as silently as they could; but the night was very still, and the sound of their feet crunching over the dead leaves that strewed the path alarmed the Greeks posted there, who started to their arms. Hydarnes paused; for he feared that they might be Spartans; but when Ephialtes assured him they were not, he forced his way through them, and pursued his way down to the southern side of the mountain.

At daybreak the sentinels on the heights brought news to Leonidas that the secret path was discovered by the enemy. There was still time for him to retreat, but no true Spartan would think of that, and both he and his three hundred companions determined to do their duty, and remain at their posts to resist the invaders of their country. So he sent home all the other Greeks except the Thebans, whom he suspected of favouring the enemy, and the Thespians, who wished to stay and share his fate and his glory.

Ephialtes had calculated the time it would take him to traverse the mountain, and had arranged with Xerxes to attack the Spartans in front at the same time that the Immortals fell upon their rear; and so in the morning he once more ordered his troops to advance. But Leonidas, now knowing his death was certain, rushed on his foes at the head of his little band, overthrowing them on all sides. The Persians, crowded together, were trampled under foot; yet still more were driven up to the combat by the lash of their officers over the bodies of their comrades. The brave Leonidas was killed, and a desperate fight took place over his body, and there were but few of the three hundred left alive. Their spears were broken, and their swords blunted. Suddenly the Greeks heard that Hydarnes and his Immortals were entering the pass behind them. The Thebans threw down their arms, and begged their lives, which were granted them; but the Spartans, retiring within the pass behind the wall, drew up on a little hillock, where they were soon surrounded by their enemies, and overwhelmed with showers of javelins, arrows, and stones, till the last of them lay dead.

Meantime, Eurytus and Aristodemus, lying ill at Alpenus, had heard that the Persians were about to enter the pass, and that Leonidas and his devoted band would be surrounded by their foes. Calling for his arms, and grasping his spear and shield, though he could scarce see, Eurytus told his servant to lead him into the battle. The helot obeyed, and guiding his master into the fatal pass, there left him, and the half-blind hero, rushing on the Persians, fell beneath their javelins.

Aristodemus, probably thinking it useless to go into the pass where he was sure to be killed, returned to Sparta with tidings of the battle. But his country-

men said that he had forsaken his duty, and deserted his general. No one would speak to him, and he dragged on a miserable existence till the following year, when there was another battle with the Persians at Platæa. The unhappy man, thinking he could now retrieve his honour, ventured his life in the most reckless manner, and was killed after performing prodigies of valour. After the battle, he was adjudged to have far exceeded his companions in bravery; but the Spartans, believing that his wonderful deeds proceeded from desperation, rather than from true courage, would not award him the palm, though they no longer called him 'The coward.' And so poor Aristodemus was deprived of honour even in death.

After the battle of Thermopylæ, Xerxes began to think the conquest of Greece not so easy as he had imagined it would be, and asked Demaratus if he should meet with many more such obstacles in his way. Demaratus told him that there were at least eight thousand of his countrymen all ready to act as Leonidas had done. And shortly afterwards, the Persian fleet having been overcome and nearly destroyed at Salamis, Xerxes fled back to his own dominions, leaving his general, Mardonius, to carry on the war. But Mardonius was killed, and his army routed at Platæa, and the Persians were finally driven from Greece.

The memory of Leonidas and his three hundred companions was held in the greatest veneration by the Spartans. Festivals were established in their honour, and hymns sung in their praise, and a splendid monument was erected over their grave in the pass. The battle of Thermopylæ was fought four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. A few remains of their monument may still be seen, but the fame of the brave men who died for their country will live for ever. A. R.

'THEY DIDN'T THINK.'

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old mouse said, 'There's danger;
Be careful where you go!'
'Nonsense!' said the other;
'I don't think you know.'
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching 'mousey' fast there,
'Cause he *didn't think.*

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
'Oh, no!' said the mother,
'You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree.'
'I don't care,' said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
'I don't think the old folk
Know quite everything.'
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
'Oh!' he cried, 'I'm sorry,
But I *didn't think.*'

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of doing wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you *didn't think.*

PHŒBE CARY.

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE FISHERIES.

THE experiment which was tried last year of employing carrier pigeons for the purpose of bringing early intelligence each morning from the fishing-ground of the results of the night's labour, is again being resorted to this season, and with the most satisfactory results. One of the birds is taken out in each boat in the afternoon, and after the nets have been hauled on the following morning, and the extent of the catch ascertained, the pigeon is despatched with a small piece of parchment tied round its neck, containing information as to the number of crans on board, the position of the boat, the direction of the wind, and the prospects of the return journey. If the wind is blowing in an unfavourable direction, a request is made for a tug, and from the particulars given as to the bearings of the craft she can be picked up easily by the steamer. The other advantages of the system are that, when the curers know the quantity of herrings they may expect, they can prepare for delivering and curing of the fish. Most of the pigeons belong to Messrs. Moir and Son, Aberdeen. When let off from the boats the birds always circle three times round overhead, and then sweep away towards the land with great rapidity, generally flying at the rate of about a mile per minute. Two superior birds in Messrs. Moir's possession have come a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles in as many minutes. The pigeons require very little training, and soon know where to land with their message. A cot has been fitted up on the roof of Messrs. Moir's premises at the quay for the birds, and they always alight there on their return from sea.—*Fishing Gazette.*



Carrier Pigeons and the Fisheries.



Sir Florence and Peter.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

CHAP. III.—WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'IS this your dog?' said the little boy in velvet knickerbockers, pointing to Match'em, and looking at Peter.

He spoke in a little flute-like, childish voice, slowly and with a curious foreign accent, but in a commanding tone, which showed him to be quite master of the situation. It put Peter's back up, after the fashion of boys, at once, and though not usually rough and rude, he made a surly answer.

'What's that to you, if he is or not? I suppose I've as good a right to a dog as e'er another. Here, Match'em, old boy!'

And without taking any further notice of the little stranger, though inwardly devoured with curiosity, Peter proceeded to administer supper; after which he untied him, and sitting down on a stone took the dog's head between his hands and began to fondle him, preparatory to beginning the labours of the evening. The little boy in the meantime, perfectly unmoved at the repulse he had received, stood by and watched him in silence.

He was certainly a remarkable looking child, and one of a type not often seen in Middlemere. He was very slight and delicate-looking, but as straight, Peter noticed, as a dart, and with a certain soldierly bearing and habit of carrying his head well back which was peculiar in so young a boy. It gave him an air of command, which did not suit Peter's views at all. But the expression of his face would have disarmed any one who had been inclined to treat him roughly. It was a very pale, puny little face, with great, soft, black eyes, and long eyelashes. His hair, too, was jet black, and hung, much to Peter's amazement and contempt, in long curls over his shoulders.

He stood perfectly motionless while Peter entered on his instructions, never once removing his great black eyes from the dog; but it was not till Match'em had allowed a piece of cold potato to be placed on his nose, and had successfully 'Make ready,' 'Present,' 'Fired' it into his mouth—a very elementary exercise in Peter's opinion—that he relaxed, and clapping his hands burst into a ringing childish laugh.

'Oh, what a clever dog!' he exclaimed, in his slow, distinct, flute-like accents. 'I thought at first he was so ugly; but he is very nice now.'

Peter was only half mollified at this tribute to his favourite. He did not at all approve of his hiding-place being discovered, nor did he like a witness to his deeds done in secret, for Peter always liked his successes to burst upon his little world without any previous notice. Somehow he was beginning, in spite of his vexation, to take rather a fancy to his unknown visitor, and to disguise it he spoke more roughly than ever.

'Perhaps you don't know where you are?' he said. 'You'd best take yourself off before old Roberts catches you. My eye! He'd make no more bones of cracking the bones of a little 'un like you than I would of walking into a spring chicken. He took up a trespasser once—but I'll not tell a little chap like you, it would make you want to put your head under the clothes at night. *I* knew, bless you!'

If Peter thought to frighten the little trespasser before him into a proper sense of his own position he was never more mistaken in his life. The young gentleman looked at him calmly and with some slight curiosity.

'How much English you talk!' he said, admiringly. 'I don't know so much English all at once; I used always to speak Italian: but I do know English, only you talk it so much and so fast. Why don't you go on making your dog clever? I like him: soon we shall make him do everything, shan't we? It's so nice to have a dog like that.'

'We!' The young stranger's audacity positively took Peter's breath away.

'He's none of yours—don't you think it,' he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. 'Just you take yourself off, will you? I never asked you to come meddling with me, or my dog either. He's none of yours, I say.'

'Oh, yes he is,' replied the little boy, with perfect confidence. 'He is mine, because he is yours and *you* are mine: you are my—what do you call those people in the history book?—my vassal, and I could make you pay me money, and give me soldiers if I wanted them. But I'd rather have the dog.'

Peter's freckled face positively reddened with anger—he did not understand jokes of this description.

'You young jackanapes!' he spluttered, 'be off out of this, or I'll break every bone in your wretched little body! Who *are* you, I should like to know? Come from the workhouse, I shouldn't wonder. What's to hinder me calling old Roberts and having you taken up for trespassing? You've no business here.'

'I don't think you quite understand,' said the little fellow, with great calmness, but drawing himself up to his small height notwithstanding. 'I have business here. The place belongs to me. I am a baronet, and my name is Sir Florence Gould.'

Now Peter had always too many schemes on hand to attend much to what went on around him. He looked upon Gould Hall as expressly provided for his amusement and convenience, and never troubled himself to inquire who it belonged to. He had a vague idea that a man of the name of Sir Edward Gould had died lately, but if he thought anything about it at all, it was probably to congratulate himself that no intrusive proprietor would ever be coming here to interfere with his rights; and as for a possible successor, such a fancy had never crossed his mind. Nor did it now. He took the young stranger for an impudent little impostor, probably a girl in boy's clothes. So, after the first moment of amazement, he burst into a loud, derisive laugh.

'Sir Florence, indeed! You impudent little fool! A perfect guy, too, dressed up in boy's clothes! I wonder you ain't ashamed, you unprincipled young female!'

'What do you mean?' said the young Sir Florence, his large black eyes dilating, and a faint colour coming into his pale face. 'Do you think me a girl? How blind you must be, and stupid too! not half so clever

as your dog. I'm no girl; I'm a baronet. Girls don't have estates and vassals. I have.'

Peter stared. There was something in the manner of the young baronet which carried conviction with it, and a faint misgiving crossed his mind. But his eyes fell on Match'em, who was wagging his tail amicably at the new-comer, and a new idea came into his head.

'Look here,' he began, confidentially. 'This won't do, you know. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff! You'll have to get up very early in the morning, my fine young lady, to take *me* in. If you don't know who you are I'll tell you in a jiffy—free, gratis, for nothing. You are the Princess Rosetta from Dick's caravan—tight-ropes, spangles, and all that sort of thing. Think I didn't know? Why, I can see through you as clear as glass!'

The 'Princess Rosetta' looked at Peter in a state of helpless perplexity. Clearly the young lady in question did not understand so much English 'all at once.'

'Better make a clean breast of it,' went on Peter, with a very wise shake of the head. 'I'll not eat you; and as for the dog, why, you needn't think to gammon me into believing that he belongs to *you*. If he does, how does it happen that he has forgotten all his tricks already? Answer me that, young woman, if you can!'

'I'm not a young woman!' repeated the little boy, who was beginning to lose his dignity, and looked frightened and piteous; 'and it is very rude and unkind of you to speak like that to me. I am Sir Florence Gould, and if you don't believe me, look here!'

And the child, pulling out a finely-embroidered handkerchief from his little breast-pocket, held it out to show the large 'F. G.' in the corner.

Peter snapped his fingers contemptuously.

'A, B, C, D, E, F, G!' he exclaimed, in what he meant to be a tone of the most withering sarcasm. 'How am I to know that your name is not Fanny Gubbins? Now I come to think of it, I am sure it is. No thank you, Miss Gubbins, not this evening: I'm very much obliged to you—I'm too busy for play-acting. Come,' with a sudden change of tone, 'I'll not be hard on you. I dare say it *is* a bother to be always dancing upon next to nothing; and if you've run away, I'm your man—I'll not let your father——'

But even Peter, who was, as my young readers have no doubt discovered for themselves, an uncommonly cool character, was staggered at the effect of his words.

'I've not run away!' exclaimed the young baronet passionately, his eyes blazing with childish wrath, and his limbs trembling—he stretched out one small damp, excited hand as he spoke. 'I was sent here—*he* sent me before he left me, and they put him on the hillside by the sea, under the white marble cross. Oh you cruel boy to talk of him! Father! father! father! come back to your little Flo! I don't want to be a baronet! I hate Gould Hall! I don't want it! I want to go back, father—Maddalena—father—Maddalena!'

And to Peter's no small amazement, and even terror, the child, with all the wild impetuosity of his Southern nature and training, threw his arms above his head, screaming out some incoherent Italian words, and finally flung himself down on the grass, screaming and kicking till exhaustion compelled him to lie still. He was so unnaturally quiet then that Peter bent over him, fearing he knew not what. In the meantime Match'em barked furiously, wagged his tail wildly, and sprang at Peter's heels with a hilarity which had not probably been seen in him within the memory of man. There was a fearful hubbub, and it was no wonder that Peter did not hear the crashing of the underwood behind him, nor perceived that somebody else had appeared on the scene.

It was the Rev. John Silver, who, startled by the sound of screams, had left the beaten track in order to investigate the cause.

'What is all this about?' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'Who is it? Young Constant? And who is this boy, and what is the matter with him?'

Now, for some reason or other—I hope not because he was poor—Mr. Silver was not a favourite with his parishioners. Probably it was a certain shyness and lack of geniality which came in his way, as they do in that of many other estimable people. Peter especially had not only a prejudice against the clergyman, but against his boys also. It was amusing to see the three young Silvers and Peter Constant pass each other in the village street. They were so very like strange dogs. They had not yet come to fisticuffs, but they were evidently looking out for a convenient pretext which should enable them to indulge in that refreshing exercise. For the present they contented themselves with sundry half-audible remarks of a more or less galling and sarcastic nature, and looks which they flattered themselves conveyed a quite appalling amount of derision. And so, though quite respectful—old Constant would never have allowed his son to be otherwise—Peter answered with strict accuracy, but very little detail,—

'I don't know, sir.'

Mr. Silver bent over the prostrate child and tried to look at his face; but it was hidden on his arm. He looked round helplessly at Peter, who, however, remained strictly neutral; and after hesitating a little, sat down on the stump of a tree and took the child in his arms.

'Poor little fellow!' he said: 'he seems to be ill! Has this very ugly cross dog bitten him, do you think? It seems likely.' And Mr. Silver looked suspiciously at Match'em, who, on his side, was staring equally suspiciously at him.

'He has not been bitten, sir,' said Peter, with much politeness. 'And Match'em would not hurt a fly!'

'He looks evil-disposed,' said Mr. Silver; 'and I do not know how he comes to be here at all. But I have not time to attend to that now. I must take the child up to the Hall and send for the doctor. It is very strange, Peter Constant, that you cannot or will not tell me anything about him. I do not want to judge you, but——'

'Oh, sir,' broke in Peter, 'there's no need for you to judge me, and it does not matter in the least. I am only too happy to tell you what that young chip told me—He introduced himself as Sir Florence Gould.'

Peter Constant expected the clergyman to look mildly puzzled, but was not prepared for the air of



Jacob at the Stream.

grave astonishment, concern, and entire conviction, with which he received the statement. But Mr. Silver had not time to speak, for, on hearing his own name, the little fellow sat up in his arms and spoke for himself.

'And I *am* Sir Florence Gould!' he said, with tears running down his face. 'Ask Maddalena—she's gone on up to the house. Oh! I wish I wasn't, for then I would go back with father in Italy, where there are no rude boys, and the people are kind and good, and speak softly. But I *am* Sir Florence Gould all the same. He told me never to forget it, and I never will. So now you may put me in prison if you like!'

'My dear boy!' said Mr. Silver, and he spoke softly enough, 'I don't doubt you in the least. But how in the wide world did you get here?'

(To be continued.)

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

'Though it tarry, wait for it.'

IT was thirty years last August since I, David Morgan, first set up as stone-cutter and mason at Pontyblaen. My father was for a long time schoolmaster in this place; and as he wished that I should succeed him when he died, or was laid aside, he gave me a good education, so far as his own knowledge went. I am well aware that in these days he would not have been thought much of as a teacher. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, he knew thoroughly, and taught well; but the hundred-and-one other things, now thought necessary to be known by a vil-



Jacob in the Woods.

lage schoolmaster, he could not teach—for the best of reasons, that he had never learnt them himself. The race of schoolmasters has greatly changed since his time: some say for the better, some for the worse. I am no judge myself; but, to my thinking, there are few now who came up to my father in thoroughness of teaching, and straightforwardness of character.

I am not writing the story of my own life, so it is not necessary to say much of the trouble which came on me shortly after my father's death, and entirely changed my plans for life. Finding it impossible any longer to give my mind to my books I flung them aside, and determined to forget my sorrow in hard work. While yet a lad I had formed a friendship with one John Davies, a mason in our neighbourhood, and had spent much time in watching him at his work—sometimes trying my hand at it myself. To him I now went, and learnt my trade thoroughly. It suited me well, and when, after a while, he moved to England, I was able to begin business on my own account. I hired a small house with a yard attached, where I could work at that part of my trade I had always the most fancy for—viz. the stone-cutting. It was prettily situated, on a spot which commanded a good view of the valley for miles further down. Behind rose the Pontyblaen woods, famous for nuts and blackberries; and in front, across a stream, rose the bare heathery mountain, up which wound the steep, rough path leading to the church on the other side. Below, in the valley to the right, lay the little village of Pontyblaen—what a little village it was then!—a mere handful of cottages, occupied by a dozen or so of field-labourers and their families. The nearest of these houses was full half a mile from

mine, and I was rather glad than not, for I had never cared much for company. I live in the same cottage now, and work in the same yard, but my look-out is strangely changed. The village has become a town—a dirty, straggling, crowded town, with a thick cloud of smoke always hanging over it. On the mountain-side furnaces are blazing; and the miners, pigs, and donkeys, have pretty nearly cleared away the heather. Stone walls are beginning to stretch across it, and cottages are rising in all directions. A huge 'cinder-tip'—an artificial mountain, as it were, of the rubbish from the works—is gradually rising to the left of the hill-side, and shutting out, by slow degrees, the beautiful view beyond. They have cleared away the greater part of the Pontyblaen woods, and a railway runs not two hundred yards from the back of my house.

From the time that I first heard that iron and coal had been found in the hills I knew that changes must come, but I little thought then how great they would be. One of the few things that remains unaltered is the Pontyblaen Church. I cannot understand how it was that they built it such a size to begin with, for it was far too large for the population in old days. If the people about here were good church-goers (as alas! they are not) it would be as much too small now.

It was long before we country-folk could get reconciled to the looks of the colliers, who came amongst us as soon as the first pit was sunk. To see them, men and boys—aye, and women, too, sometimes—trooping down over the mountain in the evenings from their work, looking—with their black hands and faces, and glistening eyes and teeth—for all the world like nothing but a parcel of chimney-sweepers, was bad enough, I thought; but to see them when working-hours were over lounging about with unwashen faces, smoking pipes, or eating their supper with their grimy hands, was far worse, because it was in their power to help it; and I held myself quite aloof from the rough, uncleanly set, as I counted them. It was a very lonely life I led at that time. Hard at work all the week, it was seldom I spoke a word to any one, except in the way of business; unless, which only happened once in two or three weeks, I stepped over the mountain of an evening to have an hour's chat with Mr. Finn the schoolmaster. I stuck steadily to my trade, went regularly to church, and kept myself to myself as much as possible. I was self-satisfied, and, after a fashion, happy; but I would not for anything, if I could, go back again to those old days now.

I was walking one day along the side of the stream before-mentioned, when I noticed a black-faced lad, seemingly about twelve years old, coming down the rough mountain-path at full speed. A little before he got to the bridge he turned off, and came down to the stream, almost opposite where I was standing. Kneeling down, he dipped his face into the water, rubbing it well with his hands, so that when he raised it again it was white instead of black. He seemed now to observe me for the first time, and remarked, with a smile and a nod, 'That *was* jolly!'

'I should think so!' I said. 'After all that smut and dirt the cold water must be very refreshing.'

'It is just!' and as he spoke he was down on his knees again, and ducked not only his face, but his whole head this time, into the stream.

It was a new idea to me, one of these collier-lads caring to be clean; and I watched him with some interest as he rose again, and shook the water from his hair as a duck might from her feathers. He was a slight boy, seemingly not strong. His features were small and delicate, somewhat girlish-looking, and he had by no means a clever forehead. It was a face I might easily have passed by without notice if it had not been for the eyes, which struck me as the most beautiful I ever saw. Large, gray, wondering eyes they were, that seemed to be never at rest. I am bound to say that there was not much thought in them at that time.

I looked at the boy, and he looked at me, and then he said abruptly, 'Father don't never wash but on Saturday nights, to be clean against Sunday.'

'Then your father is a ——' I checked myself, for the word that rose to my lips was one hardly to use of a father to his son, and said more mildly, 'Your father must have a queer taste, I should say.'

'I should think so,' said the boy, with a shrug of the shoulder and an expressive twist of his little nose. 'Why, I'd sooner—I'd sooner go without my victuals than go dirty!' And I believe he would.

I asked him several questions, for I felt strangely drawn to the lad; and learnt in answer that his name was Jacob Hartley: that his mother had been dead many years, and that he and his father lived in one of the newly-built houses at Pontyblaen: that he was going on for thirteen, and had worked here and elsewhere in coal-pits since he was nine years old.

I asked how they spent the Sunday, and gathered from his answer that they slept half the day, and that his father drank and smoked the other half, while he himself wandered about with nothing particular to do.

'Will you come up and drink tea with me at half-past four next Sunday?' I asked; 'and then you shall go to evening service with me.'

He promised gleefully to come; and when I had pointed out my house to him, that he might know it again, we parted—I going to my home, he to his.

On Sunday afternoon the boy came at the appointed time, looking very clean and neat. I made some remark about it, and he seemed pleased, and said, 'Well, now, who do you think washed my smock?'

'How should I know? The woman who does all your washing, I suppose.'

He laughed merrily. 'What do you think of me for a washerwoman? I did it myself.'

'You don't say so!'

'Yes I do, though. Peggy was cross, and said she hadn't time; and I wasn't coming to you in a dirty one: so I ran off with a bit of soap and washed it in the river, and then Peggy ironed it.'

During tea-time, and our walk over the mountain afterwards, Jacob entertained me much with his continual chatter; but when we got into church I should have much preferred a quieter companion. He had told me, to my surprise, that he had scarcely ever been inside a church before, and truly he acted as though it were so. At first, he even began to talk out loud, and when I sharply stopped that he began whispering,

and I had much difficulty in checking him. When at last I made him understand that such a thing could not be allowed here, he was far from becoming quiet. He fidgeted in his seat, he shuffled with his feet; at the first sound of the organ he turned right round, and stared at the singers in the gallery till the hymn was over.

No one who has not undertaken the charge of a restless child in church for the first time, after being accustomed to worship in peace with no one to look after, can in the least understand the misery I underwent that evening. The first lesson was one easy to be understood, and I whispered to Jacob that he must listen to the story the clergyman was reading. My words drew his attention to Mr. Meredith, and I rejoiced to see that his wandering mind seemed to be fixed at last; he looked at him so long and so earnestly. Alas! I soon discovered that the surplice and not the chapter was occupying his thoughts. At any rate he was quiet, and that was a comfort. He gave me no more trouble till the sermon began, and then, by some awkward movement, he upset two of the books in the seat in front of us making such a clatter that the notice of all the congregation seemed drawn to us. I thought that the clergyman looked our way reprovingly; and old Evan Jenkins, who took charge of the school-children in church on Sundays, advanced the length of the whole form towards us, and shook his cane threateningly at Jacob. The boy did not seem in the least alarmed, but looked at the old man with great interest; and he was so busy watching his proceedings, and the taps and raps he gave the school-children when they misbehaved, that he forgot to fidget, and was quiet till the service was over. Coming home from church, I gave Jacob a long lecture on his conduct in church. I would have scolded him still more severely, if it had not been for the sight of his pale face, which softened my anger a good deal. The end of it was, that I promised to give him another trial the next Sunday; but I told him, that if he did not behave very much better then I could not take him to church with me again.

My scolding did good, and the next Sunday, and many others that he came to me in the same way, he was very fairly quiet and attentive. Through watching him, I learnt for the first time how much more difficult it is for some boys—aye, and some grown-up people, too—to fix their attention on any one thing for a length of time, than it is for others.

Sometimes, but not often, Jacob would look in on me on week-day evenings. He was generally, as he himself said, quite done up by the end of the day, and only fit to go to bed directly after supper; and to come over the mountain, and go home along the side of the stream, as he had done the day I first saw him was a good bit out of his way, though the pleasantest walk. But on Sundays he never failed me. I told him that I should always be glad to see him to tea on that day, and he took me at my word and came, whatever the weather might be. I grew to like him very much. Though his spirits were so high as to be almost wild at times, and he was more thoughtless than many a child of eight or nine, yet he was easily checked by a grave word, and he was quite distressed if he thought I was really angry.

I had known him for about six months, when one day, to my surprise, I saw some of the colliers returning from their work at noon. Hitherto I had never known them come back till the evening. I was not left long in ignorance as to the reason. Jacob Hartley presently appeared, looking bright and eager, and from him I learnt that there had been an accident in the coal-pit, by which a man had been killed, and that they were all taking a holiday for the rest of the day in consequence. I did not understand then—I do not now—why that should be a reason for losing a day's work and wages, and taking a day's pleasuring instead; but I remember that at the time I was glad that Jacob should for once have a free run in the country, which he never enjoyed except on Sunday. I asked him how he was going to spend his time, and he told me that he was going nutting in the Pontyblaen woods, up the side of the incline they had just made to bring down materials for the new railway. I made him promise to return to tea—an invitation which he gladly accepted, and then I went back to my work.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING FROM WALES.

IN those Welsh counties which border on England many of the inhabitants have a more or less perfect knowledge of the English language. But now and then the difficulties of speaking in a strange tongue are illustrated by some amusing error.

Not long ago an English Bishop and a friend stood looking at a small tramway in one of these counties. The trucks were drawn uphill by horses, but descended the slope alone.

'How do these trucks go down hill?' said the Bishop to a Welshman near.

'Well, sir,' said the latter, 'they *do* say that they come down by their own *impudence!*'

Of course he meant 'by their own impulse.'

A. R. B.

AN INTRUDER.

PUSS has her two kittens, that are still blind, amongst the hay in a corner of the stable. The mastiff has been unloosed from his kennel-chain that he may stretch his legs in the yard. In his ramble he sniffs the saucer of food which has been put down for Puss; but as he comes in sight of it Puss springs from her lair, to the disturbance of her family, and greets the mastiff with a vigorous 'swearing' and spitting. The fur bristles up all along her back, and her tail is treble its usual size, as with ears back and head like those 'big cats,' the tigers and leopards, she faces the mastiff, prepared to fly at his nose if he comes any nearer her little blind treasures.

How wonderful the courage which a mother's love inspires! If it were not for those tiny, defenceless kittens of hers, Puss would be off like a shot whenever the mastiff came near her, springing up into the hayrack or over the fence, easily able to escape from his lumbering pursuit; but when her mother's love is watching over her offspring she is not afraid to risk her own life that she may defend them.



A Mother's Love.



Scoti in the Hansom Cab. By HARRISON WEIR.

A WISE DOG AND A KIND MASTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *North-Western Gazette* writes:—'I am a real lover of animals, and I am always glad to hear any anecdote which redounds to their credit, if it be authentic; so I am quite disposed to believe what a gentleman told me of his beautiful collie dog yesterday. I was stroking his silky black-and-tan cloak, and admiring his large, affectionate, intelligent eyes, at the same time reading the name and address legibly engraved on his brazen collar, and by way of remark I said, "Did this ever bring 'Scoti' back to you?" "Only last week," said my friend, "I lost him somewhere in Piccadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom-cabs, and Scoti always goes with me; we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on this occasion I was walking, and missed him. Search was in vain, the crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle, and after waiting awhile and looking everywhere, I returned home. In about two hours after my arrival a hansom-cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scoti. The cabman rang for his fare, and thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he had found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all—he hailed me! I was standing close by St. James's Church, looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. "Like his impudence," says I; so I shouts through the winder, but he wouldn't stir; so I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip, but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, "Go on, old man." As I seizes him by his collar I reads the name and address. "All right, my fine gentleman," says I; "I'll drive you where you're wanted, I dare say." So I shuts to the doors, and my gentleman settles hisself with his head just a-looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger—clearing the door—and walks in, as calm as though he'd been a regular fare.'"

'Need I say my friend gave the cabman a very liberal fare, and congratulated Scoti on his intelligence—be it instinct or reason, or whatever it may be that told him that hansom-cabs had often taken him safely home, and that therefore a hansom-cab would probably do so again, now that he could not find his way and had lost his master. Who shall say that dogs do not reason or reflect?'

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

AT Carluke in Scotland is a tombstone bearing an inscription to the memory of a boy named James Weir. It records that at the age of thirteen months the child was three feet four inches high, measured more than three feet around the thigh, and weighed five stone. Many medical men from Glasgow and Edinburgh examined the boy, and pronounced him to be the most extraordinary child of his age upon record.

A. R. B.

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

(*Continued from page* 23.)

IT was a glorious day, and more than once I went to the back of the house to have a look at the woods, which I thought I had never seen so beautiful as on that autumn afternoon, and to fancy how my pale-faced little friend must be enjoying himself there. The incline, with its newly turned-up earth, stood out clearly from the green on each side. It was rather a disfigurement, I thought. They had been running the trams the day before, to see how the rope answered; and I had heard that it did well, and that they would begin using it to bring down the stones the following week. 'I must go over and see the working of it myself one of these days,' I said to myself; and then, having much work on my hands, I went back to my yard.

Tea-time came, and Jacob did not make his appearance. 'It is like that careless lad to forget all about it,' I thought, and I made up my mind to speak to him seriously on Sunday about the heedlessness that was so great a fault in his character.

Next day I was called to masons' work at a distance, and I did not come home till Saturday. I wondered at myself for the great longing I felt to see Jacob again. Half-past four, when on Sundays I always looked for him, came, but brought no Jacob with it. I waited to the very last, till the bells began to ring, before starting for church, and then, much disappointed, I set off alone. I had two fears about the boy: the first, that he was ill; but this, I hardly know why, I set aside as unlikely: the second, and greater one, was that he had got into bad company. I knew that he had a certain refined feeling about him, which made him dislike being with bad boys, and so that he had few companions of his own age; but I also knew his weak point—his over-care for what others thought of him; his dread of being laughed at—which would, I feared, make him easily led astray.

On the Monday evening I determined to go and look after him, and for the first time for many months I went down into Pontyblaen. I purposely went a little before the time that the men returned from their work, for I wished to see Jacob as he came in. One of the women readily pointed out to me the Hartleys' house. Rather to my surprise the door was open, and I went in. As I looked about me I wondered to myself how Jacob, with his fiddaddy neatness, could endure his home. The room was half darkened with smoke, and a strong smell of onions came from a saucepan on the fire. Everything was dirty and uncomfortable. I had turned to the door, thinking that I would wait for Jacob outside, when a groan from the bed in the corner of the room caught my attention; at the same time an old woman came in through a back doorway,—

'You've come to see how the poor lad is?' she said: 'his leg was shocking bad yesterday, but he's coming famous now that the doctors have taken it off.'

'Taken it off! what do you mean?' I asked in surprise, and I went softly to the bedside. There lay my poor Jacob—his head buried in the pillows—sobbing violently.

'Now don't take on so, my dear,' said the old

woman. 'Didn't you hear what the gentleman said about your being kept quiet?'

'How did it happen?' I asked, very much shocked.

Then the old woman told me how, on that Wednesday when the men had their holiday, Jacob had been loitering about, boy-like, on the incline, when the rope that held up the trams had given way, and they came rushing down suddenly upon him. He was knocked down, and one of the wheels went over his leg, crushing it fearfully. There was no one near at the time, and the poor boy lay there in helpless agony till the next morning, when some navvies passing along near to their railway work heard his moans, and carried him home. The limb was so much injured that it had been found necessary to cut it off.

The old woman had scarcely finished telling me this when Jacob's father came in from his work. He was not a pleasant-looking man, and I did not wonder that the boy seemed to shrink away under the bed-clothes as he entered. He gave me a stare that said, as plainly as words could, 'Who are you? and what is your business here?' to which I answered,—

'I am a friend of Jacob's, and have come to see the poor lad. I had not heard of his accident before.'

'Indeed! a friend of Jacob's! And pray what may your name be?'

'David Morgan, at your service,' I replied; upon which he remarked,—

'Oh, you're the fellow to whom Jacob goes on Sundays! He's taken a mighty fancy to you, I can tell you: he would talk about you all day long to any one as cared to listen.'

Would you let him come to me for a little while when he is fit to be moved?' I asked. 'I would take great care of him, and I think the change of air would help to make him get well.'

'Yes, sure. You may have him, and welcome. If you had a mind to keep him for good and all I wouldn't care. What's to be done with the lad, with me in the pits all day and no mother to see to him, passes my knowledge—it do.'

I knew that he spoke in jest, and yet, as I walked home over the fields, I turned over seriously in my mind what he had said. I was a lonely man; I had a good trade, and no family to provide for: what should hinder me from taking charge of this motherless boy, and bringing him up as my own son? I thought it well over, and next evening I walked over to Pontyblaen again, and spoke to Hartley about it. He was well pleased at my proposal. I don't believe he felt at all unkindly towards the lad, but he did not care about him, and was glad to wash his hands of him altogether.

Jacob himself was half wild with joy. I really believe the thoughts of coming to live with me did more than anything else to make him get well, which he did so quickly that in less than a month the doctors allowed him to be moved to my house. His father helped to bring him over, and that was the first and last time I ever saw him here. Jacob, when he got well, used sometimes to go to Pontyblaen in the evenings to see him, but he and I never met again. I may as well mention here, that he was killed by a fall of earth in the pits about two years after this time.

The fresh hill air gradually brought back health and spirits to Jacob, though perhaps he felt the loss of his limb more now than when he was weak and ill. As soon as he could bear it I had a wooden leg made for him, and he became wonderfully clever in the use of it, going about quite briskly.

As he got well the question arose, What was he to do, now that the loss of his leg had put an end for ever to his working in the pits? After a little consideration I determined to have him trained for what my father had intended me to be, namely, a schoolmaster; and I went up to speak to the master of the National School, Mr. Finn, whom I have before mentioned, about taking him as a pupil. I told him a good deal about Jacob, and we agreed together that the regular discipline and learning necessary in such a case might give him the very things he most needed —steadiness and perseverance. The way from my house to the school being steep and rough, we settled that he should for the present board with the master; a plan which would also give him more time for study. Mr. Finn begged that I would not come to see him for a month, as he feared, from what I had told him, that his mind was very easily unsettled. I thought there was wisdom in what he said, and promised.

Next Monday Jacob went to him. I missed him very much, and was glad when the month came to an end, that I might go and see him. When I came to the school-house the children were playing in the playground. Jacob was not among them, and on asking for him I learnt that he and another boy, one Ned Taylor, were kept in because they could not say their lesson. They were both sitting on a form when I went in, with open books lying on the desk before them, while facing them stood Mr. Finn, looking very stern and grave. It did not need much insight to see that Ned Taylor was both sulky and obstinate, and I did not wonder that Mr. Finn was angry with him; but poor Jacob was neither one nor the other. I never saw more plainly written on boys' faces the difference between '*can't* learn' and '*won't* learn.' There was a more wandering look than usual in his eyes, and he was so ghastly pale that it frightened me to look at him. As I came in he started from his seat, but Mr. Finn sternly waved him back. 'Mr. Morgan,' he began, 'you will be sorry to hear ——' but he was interrupted; Jacob had fallen down in a faint. When he came round I took him home, and nursed him through what turned out to be a long illness. He had some sort of attack on the brain, brought on, I believe, from what, though it would not have hurt most boys, was yet overwork for him, and for some weeks he seemed to be at death's door. Mr. Finn came two or three times to see him, and when the danger was passed began to talk of his return to school. I know he thought me weak and foolish when I said that it could not be—that I saw only too plainly what a mistake I had made in thinking of it for him, and that I must try to find him some employment that needed less headwork. He went away plainly much vexed, and to this day, though we are good friends in the main, I can see that he thinks less highly of my judgment than he did before.

(*To be continued.*)



"The feeble faint beside the way."

THE BESIEGED CITY.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

WHY are the city streets so still?
And faces, why so wan?
There is no voice of child at play,
No hopeful step of man.

The feeble faint beside the way,
And some sad women weep,
And here and there, with looks of fear
The aged slowly creep.

Oh, know you not why women weep,
And children cease their play,
And why men look so gaunt and wan,
And age stoops low to-day?

Ah, me! there lurks an armèd foe
Without the city gates;
And, sadder yet, at each home door
Relentless famine waits.

Oh, well for those around whose homes
Flows not the tide of war;
Oh, well for those who only fear
Its echoes from afar.

Oh, English boys and English girls,
Thank God on bended knee
For this your fair and pleasant land,
Wherein your island cities stand,
Safe circled by the sea!

THE LEOPARD.

THE Leopard is so like the panther that it is sometimes mistaken for it, but there is a decided difference between the two animals. The leopard is smaller than the panther, the spots with which its coat is marked are smaller, and it is of a paler yellow colour.

The usual length of the leopard is about four feet from the nose to the tail, and the tail measures about two feet and a half. The leopard is so flexible and supple in all its joints that it can wriggle along the ground like a snake to surprise its prey, climb trees, and swim through the water. Its fierceness and voracity are extraordinary, and it frequently escapes its pursuers by taking to the trees, and sometimes it springs down upon them from the branches. It is usually captured in pitfalls.

The leopard is found in most hot countries of the East, such as India, Persia, and China, and a few may still be met with in Palestine and Syria.

Yet even this fierce creature, that is constantly tearing to pieces and killing other animals, is capable of gratitude and attachment. Lady Strangford tells us how, some years ago, a poor Russian hermit lived alone in a cave in the wildest part of Mount Tabor.



The Hermit and the Panther.

One day in winter, when the snow was deep on the ground, a leopard came and crouched at the entrance to his cave. The good man, without showing any fear, threw the beautiful animal a piece of bread, which it ate. And from that time it took up its abode with the hermit, and shared his meals, and used to accompany him in his wanderings all over the mountain.

There was also a tame leopard in Captain Burton's establishment at Damascus, and Mrs. Burton declares it to have been the pet of the whole household. But though it was quite gentle with its human friends, it sometimes worried the other pets, and now and then treated itself to a dinner off one of the goats.

The great beauty of these creatures, with their pretty black spots on their yellow coats, renders them very attractive, but it is only in a few rare instances that they have been made the companions of man.

A. R.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 20.)

CHAPTER IV.

MR. THORNTON IN A PUZZLE.

PETER went home that evening a sadder and a wiser man. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Peter *slunk* home, for he felt uncommonly like Match'em when first he was rescued, damp and degraded, from the hands of his tormentors. Nor did he feel any the less uncomfortable that neither Mr. Silver nor the little baronet looked at or spoke to him again; for after a few questions asked and answered Mr. Silver rose, and taking Sir Florence by the hand, led him in the direction of the Hall, leaving Peter Constant and Match'em to their own reflections.

What a humiliation for a boy, who looked upon himself as sharper than his neighbours, not to know a live baronet when he saw him!

Perhaps he had been only joking, after all! This was a kind of consolation which Peter often adopted when he felt himself to have been more stupid than usual. By dint of thinking about it he at last contrived to convince himself that he had only been joking, and knew it all the time: at least, Sir Florence might be brought to think so. It would be a pity to quarrel with the poor lonely little fellow, who didn't know any better.

This was the way Peter argued to himself. He began quite to pity the poor little baronet, should he be so unfortunate as to fall under his (Peter's) displeasure. There were such lots of things Peter could tell and show him in his own woods. He could contrive traps which would take every living thing. He could feed rabbits, guinea-pigs, and much more nondescript animals than these. He had himself a thriving family of young mice in a garret, and kept a freshwater aquarium in his attic-room. Why, for that matter, he would, if Sir Florence liked, go shares in Match'em himself, and that was to stretch his generosity to the furthest point.

It never occurred to Peter that the guardians of Sir Florence Gould might object to this companionship with a farmer's son, however respectable. Peter had been so long accustomed to look upon himself as in some sort the king of Middlemere, that he felt it was rather a condescension than otherwise to take such a puny little chap as the owner of Gould Hall under his wing.

In the meantime the curate had gone to break the remarkable intelligence of the unexpected arrival of the owner of Gould Hall to Mr. Thornton, in the library, which he did, leaving Sir Florence a few steps behind him.

Mr. Thornton was surprised; but still more so when the imperturbable butler, who had been in the family for twenty years, and whom nothing seemed capable of disturbing, entered the room and announced, with an unmoved countenance, that there was a 'party from foreign parts, who was kicking up a row in the housekeeper's room.'

Mr. Thornton scratched his head and turned to Mr. Silver.

'What does this mean?' he asked. 'Reynolds, you old fool!' (Mr. Thornton was irascible when puzzled), 'what do you mean by a party?'

Reynolds explained that he meant a 'female party.'

'And she do be making a precious row,' he added. 'Her language is something awful! Lucky for the women that they don't understand a word of it.'

'Do *you* understand it?' said Mr. Thornton. 'What does she want?'

Reynolds smiled in a superior manner, and explained that he had not given much attention to the subject, otherwise he had no doubt he would have been able to explain matters in a more satisfactory manner.

'Then why didn't you?' said Mr. Thornton. 'I declare I think you are all gone stark staring mad this evening. I didn't half understand what you were saying, Silver.'

'Shall I show the woman in, sir?' said the butler.

'Show her in? Nonsense! Give her a penny and a glass of beer, and send her about her business.'

But on Mr. Silver interposing, and suggesting that the stranger might possibly throw light on the mysterious arrival of young Sir Florence, Mr. Thornton relented, and the woman was sent for accordingly.

If Mr. Silver had formed any expectations concerning the personal charms of Sir Florence's Italian attendant—for such he supposed the stranger to be—they were doomed to disappointment, for a more extraordinary looking woman he had seldom seen. She looked much more like a negress than an Italian: even her jet-black hair looked crisp and wavy under the startlingly white handkerchief folded over her head. Her face was broad, good-natured, and olive in complexion; her thick lips displayed, when apart, a set of teeth that any English beauty might have coveted; and a pair of bright, beady black eyes, twinkled from under her bushy brows. She was short and squat, and waddled in quite an amazing manner. This was the more perceptible, for no sooner had she entered the room than she rushed towards the open French window, and fell, as it seemed, all of a heap, on the small object which had drawn near unperceived, and which was no other than the young baronet himself.

Then ensued a scene of kissing and crying, and voluble talk, which almost took away the breath of the bystanders, especially as it was all carried on in an unknown tongue. Sir Florence had completely disappeared in the old woman's capacious arms, and only a few feeble cries of 'Ninna! Ninna!' issued from the folds of the orange silk kerchief which was pinned across her broad bosom. Mr. Silver had serious thoughts of going to the rescue, when Sir Florence at last emerged, and Maddalena sank exhausted and tearful into a chair, which creaked under her weight.

'And now,' said Mr. Thornton in a resigned tone, perhaps *somebody* will be good enough to explain!'

'Ninna—good Ninna—knows no English,' said Sir Florence, holding out his hand, and looking from one to the other of the two gentlemen. 'I will ex-

plain. I am Sir Florence Gould, of Gould Hall—father told me never to forget that. Poor father is dead—that is why I am here!'

'Yes, yes!' said Mr. Thornton. 'It's all very well to say you are Sir Florence Gould, and all that; you are only a child, and must go where you are sent!'

'I do go where I am sent!' said the boy steadily. 'I come *here*—this is my home—this is where I am to be. *He* said so. He told me how to go, and wrote a paper—see.' And he pulled a paper out of his pocket, and held it out to Mr. Thornton.

It contained clearly written directions for the journey from Italy to England, with a running translation into Italian, and was signed,—

'Written [then followed the date] by my darling boy's dying father, EDWARD GOULD.'

'Sure enough,' murmured Mr. Thornton, 'this is poor Gould's handwriting! I know it well.'

'We waited,' resumed the little fellow, 'Ninna—that's Maddalena—and I, till they had laid him in the pretty garden by the blue sea, under the white marble cross, and then we came—home.'

The child's lip quivered as he said the last word, and he gazed forlornly round the handsome room, which had no memories or associations for him.

'I never heard anything like it! exclaimed Mr. Thornton, rubbing his spectacles. 'Never! And so, my dear, your father meant you to live here, it seems!'

'Yes, he did!' said Sir Florence, firmly; 'and I mean to stay; and Ninna is to stay here, too,' he added decisively. 'She is my servant, and I will pay her money, like father did, to stay.'

'Ninna would be moped to death here, and so would you,' said Mr. Thornton; '*she*'d never stay. Come, my little fellow, your father was a dear friend of mine, and you must be my little friend too; and before he died he sent me a letter to say that I was always to take care of you, and that I was to settle where you were to live, and that you were to mind me in everything!'

'Did father say that?' said the little boy, rather piteously. 'Oh! but then, if you were father's friend, you will let me do as he said. Look here!' and advancing confidently to his guardian's big, easy chair, he slid a soft, little hand into Mr. Thornton's rugged palm, 'if father loved you, I shall love you too very—very—much; but I *must* stay here. Father said I was to. I am Sir Florence Gould and a baronet, and I must live in my own place!'

'And do you want to grow up a dunce?' said Mr. Thornton, relenting a little, and disguising the fact with a frown. 'A pretty state of things for a baronet, upon my word! I suppose your father meant that, too? How do you mean to learn if you don't go to school like other boys, and knock about a little?'

The little baronet looked thoughtful. 'I don't know,' he said; 'father didn't tell me about that. I used to do lessons with him. I know some things. I can read Italian and English; and listen, I know nearly a whole canto of Tasso by heart!' And throwing himself into an attitude he recited, with much grace and fervour, several stanzas, every word of which was Chinese to both his hearers.

Maddalena, however, who evidently thought her nursling was undergoing an examination, and who had worn a somewhat anxious expression during the whole of the foregoing conversation, brightened up amazingly at this proof of his powers, nodded her head, and tapped her foot to keep time to the measure. When he ceased the boy looked into Mr. Thornton's face for approval.

'Yes,' said that gentleman, 'that's all very well, but it's time you should be learning something useful. Besides, there is nothing like the companionship of other boys.'

'There is one boy I mean to know,' said Sir Florence, calmly. 'I don't think he is a good boy, and I don't know his name; but I mean to know him. Father said I was to know all the people on my lands. He has a dog called Match'em.'

'That's what I wanted to ask,' said Mr. Silver, speaking for the first time. 'How did you get into the middle of the wood, Sir Florence, away from your attendant, and with young Constant? He is not a bad boy, but still I don't quite understand.'

Sir Florence blushed at this question, and hung his head.

'I was naughty!' he said. 'Ninna and I walked from the station, and left the boxes behind. And when we got into a little shady path I wanted to see the sun-dial, and Maddalena wanted to go on up to the house, and she held my hand tight, and I was angry, and pinched her arm so hard, that she cried out and let go, and I ran away into the wood. Then she was frightened, and thought I was lost.'

And Maddalena, nothing loth, hearing her 'fond' name, clasped her nursling once more in her arms and covered him with kisses, which resounded through the room like small pistol-shots.

'Well, well!' said Mr. Thornton, 'it's no use sitting here all night, we shall have to stir our stumps. Reynolds and the other servants must be introduced to their young master, and rooms must be got ready. Can't you stay, Silver? It's so awkward having to manage for a child like that, with a woman who doesn't know a word of English.'

But the clergyman shook his head, murmuring that his wife expected him. He shook hands with the young owner of Gould Hall, who felt much more afraid of him than of his rough-spoken guardian; and adding, 'The housekeeper will know how to manage, no doubt,' to Mr. Thornton, he stepped out of the open window into the soft dusk of the summer evening.

Middlemere kept early hours, and nearly all the lights of the village were out as its clergyman passed through it on his way to inquire after the sick woman he ought to have visited that evening. Every one in the house was in bed, a fact of which Mr. Silver was informed not in too polite terms, and he turned from the door with a sigh to plod back past Gould Hall, and along the dark, lonely road which led to his own home—a white cottage by the roadside, with a small yard and neglected garden at the rear. This was where the curate of Middlemere had lived for fourteen years, where he had brought his bride, and where his three sons had been born. It was quite dark as he approached, but his wife rose from a chair set just within the porch, and came to meet him.

'It was so warm,' she said, 'that I came out here to sit. How late you are to-night, dear!'

(*To be continued.*)



Sir Florence and Ninna walking from the Station.

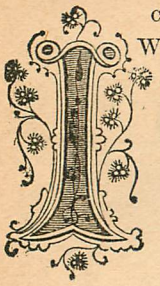


Putting a Frog down Jack's back.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 31.)

CHAPTER V.—THE WHITE COTTAGE.



'I WISH he'd try it himself for a couple of days, and see how he'd like it,' said Leo Silver, spitefully kicking his boot against the old broken frame of a hotbed. 'There, Miles, beat that if you can! it was a clean shiver. Here's another whole bit for you to try on. Go ahead!'

'I can't,' said little Miles, holding out his pudgy foot; 'there's a big hole in my toe, and the glass would get in.'

Leo laughed scornfully.

'Didn't I say so?' he exclaimed, though, by the way, he had not. 'Jack, can't you take your long nose out of that musty old book, and listen to a fellow?'

'Be quiet, will you?' said Jack Silver, sticking out an elbow, as he had a habit of doing when disturbed. 'You chaps always kick up such a row when a man wants to read.'

'Haw, haw!—a man! Look at him!' shouted Leo. 'I say, Miles; here!'

Then ensued a whispered colloquy between the two younger boys, and presently the unhappy Jack became aware of what he described as a 'cold leap' down his back, and a fearful wriggle somewhere in the direction of his waistbelt. He jumped up with a yell, which was repeated at a much higher pitch as he felt the struggles of the 'thing,' which was probably as much disgusted as himself. Leo and Miles meanwhile shouted with laughter, and the noise presently brought both Mr. and Mrs. Silver out at the back-door.

'What is the meaning of this?' said Mr. Silver, sternly, looking at Leo, who was always at the bottom of every piece of mischief.

'My dear Jack,' said Mrs. Silver, hurrying up to Jack, who was dancing about with a scarlet face, making frantic efforts by the way to divest himself of his clothes; 'is anything the matter? Something must have stung you!'

Little Miles, who began to look frightened at his father's grave face, blurted out, regardless in his anxiety of Lindley Murray,—

'We've only *went* and put a frog down his back!'

By this time Jack had succeeded in dislodging the intruder, and in a transport of rage spluttered out some incoherent words, and flung the unlucky animal with all his force into Leo's face. Leo caught the poor thing and threw it back, after which Jack closed with him immediately. Miles, much concerned at this treatment of the frog, picked it up, examined it carefully, and then took it to a stagnant pool at the bottom of the garden and threw it in.

'Boys,' said Mr. Silver, 'go *instantly* into my study. Fifty lines for both of you!'

'Jack, dear,' said Mrs. Silver; 'don't make such a disturbance: it was only fun, dear boy!'

'Fun himself,' said Jack, desisting, and looking sulky, dishevelled, and ashamed. 'A fellow has no peace in life when that Leo is allowed to go on as he does. I shan't stand it!'

This was a favourite asseveration of Jack's, repeated about fifty times a-day. It is needless to say that he always *did* stand it, whatever it was. On the whole, he was a sweet-tempered fellow, and bore a good deal from his brothers, especially Leo; but when roused he was very demonstrative indeed. To be disturbed in his favourite studies was a dire offence, but to be brought into personal contact with frogs, beetles, and the like, was fire and flame. Leo, in the meantime, as was his aggravating habit, stood still with a cool smile on his handsome face, and his hands in his pockets.

'It is not to be borne,' said Mr. Silver, addressing himself to Leo. 'I sit down in my study to read or write, or I begin an important conversation with your mother, and we are immediately interrupted and alarmed by disgraceful outbreaks between you boys. This happens every day, and I repeat that it is not to be borne. Once for all, I must have you understand, Leopold and John, that this is *not* to go on. I *will* have quiet out of lesson hours as well as in them, and I *will* be obeyed!'

'I'm sure *I* don't want to be mixed up in his rows,' said Jack, still glaring at his brother, and heaving with suppressed wrath. 'Let him leave me alone and I'll leave him alone!'

'Hush, dear!' whispered Mrs. Silver, laying her hand on Jack's shoulder; 'don't answer your father so.'

Jack subsided, muttering; but he adored his mother, and was beginning to cool down besides. He also wanted very much to go on with *Gulliver's Travels*, and looked longingly back to his seat on the top of an old barrel where he had left his book. But Leo turned upon his father with a frown on his face.

'I should like to know what you expect us to do in this rotten old den,' he said, with sullen disrespect. 'It's a shame; that's what it is!'

'I'm sorry for you,' said Mr. Silver, coldly; 'but not being able to provide you with horses and carriages, and pocket-money, you will have, as long as you remain with me, to put up with what your mother bears without a word.'

'I don't want horses and carriages!' exclaimed Leo. 'I should like to see myself stuck up in a coach-and-four!'

'Then what are you complaining about?' inquired Mr. Silver.

Leo looked down and kicked his boot against a stone without replying.

'Come, dear,' said Mrs. Silver, anxiously, to her husband; 'don't speak to Leo when he's in that temper. He does not deserve it. He will come to his senses by-and-by, I hope!'

'No,' said Mr. Silver; 'when my son chooses to speak to me in that tone, I choose to answer him. State your grievances, Leopold. I dare say it is not the first time a father without a penny has been brought to book by a discontented son who owes him everything. Say on!'

Jack looked lovingly at his mother. She had drawn back a little, with her eyes fixed on Leo, and Jack fancied that she had turned quite pale. Little Miles began to cry, more at his father's stern face and voice than at the words, which he scarcely understood. He

was terribly frightened for Leo, who, it was easy to see, had got into an even bigger 'row' than usual.

Leo burst out with a passionate exclamation, which was not often heard at the White Cottage, and which caused Miles to stare round-eyed, and Jack to whistle in a whisper, if such a thing be practicable.

'I don't see why I'm to be set upon like this,' said Leo, speaking fast and looking at nobody, 'just because I want to be like other fellows, not shut up in a wretched hole of a back-garden like this, and forced to go on tiptoe, and speak in a whisper, and never have a bit of fun. I want to go to school, and have larks like the other chaps. I don't want to prowl about Middlemere, turning up one's nose at Peter Constant and other fellows like him, as if one were a lord, while all the time one's clothes are in rags, and one eats dry bread for supper. All very well for Jack, who cares for nothing as long as he has his nose in a book; and as for Miles, he's a baby. I'm different.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Silver, 'now I have heard *you* out, I must beg you to hear me. I am a poor man, as you know; I have not luxuries to give my children, and they must do without. I am also a good many years older than they are, and I have reasons of my own for bringing them up in the way I do. These reasons I will not suffer to be brought in question by anybody, least of all by a froward boy. Let this be the last thing said about the matter. My son has called me to account, and I have answered him. Leopold will bring me fifty lines of Virgil to-night; he will also have his supper in his own room every night for a week. On John, who appears to have been the injured party, I shall not this time inflict punishment.'

'For putting a frog down John's back,' cried Leopold, recklessly, 'fifty lines; for calling "elegant retirement" "rotten old den," supper in attic for a week.'

'Silence, sir!' said Mr. Silver. He never went into a passion with his sons, as Farmer Constant did sometimes with Peter, and most likely Mr. Thornton with his unmanageable boys, but his cold severity always made Jack and Miles shiver in their shoes. Leo, however, was thoroughly roused, and cared for nothing.

'I can't have dry bread and water,' he went on bitterly, 'because that happens to be the family fare. Interesting fact! No wonder Jim Slade called us "beggars," and Tom Hicks said that the curate and his sons went about looking as if they had robbed a bank.'

Mr. Silver turned suddenly round and walked back to the house without saying another word. The movement was unexpected, and Leo paused, vaguely regretting his last words.

'Mean sneak!' ejaculated honest Jack, with flushed cheeks, and went back to his barrel and *Gulliver's Travels*. Soft-hearted Miles ran away to have his cry out by himself in a corner of the despised garden, and presently became absorbed in vain endeavours to find the frog which had been the cause of all the mischief. Leo was left alone with his mother, who looked at him reproachfully, saying, 'Oh, Leo!' and burst into tears.

Mrs. Silver was a young woman still, and her sons thought her the perfection of feminine beauty and sweetness. She had been a merry little schoolgirl when she first met Mr. Silver, wearing her fair hair in a 'mane' tied with blue ribbon. She was to have had one more term at school, after which she was to blossom into a young lady and 'come out;' but Mr Silver frustrated all these plans by marrying her just as she was. People said she had changed greatly since her marriage with the delicate, grave, melancholy curate, but I think that in reality it was the earnest nature under the merry school-girl exterior which had first attracted Mr. Silver, and which had ripened and deepened with the trials of poverty and motherhood. Be this as it may, her life had been a sad and lonely one; the shadow which darkened her husband's spirit had fallen over her life, and she had needed all the fresh spirits with which she had begun it to carry it on. But all this did not prevent her being deeply beloved by both husband and children. She was the mediator between them, keeping all smooth. She was often, too, playful and bright, entering into and sharing all her boys' meagre plans and amusements; and without her, life at the White Cottage would indeed have been the dreary piece of business poor Leo in his passion represented it. Then she was fair and young, with the light, round little figure, blue eyes, and fair hair, which keep their youth so long, especially when there is a sunny temper and a loving earnestness to add a charm to their beauty. Of all the boys, little Miles, chubby, rosy-cheeked, and blue-eyed, was perhaps the most like her; Jack was rather plain, fair, and freckled, and good-tempered looking; but Leo resembled none of the family. He was a handsome lad, with dark eyes, dark hair, and well-cut features. But he was self-willed and disobedient, and was always at war with his father, and gave many a secret pang to his mother, proud as she was of him.

'Oh, Leo!' said Mrs. Silver, 'how can you speak so to your dear father?'

'Why did he plague me, then?' said Leo, sullenly.

'Plague you! Oh, my dear boy, if you only knew all we have gone through for your sakes—all of you—you would not treat us so.'

'Why doesn't he let me play with other boys, then,' said rebellious Leo, 'instead of sticking here all the blessed day? Why doesn't he let us go into the Gould Hall woods, and take walks and fish and play cricket like other fellows? Mother, dear, don't cry—I'm a brute! There, will that do?' and Leo threw his arms round his mother's neck and smothered her with kisses, as it was the inconvenient fashion of the young Silvers to do daily.

Mrs. Silver kissed him, but sadly, and with a sigh.

'Dear boy,' she said, sorrowfully, 'unless you love and respect your father how can I be happy?'

'Then I will,' said Leo; 'only don't you cry, mother dear. Look here, I'll call the garden a paradise, and say we are as rich as Crœsus, if you like.'

Mrs. Silver shook her head and sighed again, but smiled too. She was not a hard-hearted little mother, and thought that perhaps her boy had had enough.

'And now I'll go and do those horrid old lines,' said Leo, as he followed his mother into the house.

(To be continued.)



THE BIRD'S NEST.

A LITTLE bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it—one, two, and three,
And then very glad and delighted was she:
Very glad and delighted was she.

And after a while, but how long I can't tell,
The little ones crept one by one from the shell,
And their mother was pleased, and she loved them well:
She was pleased, and she loved them well.

She spread her soft wings on them all day long,
To warm them and guard them, her love was so strong,
And her mate sat beside her, and sung her a song:
Her mate sat beside her, and sung her a song.



Jacob showing his purchases.

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

(*Continued from p.* 27.)

I DID not venture to send Jacob away again, and for the next five years he lived at home with me. He was a pleasant companion, and helpful, so far as his lameness and delicate health would allow. I made one attempt at teaching him something more of writing and ciphering than he had been able to pick up before his accident, hoping that in time he might be able to enter an office as clerk; but the sitting over his work brought on the old faintness, and I was obliged to give it up. He tried his hand at my trade sometimes, and managed the letter-cutting well, he was so neat-handed. But even that he could not do for long together; and the mason's work was quite beyond his powers, requiring far more bodily strength than he possessed. I was sorely puzzled as to what he was to do. It was not only that when I was gone he would have to earn his own living somehow or other, but it was so bad for his character, idling away his time as he did. I did so wish for some fixed occupation that would steady him down, and make him less childish and trifling; for he was wonderfully so for his age—now nearly eighteen.

I had been away for a day's work, and we were returning together over the hills, when I said to Jacob, as I had said many times before,—

'Well, Jacob, I wish something would turn up for you: this is an idle life for a lad of your age.'

'I'll tell you what, uncle,' he said, for so he always

called me, 'there's nothing for it but to make a peddler of me.'

'That's hardly the sort of thing I should like for you,' I answered.

But Jacob caught me up eagerly,—

'Now, really, uncle, I should say it was just the thing for a fellow like me, with no brains, and only one leg. What can you have to say against it?'

'In the first place,' I replied, 'I have always looked on peddlers as rather a cheating set.'

'And so you are afraid I would take to cheating?'

He spoke in such a make-believe solemn tone that I almost laughed.

'No, Jacob, I am sure you would not. You wouldn't know how to go about it if you wished.'

'If I don't know how to cheat, you need not be afraid of that. What next?'

'They haven't tidy, clean ways. I never could bear to buy anything out of one of their baskets.'

'Then if I was to be a peddler, I suppose you think I wouldn't wash any more, or care about a clean shirt; or that I'd let my basket get into a muddle! Which is it, uncle?—or all three, maybe!'

This time I laughed outright. The notion was absurd, as any one who knew Jacob would understand.

'You ridiculous boy! of course not! But, to tell the truth, it does not seem to me so respectable a business as I should like for you.'

Jacob gave me an odd look out of his large eyes.

'If I'm respectable to begin with,' he said, 'I don't see that being a peddler can make any difference in that. If I'm not respectable—why, more's the pity! but it can't be helped.'

He was not joking now,—at least, in what he said first; and I was glad to find that he could for once say something sensible.

'There is something in what you say,' I answered; 'and I will think it over.'

The end of it was, that next week I sent him over to Abercarn, the nearest town where anything like shopping could be done, with five pounds in his pocket. He was to buy a license for six months, which would cost 1*l.*; a basket of any kind he liked best; and the rest of the money he was to lay out as he pleased in goods for sale.

He returned at night with a capital square basket, with a waterproof cover. He had also bought several yards of calico, which I could not understand, till he explained that they were to be hemmed into cloths, and used one to put over, the other under his goods; and he had enough for a change, so as to have one pair washed every week.

'I'll make a tidier peddler than you, now!' he said; and, indeed, it did seem that the work he had taken up was made for him.

He had laid out the money wisely, and made it go further than ever I should have done. I ought to mention, that the basket was a small one of its kind. This was my advice, as, though he could now walk famously with his wooden leg, I did not think he ought to carry any great weight. He had also bought no very heavy goods. On one side he had a little crockery,—cups and saucers, and such small things, which always sell well. On the other, he had needles and cotton, hooks and eyes, pens and paper, pencils and marbles,—in short, everything almost in a small way that was likely to sell.

The following Monday Jacob started on his first expedition. We had talked the matter well over, and decided that, as the neighbouring villages were so scattered about, it would be better to go on from one to the other, making a long round, getting a night's lodging at some of the places he passed through, and only returning to me on the Saturday to spend Sunday at home. This plan we found to answer very well. He was able to go over so much more ground, and wherever he went he was welcome. He was very quick at finding out what things sold best, and sometimes had to go in the middle of the week to Abercarn, or some other large town, to get a fresh supply of goods, instead of waiting till Monday, his usual day for setting himself up. As for me, I was delighted that he had at last found work, and work that suited him so well. The life in the open air—in all weathers though it was—agreed with him so well, that he grew to look quite healthy, almost strong. The pleasure with which I looked forward to his coming home on Saturdays is more than I can well tell, nor how difficult it was to settle to any work that afternoon for watching the steep mountain-path in front of my windows, down which he was sure to come before it grew dark. Even now, on Saturday afternoons, I can hardly keep from watching—from looking for the well-known figure, though I know that it is all in vain.

I had often spoken to Mr. Meredith about Jacob, and it was at his suggestion that, shortly after he became a peddler, he undertook a class in the Sunday school. Though Jacob himself was quite willing, I was rather against it at first, as I hardly thought him fit to look after the children. But Mr. Meredith said there was nothing for sobering thoughtless persons like having others given into their charge, and I soon saw that he was right. I don't suppose Jacob did much in the way of teaching, but all in his class were little boys. They learnt a few simple hymns, and he kept them in good order. Yet, as a whole, he was much his old heedless self. I used to wonder whether anything could ever make him a sober, thinking man.

I remember well, one Saturday afternoon, that when Jacob returned I was busy—as was pretty often the case—cutting an inscription on a tombstone. He left his basket in the kitchen—such a neat, tidy basket, by-the-by, as it was quite a pleasure to see—and came out to me in the yard. Leaning over me as I worked he read out the words. I do not remember exactly what they were, but they spoke of the deceased as having been a good husband, a kind father, and an example to all his friends.

'Did you know this man, uncle?' he asked.

'Some years ago, when he lived here. He had moved to Abercarn since.'

'And is all that true about him?'

'Not as I knew him, certainly; and from all I have heard I shouldn't think he changed much after.'

'Then why do you write such a pack of lies?'

'I had nothing to do with the writing. I have only to copy what his friends have written down.'

'Well, I wouldn't lend my hand to anything so false. I hope, uncle, you'll never write such lies about me!'

'About you! What do you mean?'

'You may have to choose for me some day. It will be a hard matter, though, if you have to put nothing but what's true. Little or no good you will find to say.'

He spoke in so droll a way, that I could hardly keep grave, and yet it was not a sort of joke I liked; and I told him so.

'Now, uncle, you always will have it that I'm joking. I don't see any joke at all in what I said. I meant it in sober earnest.'

Whether it were so or not, I was glad to give a turn to the conversation.

Jacob did so well as a peddler, that by the end of twelve months he was able to afford himself a watch. We went down to Abercarn together to choose it. It was a new silver one, and cost *5l.*; and I don't think Jacob ever felt prouder in his life than when he first put it into his waistcoat pocket. He valued it all the more for having earned it himself.

'Are you sorry now that you let me be a peddler, uncle?' he asked, gaily, as we walked home in the dusk.

'No, no, Jacob; I am very glad.'

If I had been asked the question three months later, could I have given the same answer? Perhaps not; but looking back at it all through the years that have passed since, I can echo what I said then, far more earnestly and thankfully.

On Monday Jacob went away on his rounds as usual, and returned on Saturday, if possible, more lively and talkative than ever. He was full of a fire that had broken out on the Wednesday evening, at the village where he happened to be lodging for the night. There had been great excitement about it, as —though it was only a shed that had just got alight —the wind was blowing in the direction of the houses, and it was much feared that they, too, would catch fire. Many of the villagers were up most of the night helping to put out the flames, which, fortunately, they at last succeeded in doing before any further mischief was done.

Jacob had been one of the first to find out that the shed was on fire, and seemed to have exerted himself chiefly in saving the lives of some pigs, which, pig like, were very stupid, and so alarmed when they felt the heat that it was very difficult to get them out. The account Jacob gave of it was most amusing, and we sat long over the fire that night talking and laughing.

(To be continued.)

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

I TELL you, my fat friend, you have no business in that boat,' said Theodore Hook to a fat man in a dingy on the Thames.

'No business in this boat, sir? What do you mean?'

'I mean what I say,' coolly responded Hook; 'you have no business in it, and I will prove it.'

'I think, sir, you will prove no such thing,' said the navigator; 'perhaps you know, sir, this is my own pleasure-boat?'

'That is it,' said Hook. 'No man can have any business in a pleasure-boat. Good-day, sir.'

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

SAID Jenny to Johnnie, 'As sure as can be,
We shall get lots of cards, and great beauties, you'll see—
Auntie Bess has already sent eight in a pack.'
Said John, 'Then, of course, we must send her one back.

'We can get a fine card for a penny, you know.'
Said Jenny, 'My pennies I will not spend so,'
Said he, 'Auntie sends for the New Year beside.'
'But that is no reason why we should,' she cried.

'I shan't spend a farthing, and, Johnnie, don't you;
I've thought of a capital plan for us two:
We'll look through our album, and sure we shall see
A card that will do both for you and for me.'

Said Jack, 'Here's a beauty!' but she answered pat,
'I like it myself, so I shan't send her that.
Will this one do, Johnnie?' But Johnnie says, 'No,
It's a jolly good card, and I can't let it go.

'I won't give her this; and that one I can't spare.
They're all far too pretty to send, I declare.'
Then Jack 'tween the pages a loose card espied;
He clutched it at once, and triumphantly cried,—

'Oh, here is a card that I don't want at all,
I've had it for ages: it's dirty and small.
Here's a round spot of grease, but I'll write on the back,
"For auntie, with love, from her dear nephew Jack."'

Then Jenny cries beaming, 'Oh, Jack! I declare,
Here's another to match it—a capital pair!
It's ugly, and faded, and crushed, I confess,
But I'll send it with love to my dear Auntie Bess.'

Now auntie was far from her kindred away,
All lonely was she on this glad Christmas Day;
And when on its eve she received not a word,
Said auntie, 'It is but a pleasure deferred.'

Oh, joy! on the morrow a letter was brought,
'My darlings' love tokens,' the fond auntie thought.
Then her gentle complaint her pet dicky-bird heard,
And carried the matter—oh, wise little bird!

'My birdie,' sighed auntie, 'would these children, pray,
Like the cards to receive which they thus send away?
If I should next Christmas return tit for tat,
Would my niece and my nephew, dear Dicky, like that?

'Now fly to them, birdie; but, prithee, come back,
And whisper to Jenny, and whisper to Jack,
That the rule of good manners for all 'neath the sun,
Is to do unto others as we would have done.'

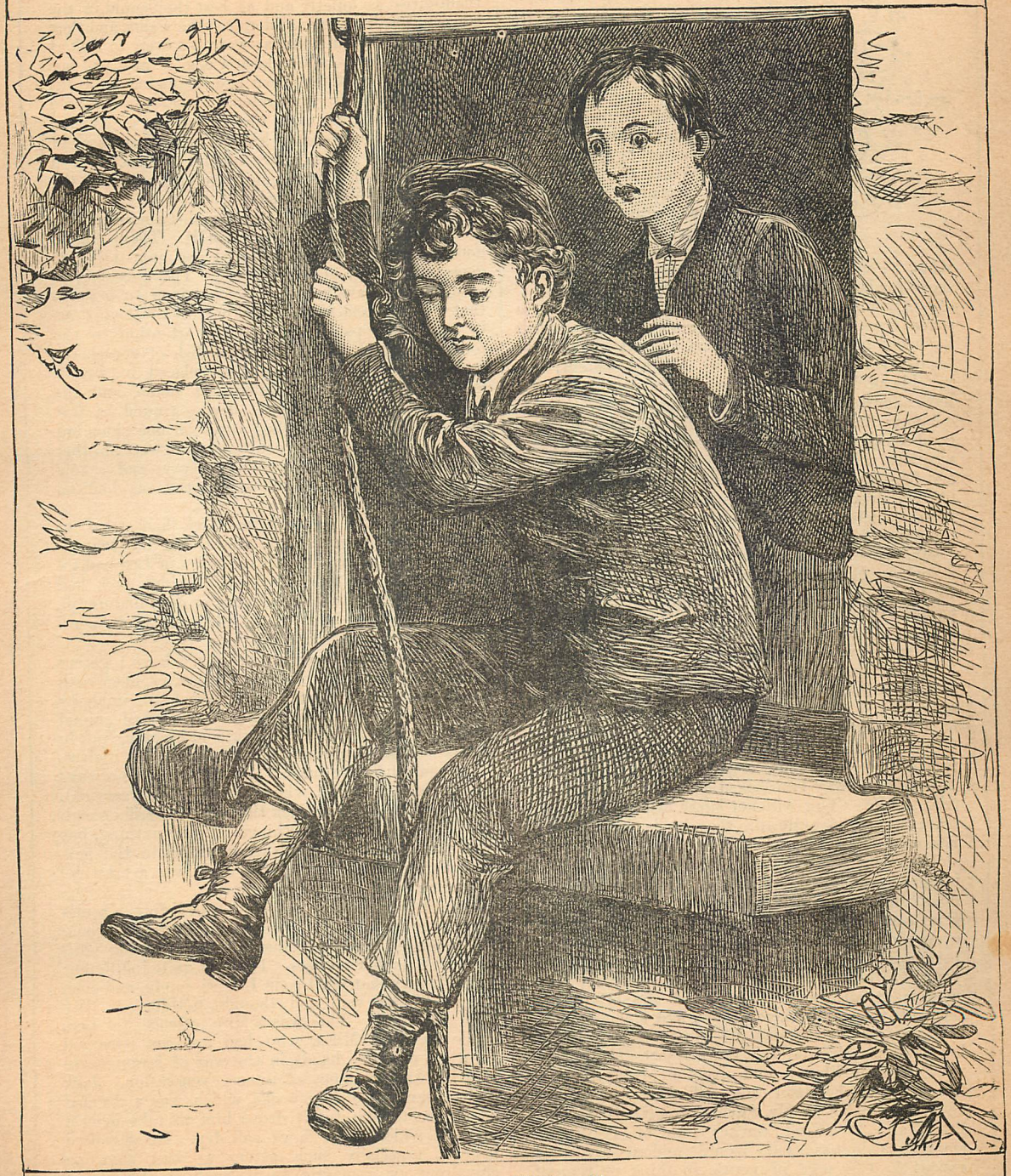
DICKY BIRD.

MASTIFF AND CUR.

A LARGE dog of the mastiff kind, belonging to the late M. Ridley Esq., of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in his mouth by the back, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to an enemy so much his inferior.



Mastiff and Cur.



Leo on the Window-sill.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

CHAP. VI.—JACK AND LEO.

JACK SILVER was decidedly a peculiar boy, and as such incurred the daily contempt of his younger brother. Leo knew very well what he himself wanted—more pocket-money was desirable, and better 'grub,' for at the White Cottage there was a daily mortification of the appetite: but still no healthy boy dwells long on these inconveniences. No; what he wanted was more freedom of action and scope for boyish spirits—more 'larks,' in fact.

Leo would thankfully have gone to the Middlemere school for sons of farmers and small tradesmen, which happened to be a very good one, and sat on the same form with his imaginary foe, Peter Constant, and put his pride into his pocket. He would thereby have secured two great advantages: first, that of escaping the studies with his father, who, being a good scholar, was a somewhat severe taskmaster: and secondly, the privilege of joining the boys at cricket and football, and rivalling Farmer Constant's son on his own ground. How often had Leo hid behind the hedge which enclosed the cricket-field, and watched the boys with a bursting heart!

Mr. Silver was not a favourite, as we have before stated, in Middlemere; and his sons were not likely to be thought any better of. Leo always walked past the village lads with fierce glances, and with his nose in the air, but in his secret heart he felt much bitterness and wounded feeling.

Why should not he, Leo Silver, be king of the revels as well as Peter Constant? He was as active, as full of spirit and readiness, and as fond of fun, as the best of them—why should he be shut out because his father was the poor curate of Middlemere, and had peculiar notions about keeping himself to himself? This was the way Leo looked at it, and it was a real trial to him. You will not laugh at him, my young readers, for I am quite sure that, in his circumstances, you would have felt exactly the same.

The worst of it was, that it made Leo both unhappy and restive at home. Grievances always do. Boys and girls have only got to set up a grievance to become miserable themselves and make everybody else miserable about them. It is so much better in this world not to have grievances. The young Silvers generally made a friend of their mother in all their troubles, and she often came between them and their father, and smoothed over rough places in the home life in a perfectly marvellous manner: but on this one subject—that of the restriction of liberty and want of companionship from which her son suffered,—she was almost as impracticable as Mr. Silver himself. She would listen and look sad during one of Leo's passionate outbreaks,, but would seldom say much except in the way of gentle soothing or reproof. But she held out no hopes of amendment—it remained a law as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—that the young Silvers were not to go to school; were, out of study hours, to amuse themselves as quietly and as best they could in the house or garden; were seldom to take walks, and then only within certain bounds; were not even to look at a horse or a pony, not to keep a dog or any pet but a feeble canary of unknown age belonging to Jack; and above all, on no pretence whatever to hold any communication with the village boys. Within these limits they were at liberty to find amusement for themselves; and very difficult it was, as you would have said, if you could have paid a visit to the garden of the White Cottage.

Why it was called a garden remains a mystery, for no flowers or fruit ever grew in it. There was a gooseberry bush, which produced one annual dish of gooseberry fool, and no more. The gooseberries would never have been allowed to ripen, so perhaps that was the best way of making use of them. As it was, Miles paid such constant attention to the formation of the fruit, that the dish of gooseberry fool had more than once been placed in serious jeopardy. The Silvers washed at home, and the garden of course served as drying-ground—a few cabbages grew in straggling rows on one side, but beyond clean clothes and cabbages there were no other crops than broken glass and crockery, and a few sickly blades of grass, and such weeds as had no better place to grow in.

In an hour of enthusiasm Jack had tried to create a garden out of the chaos, but the ingratitude of the sandy soil and the jeers of Leo had together proved too much for him. Besides, Jack had no natural aptitude for gardening, or anything useful, as Leo was fond of remarking when his brother refused to play with him.

One might have thought that three boys together could have managed to amuse themselves, even with small materials for enjoyment, but Leo's unhappy discontent was against it. He had a fund of animal spirits perpetually kept in check, and breaking out in forms which, though innocent enough in themselves, were against family rules. He was therefore always in hot water. Miles, who was only eight years old, Leo being twelve, and Jack thirteen, was still enough of a child to make playthings out of anything, but was too often made Leo's innocent tool in the perpetually recurring 'rows;' and Jack was a 'sawny' according to Leo, and quite different.

Jack Silver was, as we have said before, a somewhat peculiar boy. He lived with his nose in a book, and when not reading was sure to be dreaming with his hands in his pockets. He was quite indifferent to the things that tried poor Leo so sorely, and even did his lessons well and thought nothing of fifty lines of Virgil. This was a dire offence to Leo, while to little Miles, who had not yet emerged from his mother's hands in the way of lesson learning, he was an object of intense veneration. Jack had no money to buy books, which was a decided advantage to him, for it drove him to take delight in those which most boys call dry. He devoured history, especially such history as had anything chivalrous or romantic in it, such as Froissart's *Chronicles*, the *History of the Knights of Malta*,

St. Louis of France, and so on. He read poetry—to Leo's scornful amazement—Spenser's *Faery Queene* and Scott's *Marmion* being his favourites. But the crowning delight was Scott's novels. Mr. Silver had them all; and after much hesitation, and as a reward for industry, he had allowed Jack to read them. The consequence was that Jack's brain was completely turned. He went about his small world imagining himself to be Ivanhoe or Richard Cœur de Lion. How commonplace everything was in these days! That was his quarrel with life. Why had he not been born in the days of knight-errantry? Or, better still, why had he not been a Crusader—a Red-cross Knight? This was Jack's dream of life, and I need not say that it was as little likely to be fulfilled as his brother Leo's. In the meantime he remained a sweet-tempered fellow on the whole—dreamy, absent, and unpractical, rather more dainty and fastidious in some things than Leo, but much more indifferent to privation and careless about his clothes, and with only one grievance in life—that he had been christened John and nicknamed Jack, while his brother answered to the noble and knightly appellation of Leopold! Jack was a good-natured fellow; and, bearing no malice, he went to console Leo for his imprisonment that evening. He could not condole with him on account of his prison fare of bread and water, for the sad reason that it was but the family fare after all. There are, I grieve to say, no deeper depths of poverty than are to be found in a gentleman's family.

'Cheer up, old fellow!' said Jack, as he sauntered in; 'don't you be down in the mouth. The *pater* will soon come round, never fear!'

'As if I cared!' said undutiful Leo. 'It's the little *mater*, Jack; that's where it cuts, old boy! How could you be such a duffer, Jack, as to scream at a frog? I'd be a man, if I were you, or know the reason why!'

'I never could abide a cold thing all of a sudden,' said Jack. 'I say, shake hands, will you?'

'Stuff!' said Leo. 'I'll go for a walk.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jack, whose breath was taken away by the audacity of the proposition. 'I say——' with a prolonged whistle.

'Well, why not?' said Leo, fiercely. 'Where's the harm? How you stare at a fellow, Jack! Your eyes will roll out of your head some day if you don't look out.'

'Do you know what's the time?' inquired Jack, in an awe-struck voice.

'Who cares?' replied Leo, and pushing open the attic window he scrambled out on the narrow sill.

'Now look here,' he said; 'I'll show you a dodge!' and pulling forward a rope which was coiled up in a corner of the window, and which Jack had not noticed, he uncoiled it and let himself down to the ground with the agility of a monkey or a middy.

'Hist!' in a loud whisper as he reached the ground; 'haul it up, old boy!'

'I say,' repeated Jack, as he leant out of the window breathless with admiration, 'I never saw the rope before!'

'How could you,' said Leo with lofty contempt, 'when you go about with your head in the clouds, and call out at a frog? I'm off. I say Jack, you won't sneak, will you?'

'No; but you *will* get into it; and if mother finds out——'

'Mother won't!' said Leo.

And with that he ran off lightly, and was soon lost in the gathering dusk of the summer night.

It was not late. Peter was only just beginning to think of his evening stroll, and he and his sister were standing at the white gate of the farmyard, while Farmer Constant was going his rounds, and Mrs. Constant was putting all to rights indoors, before supper; but to Leo it seemed as if it should be midnight at least, and he was almost afraid of his own shadow. Not that he was a coward, far from it, but such a thing as one of the Silver boys taking a walk alone in the evening was an unheard-of piece of audacity. Generally the family gathered in the small sitting-room—there was only one—Mr. Silver writing or studying, Mrs. Silver with a huge basket of mending before her, Jack and Leo learning their lessons, and Miles sitting on the floor at his mother's knee, yawning vehemently, or endeavouring in vain to stifle his uproarious merriment at Leo's tricks under the table-cloth. It was very hard work, but Miles knew that to give way would be the signal for a stern 'Go to bed, Miles!' from his father, and sleepy as he always was, and with neither books to read nor toys to play with, he would have stood out to the last gasp against the indignity of going tamely to bed.

Jack, to Leo's unbounded contempt, would get so interested in his Homer, that he would be deaf and blind to everything else; but Leo's sufferings were intense. No matter with what good intentions he began the evening, he was sure to end in most dire misfortune. Every muscle in his body seemed to conspire against him, while as for his brain, it not only refused to entertain Latin grammar for a single instant, but it seemed to revel in the most ludicrous ideas imaginable. No wonder that both Leo and Miles were generally sent to bed together in disgrace.

Now, though Leo's heart thumped, and his brain was very far from either Latin grammar or ludicrous ideas, he felt a delightful sense of liberty and adventure which he had never experienced before. I am afraid he did not feel as guilty as he should have done, and when the thought of Jack and Miles undergoing their evening penance crossed his mind, it was with difficulty he restrained a whoop of delight. And presently the church clock struck eight, and Miles was being sent to bed. Hurrah!

(To be continued.)

STEEL PENS.

THIRTY years ago steel pens were more costly than they are now. At that time they were sold wholesale at five shillings a gross. We can now buy the same number wholesale for three halfpence. And yet to produce each gross, one hundred and forty-four pieces of steel have to go through several processes, and pass through the hands of several workmen. Machinery, material, wages, and profit to the manufacturer, have to be provided for; but this small price is enough, because of the number made. In Birmingham alone, about 98,000 gross, or 14,130,000 separate pens, are produced every week.

A. R. B.



JACK THE RAILWAY DOG.

THIS extraordinary dog is a native of Lewes in Sussex, and belongs to Mr. Moore, the station-master of that town. He has a free pass on all the lines of England, which he uses unsparingly. He seems to understand by which train to travel in order to reach his home in due course. This famous dog has just been the recipient of a new silver-plated collar, the gift of Mrs. Knight, wife of the General Manager of the Railway Company. On the collar, which was supplied by Messrs. Lloyd and Son, of Station Street, Lewes, is inscribed: 'I am Jack, the L.B. and S.C. Railway Dog. Please give me a drink, and I will then go home to Lewes. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley.'



WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

THE next week passed much as usual, till Jacob came home again on Saturday. Then, as I watched him coming down the hill-path, I knew, even from a distance, that something was wrong with him. As he came nearer it was yet more evident. There was a cloud on his bright face—a sadness that was quite a new thing there; and when I went out to meet him he hardly said a word to me. I waited for some time patiently, hoping that he would tell me of his trouble without being asked: but when we had sat a full ten minutes in silence at tea, his own being still untasted, I could hold back no longer.

'Jacob, my boy, are you ill?' I asked.

'No, uncle; not ill, but very miserable.'

His lips quivered, and he shaded his face with his hands as he spoke.

Wondering much what could have happened so suddenly to throw a gloom over my light-hearted boy, I said, 'Let me know what your trouble is, Jacob, and we will see if nothing can be done to lighten it. It's few troubles that will not allow of that.'

'If I only knew all about it myself, uncle,' he replied. 'That's the worst of it. They are all turning against me, as though I had done some very bad thing, and there's not one will tell me what they suspect. It's too bad of them!'

Then he went on to explain how, in most of the places he had been to this week, there had been a great difference in the people's manner to him. In one village, on going to the Rectory where he had always been welcome, and had good custom, the back-door had been slammed in his face by the cook, who said, sharply, that they did not want the like of him

coming about the place any more: and in two farm-houses he had been served in the same way. The people in general being mostly Welsh, and as such very cautious, did not show their change of feeling so openly; but it seemed to him that all were colder in their manner than they used to be; and most of them said they did not want anything of him that day. Jacob had tried hard to find out what they knew, or thought they knew, against him, but in vain. They made some roundabout answer, and so got out of it.

'And you have no notion yourself what it can be?' I asked, looking keenly into his face the while.

'Not the least in the world, uncle,' he replied. 'My head aches with trying to think, but I have not the least notion.'

I knew that he spoke the truth.

'I am afraid some mischief-maker has been at work,' I said; 'but we will hope that it will have been found out to be a mistake before you go round again next week.' I spoke as lightly as possible, hoping to cheer him up; but all Sunday I could see that he was low and unhappy.

On Monday, just as Jacob was about to start, I observed, standing at a gate, a policeman from a neighbouring village, whom I knew slightly. 'Nothing wrong in these parts, I hope, Mr. Williams?' I said, as we went up to him.

He laid his hand on Jacob's shoulder. 'I am sorry to say, Mr. Morgan, that this young man must come with me.'

'Go with you?' I asked, in great astonishment. 'Why, what can you have to say against him?'

'It's not I that says it, mind you,' replied the policeman: 'I only act on orders, and it would give me real pleasure to hear it wasn't true.'

'What wasn't true?' I repeated, impatiently. Glancing at Jacob, who stood perfectly silent, I saw that he was too much amazed to say a word.

'You've heard of the fire at our place last week, maybe?' said Williams. 'Well, in the bustle there was a chap as had his chain cut and his watch stolen, and I've a warrant against this young man on the charge of doing it.'

It was too absurd that Jacob Hartley, who was honest to the backbone, should be accused of such a thing; and when he heard it he broke out into a hearty laugh, and I am sure I joined.

'Did you ever!' exclaimed Jacob, when he had a little recovered his gravity. 'I'd like to know who could have cooked up such a story about me.'

There was no help for it but going along with the policeman down to Abercarn, where the magistrates were sitting, to have the matter looked into; and as we went we comforted ourselves with thinking that this explained the odd way in which Jacob had been received the week before, and might, after all, be not a bad thing for him, by proving his entire innocence.

We were not kept long before the magistrates. All that could be proved, or even stated, against Jacob was, that he was present at the fire, and that just about that time he was first observed to wear a watch. Of course there was no difficulty in proving that his was a new watch, bought at Abercarn the Monday before: besides, the man who had lost his watch said that his own was twice as big as that.

But it was not necessary to say much in his defence. The gentlemen said there was no evidence at all, and dismissed the case almost at once, saying that the disgrace was to those who had spread the report, and that there was not the least shadow cast on Jacob's character.

Ah, me! that was easily said, and Jacob was quite cheered by it, and went home in high spirits. We had lost so much time that day that we did not set off till Tuesday, and then he started on his rounds as brightly as though this had not happened. On Saturday he came home yet more downcast than before. The news of his being thought to be a thief had spread far and wide; while the fact of its having been proved to be utterly false was much slower in getting about, and people were not so ready to believe it. Respectable folk seemed, for the most part, to be shy of having anything to do with him; and a still greater trial was, that those who were not respectable—those with whom Jacob would never have anything to do on account of their wrong-doing—were quite friendly towards him, seeming to look on him as one of themselves now, while one man went so far as to wish him joy of having got so well out of his scrape—showing by his manner that he thought he really had taken the watch, but had managed somehow to get off.

It was no wonder that the poor lad was so down at heart. We had a long talk about it on the Sunday. In such cases it is so difficult to know what is the best thing to do.

'I tell you what, uncle,' said Jacob, at last, 'I can't stand it much longer. If it goes on like this I must go right away and begin afresh. Don't you think so?' he said, impatiently, seeing that I was silent.

'If you want to know what I really think,' I replied, 'I should say that it was a cowardly thing to do.'

'Would you, really? Well, uncle, tell me what you would do in my place.'

'I was thinking just now. Some would say you ought to give yourself no peace till you found out who first spread the report, and then force them to unsay it: but that's easier said than done, and, anyway, I doubt it's being a good plan. It raises a deal of ill-feeling, and, maybe, leaves you worse off in the end than you were at the beginning, besides making folk think more of what might else soon have been dropped. Then you might go away as you said, Jacob; but that would give every one a handle for saying you were really in the wrong. Depend on it, there's nothing like living it down.'

'I don't understand you,' said Jacob, gloomily.

'I mean, to go on doing your duty steadily, not caring for what they say, until you make them see that you could not have done the thing they suspect you of—that your whole life gives the lie to it.'

'It is very hard,' he said, after a long silence.

'There is only One Who knows how hard,' I answered; 'and He only can give you strength to do it.'

We said no more about it that night, but next morning he turned back at the door and said, 'Uncle, I will live it down.'

'God grant you may!' I answered; and he left me.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH POETS.

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, whose *Paradise Lost* is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, was born in London on the 9th of December, 1608. The people of England in those days were separated into two very distinct parties, the Puritans and the Cavaliers. The Puritans were grave, religious men and women; but the Cavaliers were gay and worldly. John Milton's father was a Puritan, and he brought up his little son wisely and carefully. He was himself very fond of books and music, and he taught John to love them also. When the boy was twelve years old he was sent to St. Paul's School, and there he soon showed that he was a clever lad. It was not long before he could write easily both in Greek and Latin; but he was almost too fond of his studies, and by reading late at night, when a boy of his age ought to have been in bed, he injured his sight.

At the age of sixteen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. He was not happy there at first, for he could not agree with his tutor; and his companions, who did not like his quiet, studious habits, used to tease and annoy him. He had delicate features and silken hair, which these foolish young men chose to laugh at, calling Milton the 'Lady of the College.' But after a time they began to feel how clever he was, and then they treated him more kindly. When his college life was over Milton went back to his own home for a few years. His father was now a rich man, and had given up his London house and settled in the pleasant village of Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here John lived for five years, enjoying the sweet country life, studying as diligently as ever, and delighting his friends with his beautiful poems.

In 1637 his mother died, and in the following year he went abroad, and travelled about in France and Italy for fifteen months. The famous old astronomer, Galileo, was then living at Arcetri, near Florence, and Milton paid him a visit. Galileo had found out several things about the sun and stars which the wise men of his time did not know, and when he spoke of them he was laughed at and disbelieved.

On his return to London Milton felt that he ought to earn a living for himself, so he took some rooms in the house of a tailor in St. Bride's Churchyard, and opened a school for boys. Those were very troublesome times, for Charles I., who was then reigning, could not agree with his people, and you know how their disputes ended at last in a terrible civil war, and in the execution of the poor king. Milton loved his country dearly, and instead of writing poetry in those years of strife he busied himself chiefly with politics, taking the part of the Puritans, who thought that Charles was not governing as he ought to do.

In 1643 he married Mary Powell, the daughter of a Cavalier. But when the young bride came home to the dull London house she did not like it at all. She had been used to society and pleasures of many kinds, and now she had to content herself with the company of her husband, who was so much older and graver than she was that he could not understand how lonely and unhappy she felt. In a few weeks she wrote to her friends, begging them to invite her to stay with them. They did so, and as soon as Mary was safely back amongst her gay Cavalier relations she declared that she would not return to London. This, of course, was very wrong of her, and when Milton found that she really meant what she said, and that she did not choose to live with him any more, he was very angry with her. But I am glad to say that as Mary grew older she grew wiser, and in two years' time she went to her husband and entreated him to forgive her for her foolish conduct. Milton was then living in Barbican, but he soon afterwards moved into Holborn. Then came the sad days of King Charles's imprisonment and execution.

During the time of the Commonwealth, Milton held the office of Foreign Secretary. He seems to have been fond of moving from house to house, going from Holborn to Charing Cross, then living as Secretary at Whitehall, and then settling at Westminster, near to St. James's Park. At Westminster his wife died, leaving him with three little daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah, all under eight years old. About the same time his sight, which had been growing weaker and weaker, failed altogether. With the help of an assistant-secretary he managed to get through his public work pretty well; but in his home he was very uncomfortable, and two years after Mary's death he married again. His second wife, Catherine Woodcock, made him very happy; but she only lived fifteen months, and the poor blind poet was once more left alone.

In 1660 the Commonwealth came to an end, and Milton lost his post as Foreign Secretary. Five years later the great plague broke out in London, and he had to take his children away from the city until it was over. They went to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, and there Milton showed the poem of *Paradise Lost*, which he had just completed, to a Quaker friend named Thomas Ellwood, who suggested to him the idea of writing a second poem on *Paradise Regained*. In those days people cared so little about what was good and pure and true that Milton did not find it easy to sell his poem. At last a publisher named Simmons offered him five pounds for it, and promised to give him fifteen pounds more if a certain number of copies were sold. With this Milton was obliged to be content.

Milton's three daughters were wild, undutiful girls, and caused him much trouble; but his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, was a gentle, affectionate woman, and watched over him faithfully in his old age. He died on the 8th of November, 1674, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Paradise Lost is, of course, his most celebrated poem, but he wrote several others, amongst which may be mentioned the *Ode on the Nativity*, written at Cambridge, when he was only twenty-one; *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, were written at Horton; and the beautiful *Masque of Comus*, which was acted at Ludlow Castle by the children of the Earl of Bridgewater, in 1634. His last poem was *Samson Agonistes*.

H. L. T.



BRITISH POETS—JOHN MILTON.

Ludlow Castle
House in Barbican.

Christ's College, Cambridge.

Chalfont.
Cripplegate Church.



Peter carrying Leo after the fall amongst the nettles.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

CHAP. VII.—LEO IN A NETTLE-BED.

PETER CONSTANT dearly loved his sister Rose. Not that he ever made a fuss about it—his way of showing his affection was by appropriating all of her property that he could lay his hands on; pulling her hair and tweaking her nose; calling her a 'muff' and a 'girl' (which latter appellation had all the stinging force of truth); and losing no opportunity of impressing upon her the fact of her own deficiencies and the superior sagacity of King Boy!

But woe betide any one who dared to look askance at Rose, and annoy or molest her in any way!

And there might have been but too much reason to anticipate such an event, for, alas! poor Rose Constant was a cripple, and so much of one as just to miss being deformed.

She had no hump, but she was short and shapeless, limped in a painful manner, and her head was a little too big for her body. But then her face was worth it all. It was such a round, fair, rosy face, perfectly healthy, for in spite of her lameness, which was the result of an accident, Rose Constant had never had an ache or pain in her life; and so sweet—as sweet as her namesake.

Rose never seemed to think of herself, a fact which some people wondered at, seeing what she was, but it made life a much easier and pleasanter thing than it might otherwise have been. She was always laughing, and, difficult as it was to get about, she was her mother's right hand. She was not clever; very seldom looked into a book; but she was a beautiful darner! Cooking, too, was another of her accomplishments. Then she had such an unbounded admiration for her clever brother, that it quite took the place of cleverness in herself. All the same, she was a sensible little woman, with opinions of her own, and did not always go hand-in-hand with Peter, who, as we know, was something of a Flibbertigibbet. They had wordy wars, those two, now and then, but they were the best of friends notwithstanding. They were talking together the evening of Leo's escapade, and it was of the Silvers they were talking.

'Well,' said Rose stoutly, 'I don't care what you say, Peter, I think Master Leo Silver the very handsomest young gentleman I ever saw. I don't care for your Sir Florences, not the snuff of a candle!'

Peter had confided his meeting with the little baronet to Rose, together with all his speculations thereupon, and she had been dreadfully horrified at his 'impudence,' but declined to take a very deep interest in the young master of Gould Hall.

'How mean you are, Rose,' said Peter, 'calling that chap "Master Leo," and "a young gentleman!" Why, who is he, I should like to know? Father says Silver hasn't a farthing, and has had to go without a meal often to keep out of debt.'

'Then it's you that are mean, and father too,' said Rose, promptly: 'and I don't care what you say. Mr. Silver is a gentleman, just as much as any of your baronets. Why I shouldn't wonder if he had been to college, and knew a lot, and I'm sure that's better than money.'

'If that's all,' said Peter, 'I can know a lot when I'm grown up, if I choose.'

'You're not a gentleman,' said Rose, quickly: 'you're only Peter Constant.'

'As if I cared!' said Peter. 'Why, I wouldn't be a gentleman for something! All men are born equal; mind you that, Rose. You're only a girl, you know, and don't understand things; but if ever I catch you making up to that Leo Silver chap, with his impudent face, or hear you say, "Master Leo," again, I'll—I'll teach you!'

'It's a pity, isn't it,' said Rose, calmly going on with her knitting, 'for poor Mr. Silver, that all men aren't equal? for then he'd be as rich as father, and father would be as much of a gentleman as Mr. Silver.'

'But they are equal,' said Peter, fiercely. 'Do you think I don't know better than you, Rose?'

'No,' said Rose, after considering the matter for a little while, 'I don't think you are, always, Peter. You are very silly sometimes: you were dreadfully silly about the Princess Rosetta—don't you know?'

This was touching Peter on a tender point. He really had taken Sir Florence Gould for a girl out of a travelling circus, and did not like to be reminded of it, especially when he had so nearly persuaded himself that it was all a mistake, and he had been joking all the time.

'How is a fellow to know,' said Peter, 'when he sees another fellow with long curls, who calls himself Florence?'

'*Sir* Florence,' corrected Rose, who was a great stickler for the proprieties. 'Well, you might have known, for it isn't a week ago that father was talking all supper-time about poor Sir Edward having left a son, and wondering would he be sent home from foreign parts. I looked at you, but you had all the fingers of both hands one on top of the other, and were trying to hook up a piece of bread.'

'I know,' said Peter, expanding into a broad grin. 'I was making believe they were toes. Some people paint with their toes, Rose.'

'Very nasty of them,' said Rose. 'Why don't they do it with their hands, like other people?'

'It's when they have no hands, stupid!' said Peter. 'I say, who's that chap? Why, it's Leo Silver! Rose, run in: I thought I heard mother call.'

'No, I'll not,' said Rose. 'I know you're up to some of your tricks, Peter; and I'll just stay here and see you don't bother the young gentleman.'

'Just like a girl!' said Peter. 'Because a fellow has a long nose and goggle eyes she thinks him a pretty dear, that's not to be touched with the end of a feather! I should like to knock him into the middle of next week.'

This last remark in a savage whisper, as Leo approached with his hands in his pockets and his nose in the air.

'That's because you'll never be a pretty dear yourself,' whispered Rose.

The two stood at the farmyard-gate watching Leo Silver for a few moments in silence. Just as he came opposite them, Peter, seized with a sudden impulse, pushed it open and walked slowly across the

road, right in front of Leo. On the other side there was a field, separated from it by a wide and deep ditch, full of stinging-nettles. Peter, with his usual agility, deliberately jumped across the ditch—once—twice—and brought up, 'all standing,' before Leo, who had stopped to witness the exhibition.

'Bet you a shilling,' said Peter, looking full into Leo Silver's face, 'you can't do that.'

Leo drew back. Peter had never spoken to him before; and though Mr. Silver had not actually named him in his injunctions to his sons, he was one of the village boys with whom they were forbidden to hold any intercourse. Leo was at first indignant with Peter for addressing him; then he remembered his father's prohibition, and finally, being in a state of reckless rebellion, he determined to disregard it. Why shouldn't he be like other boys? All the same, this young rascal must be taken down a peg, and Leopold Silver was the man to do it. But Leo felt himself blush to the roots of his hair at the suddenness of the assault, and was fiercely angry with himself for doing so.

'I never bet,' he said, haughtily.

'I don't suppose you do,' said Peter, with a somewhat insulting laugh.

Leo's blood was at boiling point.

'Just get out of my way, will you?' said he, endeavouring to imitate the coolness of his antagonist, but with very poor success, 'and I'll show you what a *gentleman* can do.'

'All right, my young *gentleman*,' said Peter, 'fire away: but there's a precious lot of nettles at the bottom of that 'ere ditch.' (Peter was mimicking the tone and accent of a common labourer in a way which caused a perfect agony of amusement to Rose, in spite of her disapproval; but which Leo never noticed at all.) 'I'm afeard they'll make you rather sore—gentlefolks' skin is tender.'

'Stand clear, fellow!' shouted Leo, who had a dim idea that Peter was laughing at him, and was in a towering rage.

'And there's no dock-leaves, neither,' murmured Peter, with a grimace at Rose, who shook her head at him, but was laughing too much to interfere.

Leo leapt, but having never been trained to the usual sports of boys it is needless to say what happened. He came short of the opposite bank, caught his foot in an old root which stuck out of it, and fell with a thud into the midst of the stinging-nettles.

Peter shouted with laughter, and even kind-hearted Rose was constrained to laugh too, though, on hearing a groan from the prostrate hero, she limped out of the gate and came to look over the edge of the ditch.

'I say,' said Peter as well as he could for laughing, 'it's a thousand pities there's no dock-leaves. They've all been dug up by Act of Parliament; but if the gentleman will honour us by getting up and coming indoors, the missis will be happy to rub his skin with vinegar.'

But Rose was quicker sighted. 'Hush, Peter!' she said; 'there is something the matter.'

Poor Leo was lying face downwards amongst the nettles, groaning now and then, but making no attempt to deliver himself from his very unpleasant position. Rose and Peter looked at each other, and the latter spoke in his natural tone, but rather roughly.

'Get up, can't you, you young muff? What's the use of lying grunting there like a sick pig? If you don't want to be blistered for a week I advise you to get up, and look sharp about it.'

'I—I—can't!' he panted.

'Why not?' said Peter.

'Oh, Peter, you cruel boy! do hush!' said Rose. 'Don't you see the young gentleman has hurt himself? Let's call father. I hope he hasn't been and broken anything.'

'Don't you be a muff, Rose!' said Peter, leaping down into the ditch. 'Ugh! these nettles do sting, and no mistake! Now then, young one, what's the row with you?'

But Leo screamed as Peter took hold of him rather roughly, and shrank away.

'Oh! don't touch me!' he cried; 'it's my leg, it's twisted under me somehow! Oh, go away, please, and let me stay here!'

'Stuff!' said Peter, promptly. 'If you like a bed of nettles, I don't. Here! let me get my hand under you!'

But Leo pushed away the hand, and bursting into tears, cried piteously.

'Peter!' said Rose, whose round, rosy face had grown quite pale, 'I will call father; I don't care what you say!'

'I shall get into a precious row with the old gentleman,' said Peter, standing up meditatively amongst the nettles. 'He'll say I've broken the young man's leg!'

'Oh, Peter!' exclaimed Rose, 'do you think his leg is broken?'

'It might be his neck for the noise he's making,' said Peter, looking down at poor Leo. But his face was not so hard-hearted as his words, and Rose knew him too well to be at all indignant at his coolness. As for Leo, he had never hated any one so much in his life as he did Peter Constant at that moment; and the thought that he was unable to take his revenge added bitterness to his tears. The two Constants were, however, saved taking any decisive step, for at that moment their father came out of the white gate.

'What are you doing here, Rose?' said he. 'Go to your mother, child! supper's nearly ready. Get along, you sir!' addressing Peter: 'have you nothing to do, you great lolloping lout?—Hallo! what mischief have you been up to now? It is never Master Silver! Get up, sir; what are you doing there? Boy, you knocked him in!'

'He knocked himself in,' said Peter. 'And, father, we'd better just lift him, and bring him in for mother to see to. I doubt he's broken his leg or something.'

'That's your doing!' said Farmer Constant. 'Don't tell me, sir, I know your tricks!'

Peter was wisely silent, having no desire to reveal his own share in the accident. He stooped over Leo, and raised him gently.

'Lean against me, there's a good little chap,' he said, feeling very much as if he were nursing a baby. 'I can be as mild as milk when I like. Why, I'd take up a fly in a pair of tongs, and never bend so much as a muscle of one of its legs. Come, cheer up, my hearty! Here, father, lend us a hand, he's quiet now!'



Poor Leo was quiet enough certainly, for he had fainted.

'He has broken his leg sure enough,' said Farmer Constant. 'A pretty piece of business! I shall have to know the ins and outs of this night's work.'

And between Farmer Constant and his son Leo Silver was carried into the farmhouse, and deposited on the settle in the kitchen, amid a chorus of exclamations from mistress and maids. And this was the disastrous result of putting a frog down Jack's back!

(To be continued.)

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

THE Highland race of cattle consists of several varieties, of which the West Highland, Argyleshire or Skye, form the most valuable. Of these the Kyloe, from the Hebrides, are so named because in their progress to the south they cross the kyloes, or ferries, in the mainland and Western Islands. The bulls are of middle size, of a black, dark-brown, or reddish-brown colour,



Cutting the Inscription on Jacob's Tombstone.

without white; head small, muzzle fine, horns rather slender, and of a waxy green. They weigh about 50 stone.

The other variety is the Norlands. Their hides are coarse, their make narrow and long-legged. The Orkney or Shetland is of a diminutive size—an ox weighing only about 60 lbs. a quarter, and a cow 40. They are of all colours, and their shapes generally bad; but they give a quantity of excellent milk and fatten rapidly, and make small but good beef.

THE NEEDLE AND THE IDLE BOY.

I GO through my work,' said a needle to an idle boy. 'But not until you are *hard pushed*,' said the idle boy to the needle.

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

(*Concluded from page* 46.)

I MUST pass more briefly over the next few months—months which brought with them a change I had once believed hardly possible—turning, as they did, my light-hearted, thoughtless Jacob, into a grave, earnest-minded man. Much as I missed his merry laugh, yet, week by week, I noticed with pleasure the deeper look that was growing into his eyes.

As time went on Jacob spoke less to me of his daily troubles, and yet I knew that his life was far from being an easy one. To one like him, caring overmuch, even from childhood, for the good opinion of others, the being thought ill of was a greater trial perhaps than any other could have been. It was

very difficult for him to get his good name back again, false as had been the accusation against him; and to make matters worse, a new peddler set up about this time in the same part of the country, and was doing all he could to get the custom away from him.

In spite of it all Jacob went quietly on his own way—not very hopeful, I fancy, but believing my words, that in the end he would live it down.

One Sunday, near upon Easter, Mr. Meredith preached a sermon that might almost have been written for Jacob. It was mainly about false reports. He spoke first of the wrong of spreading them, and the great misery they often caused; and then he pointed out to us how much the untrue things that were said of our Lord added to His sufferings on earth. He went on to say that there was no comfort for us, when in trouble from being wrongfully ill-spoken of, like remembering how much greater sorrow of the same kind He, sinless Himself, had suffered for us, and knowing how fully He could understand it all, and feel for us.

Jacob listened with earnest attention, his head bowed on his hands. I knew how it would all come home to him, and could not help thinking as I watched him how times were changed since, as a little, restless boy, he first sat on that seat beside me.

That same evening I heard from a neighbour that scarlet fever had broken out in some of the villages near. It made me a little anxious about Jacob.

'You'll take care of yourself, and not go into the way of infection,' I said, as he was about leaving the house next day.

'I'm not afraid for myself,' he answered: 'so I don't suppose there's much fear of my catching it; but I will keep as clear of it as I can, that I mayn't help it to spread.'

I think even then the mischief had been done, for next Saturday he came home headachy and feverish, and said he had been feeling unwell the greater part of the week. Next day the rash came out. The fever neverr an high. 'A very mild case,' the doctor said. But when the crisis was passed, and the fever left him, his strength ebbed so fast away that it seemed as if his life must go with it. I was ordered to give him food every hour, and everything possible to keep him from sinking. The kind doctor stayed late into the night to do what he could for him. When he rose to go, I asked him,—

'Tell me truly, sir, is there any hope?'

'While there is life there is hope,' he answered; but my heart sank at the words.

When the morning light came, I saw such a look of death creeping over Jacob's face that I knew all hope was, indeed, over. Did he know of the great change coming to him, I wondered? Would he ever be sensible again? Yes: as I leaned over him he opened his eyes, and a painful, troubled look crossed his face.

'I was not able to live it down,' he said: 'they will never know now that I didn't do it.'

'We must be content to leave it in God's hands, Jacob,' said I, my heart almost breaking for him: 'when you wake from your long sleep He will have righted you.'

I held the damp, cold hand in mine, and watched the face settle itself to rest again, like that of a child going to sleep in its father's arms, growing as it did so strangely like that of the little collier boy, as he raised it towards me on the other side of the brook eight years ago. But slowly as I watched it the life died out of it, and I knew that it was the river of Death that divided us now.

When the funeral was over I had a visit from Mr. Meredith. He had not even heard of my boy's illness till he was asked to bury him. His words comforted me much. He spoke of the mistaken notion some people have, that a few pious words on a death-bed are worth more than a lifetime of loving and serving God; and he went on to say how great a change he had of late observed in Jacob—how attentive he had become in church—and how, in the teaching of his Sunday-school class, he plainly no longer taught them merely because he had said he would, but because his heart was in the things he taught. When I spoke bitterly of the cruel cloud that darkened the last few months of his life, a cloud that came through no fault of his own, he said,—

'If we believe that this trouble worked him so much good, we must not quarrel with the means which God used.'

And then he reminded me how, for him, the trial was ended, and he knew now the love of the Hand that had allowed it; and he bade me think of those beautiful lines,—

'When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?'

Some of my neighbours were far from comforting me by their words, though they were, for the most part, kindly meant. One said that the lad was, after all, so sickly by nature, that it was a mercy he was taken before me. Another thought it must be a relief to me to have the orphan boy, whom I had so kindly adopted, taken off my hands.

I was sitting in the post-office, waiting for the letters to come in, one day, about a month after Jacob's death, when Mrs. Jenkins, the postmistress, remarked,—

'I liked our Jacob uncommon, Mr. Morgan; there was no one more cut up than I was to hear of his being gone. But it was a sad thing what they said about his taking the watch. I wonder now, was there any truth in it?'

'Ah, well, there's none of us perfect!' said another neighbour, who, like myself, was waiting for the post. She was a widow woman of the name of Watson, of whom I knew little, except that she had a character for gossiping. There was a time when I would have been too angry to say anything in answer, but now, for the sake of his dead memory, who could never clear himself, I answered,—

'Mrs. Jenkins, whoever it was that first spread that report, it was a wicked, wicked thing to do. There was no more truth in it than if they had said you or I had done it. I never knew any one so perfectly truthful and honest, and it was a terrible blow to him to have this said of him: it was a trouble on his mind even when he was dying.'

'Dear, dear,' said Mrs. Jenkins, much shocked, for she was a kind-hearted woman, 'I'm sure I wish I had never listened to it! But how came it to be said at all, I wonder? By-the-by, Mrs. Watson, now I think of it, wasn't it you first spoke of it to me?'

I turned at her words and met the woman's eye, and in that moment I felt certain who it was that had first spoken the ill of Jacob. I don't rightly remember what she said in answer to Mrs. Jenkins, but she got up and went away, saying that she would look in again about the letters in half an hour's time. When she was gone, Mrs. Jenkins said,—

'I could not call it all to mind at once, but I can pretty near now. It was just after the fire that she called in one day, and told about the man having lost his watch; and then she said, said she, 'Jacob Hartley was very busy among them all, I hear. It's curious now that he should come out with a new watch at the same time, isn't it?' That first put it into my head; but afterwards, I heard it spoken of by others. I wish I had never listened to them, I do! It was a downright shame of Mrs. Watson,—gossiping old thing as she is!'

I did not say, 'Don't speak so of her. I dare say she meant no harm.' I felt too keenly the harm she had done for that. I only said, 'If she feels as she ought that will be punishment enough. I hope she won't take a person's character away so lightly in a hurry again.'

I wonder if my words were true! I think she was sorry at the time. She must have been, to judge from her face as she left the post-office. But whether she learnt from this to set a watch on her tongue, and keep the door of her mouth, I cannot say. Few habits are so hard to alter as those of gossiping and mischief-making.

Ten years have passed since then, and I have got used again to my lonely life, which is yet not so lonely as before I knew Jacob Hartley. I have learnt to see much good in the colliers, and some of them are my warm friends. The collier boys often come about my house on summer evenings.

Five years ago Mrs. Watson died, and was buried in Pontyblaen churchyard. On the Sunday after the funeral I chanced to overhear some talk going on about her between two women, one of whom remarked, 'A quiet, harmless body she was, to be sure!' Words which, I may observe, mean high praise in the lips of my countrymen. They struck strangely on my ear, standing as I was by Jacob's grave, knowing as I did the wrong that her idle words had done to him. Harmless! Does the mischief of the tongue go for nothing, then? I could have read them a sermon on that text, as they stood there, that they would not, I think, have soon forgotten. But with an effort I kept down my feelings. It was not for me to speak ill of the dead: she was past man's judgment now. As for Jacob, he too, thank God, was out of the reach of this world's praise or blame. The women came on: they passed close to Jacob's grave, and one of them carelessly read out the words on the tombstone. It had been hard for me to choose a text. With those words, 'I hope you will never write such lies about me!' continually coming back to my mind, I could not bring myself to write anything which, though I might feel it true, he might not have liked if he had been living. So I put down no word that told of his worth, or of my love and grief. His name and age, and the date of his death, was for many months all that I cut on the stone. Then I added a verse from the thirty-seventh Psalm —a psalm the first part of which always makes me think of Jacob—'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.'

I don't know what the woman thought of the words. To one not knowing the history of Jacob's life, they could not have the same meaning as to me. I heard her companion say something to her in a slighting tone, as they turned away, about 'Jacob Hartley;' and I made sure that she was telling what she knew about him, and giving her opinion about his character. It was not a good one, plainly; but, thinking of the words I had just heard read out, I could bear to know that, and yet be quiet. If 'the Master praises, what are *men?*'

After all, what does it matter though the truth will never in this world be fully known? Though, as long as Jacob is remembered at all, there will be some to believe in the slander against him, shall not I, as well as he, wait patiently till God's good time comes for clearing him?

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

FEW books are more widely known and read than the collection of stories commonly spoken of as the *Arabian Nights.* They were first brought to the notice of Europeans by a French Oriental scholar, Antony Gallard by name. Their publication by him in twelve volumes was completed in the year 1717. Many persons at that time looked upon him as the author of the stories rather than their translator only, and so denounced them as forgeries. But their Eastern origin has long been placed beyond all doubt. Manuscript copies of the stories in Arabic have been found, and four Arabic versions have been published.

What the real origin of the book or stories was it is impossible to say. Some think that the original tales were few in number, and were written in Syria, but that subsequently others were added from other countries—perhaps Egypt. Be their origin what it may, the stories have always been held in great esteem by the public, and will no doubt long retain their hold on the minds of those who like the fancies of a vivid imagination.

A. R. B.

JOCKO.



ON board our ship there was a monkey named Jocko, which was petted by the sailors. We had a spaniel on board with puppies, and with these Jocko wished to be friendly; but their mother would not allow him to enter her kennel. One day the puppies were left alone for a few minutes, and when their mother returned she found Jocko nursing all of them together in his arms—great, fat, heavy lumps, which he could hardly lift. After this proof of Jocko's kindness the mother-dog used to take her walks about the ship, leaving her puppies in charge of Jocko, he seeming to be their nurse.



Jocko, the Puppies' Nurse.



"Little boys don't bluster at their Guardians in that fashion here."

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

CHAP. VIII.—THE YOUNG MASTER.

SORELY against his will Mr. Thornton remained for several days longer at the Hall. He always felt like a fish out of water, as he said himself, when away from Liverpool and his office, and this time it was worse than usual, for, as he wrote home to his wife, 'to have a baronet of ten years old on one's hands is no joke.'

'And such a baby, too, for his age!' he said to himself. 'I wonder what on earth poor Gould could have been thinking of to bring up his son to be such a little mountebank!'

These were his thoughts on coming downstairs the next morning, and finding Sir Florence established behind the urn, dressed in black velvet and an old-fashioned lace collar.

'Not even proper mourning for his poor father!' reflected Mr. Thornton.

'Well, Dick!' said he cheerfully; 'up betimes this morning! And how do you find yourself?

Sir Florence gave him a look out of his black eyes. 'There isn't any Dick here!' he said slowly. 'I am the only person in the room!'

'Why your name *is* Dick, isn't it?' said Mr. Thornton, good-humouredly. 'You were christened Richard after me: I know that much. Of course you can't keep that ridiculous girl's name in this country—it was all very well in Italy!'

'My name is Sir Florence!' said the boy. 'My father gave it to me and called me by it, and so shall everybody else!'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Mr. Thornton. 'Don't begin by making an ass of yourself. We don't make such a fuss with titles in this country. You're Dick Gould—and a very good name it is.'

'My name is *not* Dick!' said Florence, with flashing eyes. 'How dare you call me by such a name? My name is Florence—it was my mother's name and my city's—Florence, and it shall be mine!'

'Gently, gently, my young friend!' said Mr. Thornton, half amused and half angry. 'Little boys don't bluster at their guardians in that fashion here. Is that the way you behaved to your father in Italy?'

'My father was good,' replied the boy, with heaving chest and quivering lips. 'He called me Florence always, and said I was like my mother. *He* would never have called me Dick; and it was he who told me that I was to be Sir Florence, and Gould Hall was mine.'

'More fool he!' muttered the perplexed guardian. 'Well, well, have it your own way; it won't be long before you'll be precious glad to get rid of your girl's name. Are you going to pour out my tea? That's very good of you! Then I'll sit here.'

'This is my place!' said Sir Florence, at which Mr. Thornton opened his eyes, but thought it wise not to begin another discussion.

'And how is Mrs. What's-her-name—Ninny, or whatever you call her—this morning?' said Mr. Thornton.

Sir Florence was making strenuous efforts to lift the heavy silver teapot with both hands, and getting very red in the face in so doing. He was too much absorbed to notice his guardian's disrespectful mode of designating his friend, and answered sorrowfully, shaking his head,—

'Oh, poor Ninna! she says she hates your country, it is so cold and so bare, and that she must go back to Italy, where the sky is always blue, and the sun always shines. But I say No, she must not go. I am her master, and she must stay with me. It was father who said so.'

'Sensible old party!' said Mr. Thornton. 'I mean Ninny, not your father. Of course she must go back to her own country if she wishes—best place for her. Only filling the boy's head with nonsense,' he muttered to himself.

'Do you mean that?' said Sir Florence, looking gravely at his guardian.

'To be sure! I always mean what I say, my young friend,' said Mr. Thornton.

'But I am master,' said the boy. 'If I say that Maddalena stops, she stops; if I say "Go away, Maddalena," then she goes. Do you see?'

'Look here, my boy!' said Mr. Thornton, seriously, 'you and I will have to come to an understanding, and the sooner the better. I don't know what your poor father could have been thinking of to fill your head with such stuff; but it will have to be cleared out, I can tell you. It's all very well to say you are Sir Florence Gould, and the place belongs to you, and so on—that's only half true. *I'm* master here till you come of age. I can keep Maddalena or turn her away just as I please; I can have you sent to school or taught at home; I can take you away from Gould Hall, if I choose; you are only a little boy, and I'm your guardian, and you must do as I bid you.'

'It's not true!' exclaimed Florence, passionately starting up from the table, 'and you are a bad man to say so. I am a real baronet now that my father is dead, and the master; he said I was to be the master, and that I was to live in Gould Hall, and make it beautiful, and be happy in it, because he loved it, and that Ninna was to stay with me and help me, that I might not forget the language my mother spoke. Yes—and Ninna promised—he made her promise, that evening when he lay by the open window, and the sun was setting, and he smiled and shut his eyes and went to sleep, Ninna said—but oh! after that they took him away, and I never saw him again.'

And the little boy burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly.

Mr. Thornton was melted, he had never seen such depth of feeling in his own boys, and did not know exactly what to make of it. He left his seat, and coming round hastily to the other side of the table he drew the reluctant child on his knee.

'My dear little fellow,' he said, 'listen to me. Your dear father made your good nurse promise never to leave you, and do you know what he made *me* promise? To take care of you till you were old enough to take care of yourself; to have you taught and trained as an English gentleman should be, that

you might grow up to be a good man and worthy of the name you bear. All this you cannot do for yourself, somebody older and wiser than you must do it for you, and it is your part to submit. I knew your father, Florence, long before you were born; we were boys together. Many's the happy day we had together, and I am quite sure he never thought that any son of his would speak to me as you have done this morning.'

Florence slipped off his guardian's knee and stood before him, looking up into his face with grave, dark eyes, still shining through tears.

'I was wrong,' he said; 'forgive me. I will think about what you have said. You cannot be a bad man if father loved you. But he *did* say that Ninna was to stop with me.'

And he went back to his seat behind the urn, and tried to pour himself out another cup of tea.

Mr. Thornton also went back, feeling very much perplexed, and decidedly uncomfortable.

'I wish poor Gould hadn't died just now,' he said to himself, 'or that he hadn't left this odd piece of goods on my hands. What I'm to do with him, puzzles me.'

After this there was silence for a little while; but Sir Florence evidently felt it his duty to renew the conversation.

'Where do you live, sir?' he asked.

'In Liverpool,' replied his guardian, cheerfully; 'a great bustling place, full of ships. You will have to come and see it, Florence.'

'When do you go home?' asked Florence, who was evidently following out his own train of thought.

'That's as it happens,' said Mr. Thornton, smiling. 'You want to get rid of me, I suppose?'

'No!' said Florence, gravely. 'I was only thinking. Reynolds said you had meant to go home to-day, and I told him I hoped you would stay in my house as long as you liked—that's all.'

Mr. Thornton stared, and then burst out laughing.

'Well,' he exclaimed, 'you *are* the coolest hand! Well done, Sir Florence Gould! you do the honours admirably!'

'I don't know what you mean,' said the boy, flashing up. 'Don't gentlemen ask each other to stay in their houses in this country?'

At which Mr. Thornton went off into another peal of laughter, after which he got up from the table.

'There, never mind,' he said, patting the boy's head; 'you're a chip of the old block, I do believe, after all. Run away to Ninny now and play, I have got business to attend to. So you told Reynolds, did you? Ha, ha! I haven't heard such a good joke for a long time. What did Reynolds say to you, eh?'

But Sir Florence's dignity was too deeply offended to admit of a reply, and Mr. Thornton went away still laughing.

The little baronet left the library (the only sitting-room in use at present) with a swelling heart. He did not go to Maddalena, she was too full of grievances herself, and her sympathy with those of her young master was too noisy to make her a cheerful companion. He did not wish to be told that England was a cold-hearted country, and that Italy was the only land for sunshine and warm hearts. He did not wish to hear vehement abuse of Gould Hall and its surroundings, nor did he even wish to be told that his guardian was a dull English animal, who did not understand the ways of noblemen and gentlemen. Florence had been his father's companion, young as he was, and he had imbibed many of his ideas, with a few additions of his own. Sir Edward, though he had married an Italian wife and lived in Italy all the years of his married life, had always kept a romantic love for his native country and the home of his boyhood. This he had instilled into the mind of his son, for, with the instinctive feeling which some people have of approaching death, he had foreseen that he should never see it again, and he had determined that the new baronet should be brought up there. He had even smiled to himself with some amusement as he thought of the perplexity which the charge of his wayward Italian-natured boy would be certain to cause to his old friend, 'Honest Dick Thornton,' as he called him. So he had, with more success than he was himself aware of, carefully impressed upon the boy's mind the fact that he was an English baronet and a landed gentleman, Sir Florence Gould of Gould Hall, and that as such he had certain duties to perform and must not think of leading the idle Italian life which he himself had led for so many years. 'Don't imagine, Florio,' this was Sir Edward's pet name for his son, 'that England is the beautiful country that this is. There are no Italian skies there, my boy; all is fog and darkness there. But the men are a splendid race. I wish you to be a thorough Englishman, Florio; you have your mother's dark eyes and warm Southern nature, but I wish you, besides, to have the pluck and vigour which only England can give to Englishmen.'

'Tell me about Gould Hall, father; I like that best,' Florence would say, and Sir Edward would look pleased.

'Oh, it's a dreary old place!' he would answer, carelessly. '"A poor thing, but mine own," as Shakespeare says. There's positively nothing to see, Florio. It is situated, as the geography books say, in the middle of the most deadly-lively of English villages. It is bounded on the north by trees, on the south by trees, on the east by a pond, and on the west by a marsh. It is dull inside and outside. The library is a snug room. By-the-by, Florio, use that. There's a lot to do there, I should say; and that's just what it is, you see. In Old England, men are nothing, positively nothing, unless they work, and work hard. They don't eat macaroni and idle as they do here. *You*'ll have to work, Florio, baronet as you are!'

The boy looked up amazed. They were walking slowly along the margin of the loveliest of the Italian lakes when this conversation took place, Sir Edward leaning his hand on his son's shoulder, as he always did when they went out together; and Florence never noticed then, though he remembered it afterwards, how from a habit it had become a necessity, and how the hand, at first as light as a caress, had become so heavy in the end.

'What did I say?' said Sir Edward, with a smile. 'I mean baronet, as you *will* be!'

'Then I shall be Sir Florence?' said the boy thoughtfully.

'Yes! Are you looking forward to it? Never mind, Florio, my boy; it's all right, so long as the



torch is handed on in the race. What matters who carries it? Yes, you will be Sir Florence Gould—the first of the name. Dick Thornton will call it a woman's name, but never you mind. The best men have a touch of the woman in them. It's all right. Live at Gould Hall, and work hard as an Englishman should, and *never* forget that you *are* Sir Florence Gould, and your father's son. I may not be much, but I am at least a gentleman, and I think I've taught my son to be one too.'

A month afterwards Sir Edward Gould was dead, and Sir Florence was on his way to the home which he had been taught to look upon with almost enthusiastic veneration and respect.

(To be continued.)

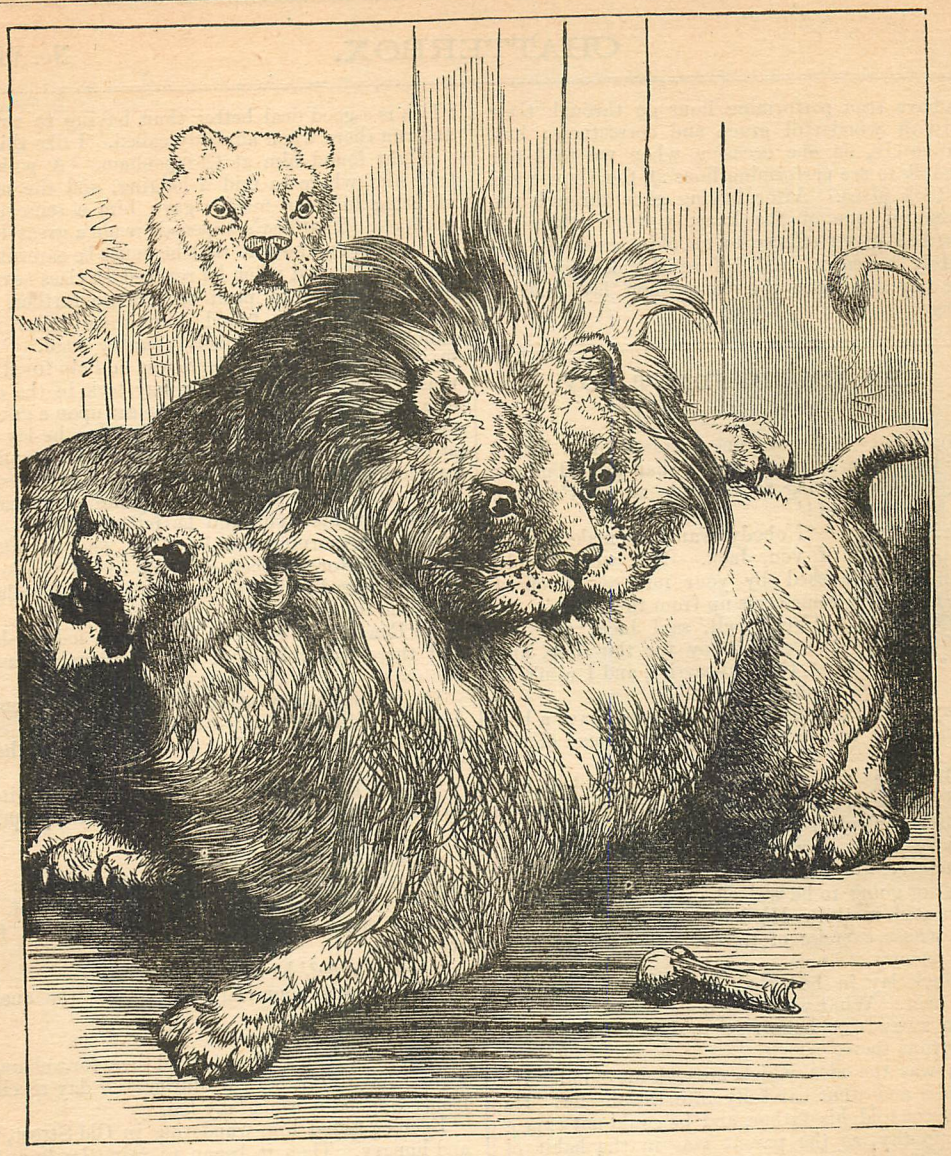
FALLOW DEER.

SEE the gentle fallow-deer!
Let them not our footsteps hear;
Try who can most lightly pass
All amongst the fern and grass.

Do not let us go too near them.
Pretty creatures! do not fear them:
Why should you in terror fly?
We are only passing by.

To the dingle we are going,
Where, in wild luxuriance growing,
The blue hyacinth will be,
And the wood anemone.

Cruel hunters shall not find you;
Savage dogs are not behind you;
All is peace and safety here:
Rest you, timid, gentle deer!



Captive Lions.

ABOUT LIONS.

THE hero of the following story is a Hottentot of the Agter Sneeuwberg. The man was out hunting, and perceiving an antelope feeding among some bushes, he approached in a creeping posture, and had rested his gun over an ant-hill to take a steady aim, when, observing that the creature's attention was suddenly and peculiarly excited by some object near him, he looked up, and perceived with horror that an enormous lion was at that instant creeping forward, and ready to spring upon himself. Before he could change his posture, and direct his aim upon his antagonist, the savage beast bounded forward, seized him with his talons, and crushed his left hand, as he endeavoured to guard him off with it, between his monstrous jaws. In this extremity the Hottentot had the presence of mind to turn the muzzle of the gun, which he still held in his right hand, into the lion's mouth, and then, drawing the trigger, shot him dead through the brain. He lost his hand, but happily escaped without further injury.

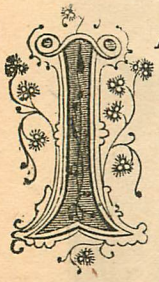
A keeper of wild beasts at New York had provided himself on the approach of winter with a fur cap. The novelty of this costume attracted the notice of the lion, which, making a sudden grapple, tore the cap off his head as he passed the cage; but perceiving that the keeper was the person whose head he had thus uncovered, he at once laid it down.

The same animal once hearing some noise under its cage passed its paw through the bar, and actually hauled up the keeper who was cleaning beneath; but as soon as he perceived that he had thus ill-used his master, he instantly lay down upon his back in an attitude of complete submission.

We have seen performing lions go through their parts with wonderful grace and correctness; but, unfortunately, on one occasion when we took our young folk to see performing lions at the show a sad scene took place. After having gone through the performance, one of the lions, younger than the others, had given offence to an older one, who immediately seized it, and before the keeper could render any assistance the young lion lay dead in the cage.

THE INDEPENDENT BOY.

(Founded on Fact.)



AM not going to stand this! Not if I know it. I shall go. I'm not going to be made anybody's slave of!'

'Nobody wants to make a slave of you, Jack. You were simply asked by your mistress to carry some coals up from the cellar.'

'Very well,' said Jack, 'and I'm the errand-boy for the shop, and not the coal-carrier, and I won't be made a slave of.'

'Very well,' said his master; 'I must have a boy who will be of use, so you can go at the end of the week.'

So Jack was out of a place again. He had had several in Bristol, and this last had only been obtained after some difficulty. The fact was that Jack had a great idea of his own worth, and of the beauty of independence.

'I'm not going to be walked over, not I!' was his oft-repeated motto. He had learned it from his father, whose exercise of this principle had brought him to poverty.

As Jack lay in bed that night he thought the matter over. What was to be done?

'Run away from home: go to London, and make your fortune there.'

Such was the idea which crossed his mind. He lay awake and went carefully into the matter. He had not yet told his father, and he could not expect any sympathy, as the parent was in the habit of spending his own wages and a good part of the boy's as well.

'Try London,' said the voice within him. And Jack resolved to do so.

He slept but little that night, and when the first sun-light of the early spring morning gleamed into the attic he hurriedly arose from bed. There were not many preparations to make. He had only one decent suit of clothes. That he put on. One or two things he tied up in a large handkerchief. For him he had quite a large stock of money in hand. He had no doubt but that in London he could at once find work.

It was half-past-five when he crept quietly downstairs, and searched the cupboard for something to eat. There was not time to make a meal there. But he put half a loaf of bread in his pocket, and let himself out of the house. It was a fine day, and as Jack trudged along he thought to himself, 'This is a good deal better than having to run here and run there when anybody called. I like this.'

Night found him at Chippenham. A policeman told him where to find a lodging, and the novelty of being his own master gave him a sense of importance. That day's expenses made a great hole in his money, and he felt that he must be careful. He was very wearied when he reached Devizes next day, but he resolved to push on and go farther. The shades of evening found him some miles nearer London, but on the lonely country road. Where was he to find a bed? There was no help for it. He must sleep out. A friendly haystack in the corner of a field looked inviting. So he sat upon a gate near at hand until it was quite dark. Then he lay down at the sheltered side of the stack, pulled out sufficient hay to make a pillow and covering, and then tried to sleep. He was tired. Presently the stars and sky faded from his sight, and he fell asleep. When he awoke the morning was breaking, and he felt stiff and cold. Nor was there any food in his bundle now. But he trudged manfully on, until at a little village he was able to buy a loaf.

At Reading he slept at a common lodging-house, and there was robbed of his handkerchief and its contents.

On the sixth day after leaving home he entered London, with exactly twopence in his pocket. That sum went for some food at mid-day, and then he was penniless.

'*Boy Wanted*,' caught his eye in a shop window. In walked Jack, and presented himself to the proprietor.

'Know town?' asked the latter.

Jack stammered out a 'No, sir.'

'No good here, then,' was the brief reply.

This was a difficulty he had not thought of. He trudged on, turning this way and that as fancy suggested.

'*Boy Wanted*,' he saw again.

'Where was your last place?' was the question this time.

'At Bristol, sir.'

'Then I can't spare time to send there for a character. I shall have fifty boys in during the day to choose from; so good morning, my lad.'

Evening found him wandering in Old Street, tired and hungry. Then it began to rain, slowly at first, but after a while in torrents. He got wet through in searching the shop windows of Curtain Road and Great Eastern Street for notices of a vacant place, but saw none. Night found him wet through, and very miserable. He was tired of standing under the railway arches, and yet he knew not where to go, or what to do.

The clock of Shoreditch Church told him that it was ten o'clock. And Jack was homeless. But in the course of his wanderings he noticed a railway near a by-street, under which a number of casks were standing. Watching a chance, he climbed the railings, gained the arch, and found the casks clean and dry. Feeling about in one after another he found some straw. This he placed in two of the casks. Then he lay down, wet through as his clothes were, thrust his shoulders into one, and his feet and legs into the other, and thus he got some shelter and warmth.

When Jack awoke it was morning. There were strange pains in all his limbs, and his head ached. He crept out of the casks, and tried to walk away. It was impossible to walk more than a few steps. Presently a policeman saw him, and climbed the railings to see what was the matter. The result of this was that our friend was carried off in an ambulance to Whitechapel Infirmary. He lay there a long time, and passed through all the stages of rheumatic fever. When health at last came again, he gladly accepted the kind offer of a gentleman to send him home again. His former master, hearing of his lesson, took him back to his old place. He fills it now, and never troubles any one by a foolish craving after self-importance, or supposed 'independence.'

A. R. B.

GRANDFATHER'S ADVICE.

A LONG, long search 'twill be, my boy,
Amongst my whitened hair,
Before you find a lonely thread
Of black yet lingering there.
The world still passes surely on
Along its varied way,
But I can only sit and look,
And sit, and watch, and pray.

Sometimes I sit and sadly think
Of what there might have been,
Of deeds undone, or long since passed
Into the great Unseen.
Sometimes I wish for youth again
To lead a nobler life,
And bear myself with bolder front
Amid its varied strife.

But time flows on; the moments past
Return at no man's call;
And yet the future still remains
Entire, awaiting all.
Then look to it, my boy, that you
Use well the pas-ing hour,
Before with certain steps it goes
For ever beyond your power. A. R. B.

JOHN LUDWIG,
THE
SELF-TAUGHT SAXON PEASANT.

ABOUT the year 1753, one of the Commissioners of Excise in Saxony, named Hoffman, in the discharge of his duties met with a very remarkable individual named John Ludwig, who, though very poor, and with a large family, was continually reading books, and frequently stood a great part of the night at his door gazing up at the stars.

The first impression produced by the appearance of the prodigy on Hoffman was that he had seldom seen a more rustic boor. His look was heavy and stupid, and his manners in every respect those of a plodding, ignorant clown. Not discouraged by some rude answers which he at first received, he afterwards elicited replies that convinced him that the man was a most extraordinary genius, and he induced him to give a full account of his early history.

He said his name was John Ludwig, and was born in 1715 in the village of Cossedande. He was sent to school with other poor children, where he soon learned to read the Bible and to write, and at ten years old began to learn arithmetic; but after much scolding and beating he left the school. He was then sent into the fields to keep cows, where he herded with boys of his own age, and learned to be as idle and clownish as they.

In the beginning of the year 1736 he was appointed to receive the excise of the district in which he lived; and having an object, he borrowed a treatise on arithmetic, and was master of the rule-of-three with fractions in six months. Soon after he had the good fortune to meet with a treatise on geometry. He procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, and with these instruments he employed himself in making various geometrical figures on paper, and solving various problems. The joy he felt in the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by the desire of knowing more. But he was obliged to lay aside these studies and betake himself to labour, by which alone he could earn bread.

However, after a time he contrived to purchase three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry; and his next purchase was a work on astronomy; and he invented many contrivances to supply the want of proper instruments. He next went on to metaphysics, and then to study Kahrel's *Law of Nature and Nations*, having borrowed a book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. Thus this singular man described the manner in which he had gradually acquired such an amount of information as is seldom found among university students, who have perpetual access to public libraries.

M. Hoffman, in his turn, went soon after to visit Ludwig. He found him in an old crazy cottage. The walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk; in one corner was a bed; in another a cradle; and under a small window at the side three pieces of board laid side by side over two trestles made a writing-table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing-paper, containing calculations and geometrical figures; some books on a shelf; a compass and a wooden square, which he was using, and a pair of globes, constituted the library and museum of the truly remarkable John Ludwig. In that hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy in his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant.

M. Hoffman, when he took leave of him, presented him with one hundred crowns, which he very gratefully accepted; and he assured M. Hoffman he would not accept the whole province on which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he would rather live on bread and water than deprive his mind of that food which its intellectual hunger perpetually required.



John Ludwig, the Peasant Astronomer.



A Strange Refuge.

A STRANGE REFUGE.

A FOX, chased by a pack of hounds in the north of England, rushed into a house, and took refuge under a bed. The dogs, in hot pursuit, followed and killed him there. Not many years since a poor fox, hard pressed by the hounds, sprang in at a cottage-window, and lay down in a cradle beside the sleeping child. The mother had just time to snatch her babe up before the hounds rushed in and despatched poor Reynard. Her presence of mind saved the child from a dreadful death. A. R. B.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

'THAT may do well enough for you, Sam; but it won't for me.'

'Why not? what more could one want?'

'Want! why, who would go and be an errand-boy as long as he could be anything else, I should like to know?'

And here Charlie Downs elevated his nose in the air, to express his great contempt of that position.

'Ah! that's just it,' said Sam Mason; 'there's no chance of my getting anything else to do, so I am going to begin as an errand-boy.'

'That may do well enough for *you*, but not for me. Catch me running with pounds of butter and pieces of cheese in a big basket, and obliged to wear a white apron, too! I would sooner run away and be a soldier than do anything as mean as that.'

This was a little too much for the patience of Sam Mason, so he replied rather sharply, 'I heard in church the other day that all labour was honourable, if it was honest. I don't believe it's mean to be a cheesemonger's errand-boy. I would sooner earn my own living than skulk about my mother's house doing nothing.'

'Who skulks?' said the other, angrily.

'You do.'

'Say it again!'

'Shan't.'

Matters were coming to a very threatening point, when the mother of Charlie Downs stepped out of her house, looking for her son.

'Charlie, you idle fellow, come in!' she cried.

At the sound of her voice his manner changed. It was such a very unpleasant commentary on his own words!

Calling out, 'You wait a bit!' in a threatening tone, he walked sulkily towards the house.

The father of Charlie Downs was a fitter, earning high wages; but he was, and always had been, discontented with his trade. It was too late for him to change it now; besides, he earned a good deal of money at it. But he had made up his mind that Charlie should 'hold up his head with any of them,' as he always told the lad. Unfortunately, the son inherited the same failing as his father, and thought hand-labour a disgrace. He had not made up his mind what he would be; only he 'wasn't going in for dirty work like father's, and he wasn't going to be an errand-boy, either.'

But the time was come when he must be started in something. He had left school at fourteen, and had waited a whole year in idleness at home.

Now there was in their town one chemist's shop which always caught the wandering eye of Charlie Downs. The bottles of coloured water were much larger there than those in any others of their chemists' shops. Besides, whenever he passed that way he generally saw Mr. Knight standing at the door. He was a portly man, and always wore a large gold watch-chain across his expansive waistcoat.

'I want to be a chemist,' said Charlie.

'Bless the boy!' said his mother; 'whatever's put that into your head?'

'I don't know,' said her son. He was ashamed to confess how much the watch-chain had to do with it.

But Charlie had his own way. Mr. Knight agreed to take him a month on trial before he was apprenticed. Nor did he fail to ask for a good premium, and to let his father know that he was doing a very unusual thing in taking a workman's son.

So Charlie went to the chemist's, and dreamed two nights running that he was standing at the door of a very fine shop, over the front of which ran the words, 'DOWNS, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.' In his dreams he wore a magnificent suit of clothes and a very large watch-chain.

This dream never came true. Charlie soon found out that he was expected to do something more than stand at the shop-door, and that scoldings were plentiful if his work was not done. Then the other boys who lived in the same street, and who thought Charlie 'stuck up,' began to call after him 'Pills!' and sometimes 'Poultices!' One rude boy used to ask, whenever they met, how many people he had poisoned that day? Others used to come to him, pretending to suffer from divers pains, and ask to be prescribed for.

So Charlie began to think a chemist's business 'low.' Mr. Knight, too, had his complaints: the lad was lazy and careless; he would never make a chemist. So that plan was dropped.

Meanwhile, our friend Sam Mason had made good progress at the cheesemonger's. He was not ashamed to be civil, obliging, and anxious to please. His master said, with an approving nod, that he should have a place behind the counter some day. Whereat Sam rejoiced, and went his next round in an incredibly short time.

Charlie now had two or three months of idleness at home, greatly to the trouble of his mother. Then he suddenly declared that he would be a clerk in a merchant's office—they always looked so smart!

But, unhappily, Charlie's handwriting was very bad, and he was certainly not 'quick at figures.'

So nobody could be found willing to take him, even as an office-boy. His father began to lose faith in 'my son Charlie.' His mother called him a 'good-for-nothing,' and wanted to know why he could not go to an honest trade like his father.

But Charlie was against anything 'low,' and his father had not yet come to see things aright; so more

months passed in idleness. Then a sudden fit came over him, and he asked to be made a jeweller! His parents took the first step by getting a tradesman to take him on trial. But he sent him back in less than a week, declaring that his clumsy ways had done more harm in that time than his work would pay for in a month.

His father's mind now began to change. His mother cried, 'Send him as an errand-boy to somebody; he isn't worth his salt at anything else.'

To escape this indignity, Charlie took a bold step and ran away. His plans at starting were uncertain. He thought, however, in a general way, of going as a sailor, and rising some day to be the captain and owner of a ship; then he would astonish his mother, and Sam Mason, and the boys who had called 'Pills!'

But when he had walked about eight miles from home it began to get dark. Then he was so alarmed at the prospect of spending a night alone that he turned and ran back with all speed.

It was late at night when he reached home, and they had been looking for him far and near.

His father stormed and brought out a strap. His mother hustled him off to bed with the words, 'To-morrow you'll get up early, and go to a place I've got for you.'

He rose in the morning a little wiser lad, but there was a bitter pill to be swallowed. Where do you think that place was? At Mr. Butterfirkin's, the cheesemonger's! One of his young men had gone, so Sam Mason had gone behind the counter, and Charlie was engaged to take his old place!

There we will leave him to learn some more lessons, which may, under God, help to make him as sensible as Sam Mason, and perhaps as prosperous as he is likely to be. A. R. B.

A POET AT SCHOOL.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the poet, has left here and there some records of his school-days at Christ's Hospital. The discipline in those times seems to have been very severe, and some rather curious views were held of a school-boy's duty.

'Boy!' said his master, when he was crying one day after coming back from the holidays; 'Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!'

The master's wife was remembered with affection by him. On one occasion Mr. Bowyer was lecturing Coleridge and another boy before giving them a flogging.

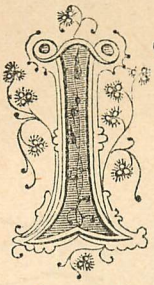
Suddenly Mrs. Bowyer looked into the room.

'Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!' she called out.

'Away, woman! away!' cried her husband, who knew she meant otherwise. And they escaped the cane.

Floggings appear to have been very numerous in those days. The masters had no intention of spoiling the child by sparing the rod. And Coleridge in after years seems to have thought it right. A. R. B.

THE LAMB WITH THE THORNS.



IT was winter, and the snow was on the ground. Young Billy had led a life of ease during a whole year. First as a lamb, frolicking by the side of his dam; then as a young sheep, folded in rich pastures, with many companions of the same age. At last he was supposed to be big enough to take care of himself, and he was sent into the fields. Billy did not much like the trouble of catering for himself, picking his grass blade by blade, and in little mouthfuls. Still less he now liked routing under the snow with the other sheep for the scanty herbage of the bleak, wintry fields. So he left this work, enticed by the seeming shelter of a tangly hedge, in which he fancied he could spy nice long grass, and fresh-looking green bits. He soon got there, and was surprised how easily he got in, having only to follow his nose as it were. But how great was his disappointment when he found that the coveted treats were only frozen shoots of brier and bramble! the lovely green grass proved coarse, tough, sour, and nasty. Then he thought, if he *did* have to work very hard with his nose in the cold snow, the few bits that he got thereby were at all events sweet and wholesome. So he resolved to go back; but that was not such an easy matter. Every branch, so gently yielding at first, became a hindrance; every thorn a holdfast. He tugged and pushed anxiously, and while making a desperate plunge forward he perceived a deep ditch, which had escaped his eager eyes.

More and more distant became the sounds of the guide-sheep's bells, and he feared to be left alone.

At last he knew that there was only *one* way out, and that was the way he got in, however great the effort and the pain might be. So he went back the way he came, and the thorns tore his face, brambles stuck to his wool and broke, while others pulled large tufts out, which made him smart, as the time had not come when the wool drops off easily and the spring breezes waft it about as it hangs on the hedges for the birds to line their nests with.

He persevered, however, and forced his way back, and was thankful to find himself once more in the open field. He hastened towards his friends, but found himself hindered by the brambles and thorns, which stuck to him. It was some time before he lost the marks of his error; and the other sheep avoided him, as they did not like to come near what he carried.

Spring came at last, and sunshine and soft young grass. The shepherd brought the shears, and the last trace of the hedge was gone, while Billy got a soft white fleece.

It is all very well for Billy to forget his fright, and the nasty hedge, and the yawning ditch; but children grow up, and toil comes, and life looks difficult, and there are plenty of by-ways that seem to promise ease and pleasure. But if they leave the path of straightforward, honest labour and duty, they will soon find themselves as shackled, as disappointed,



Lamb with Thorns.

and as sorely hurt, as Billy was, and will have for a long while to bear the marks of their errors as he had to carry his thorns.

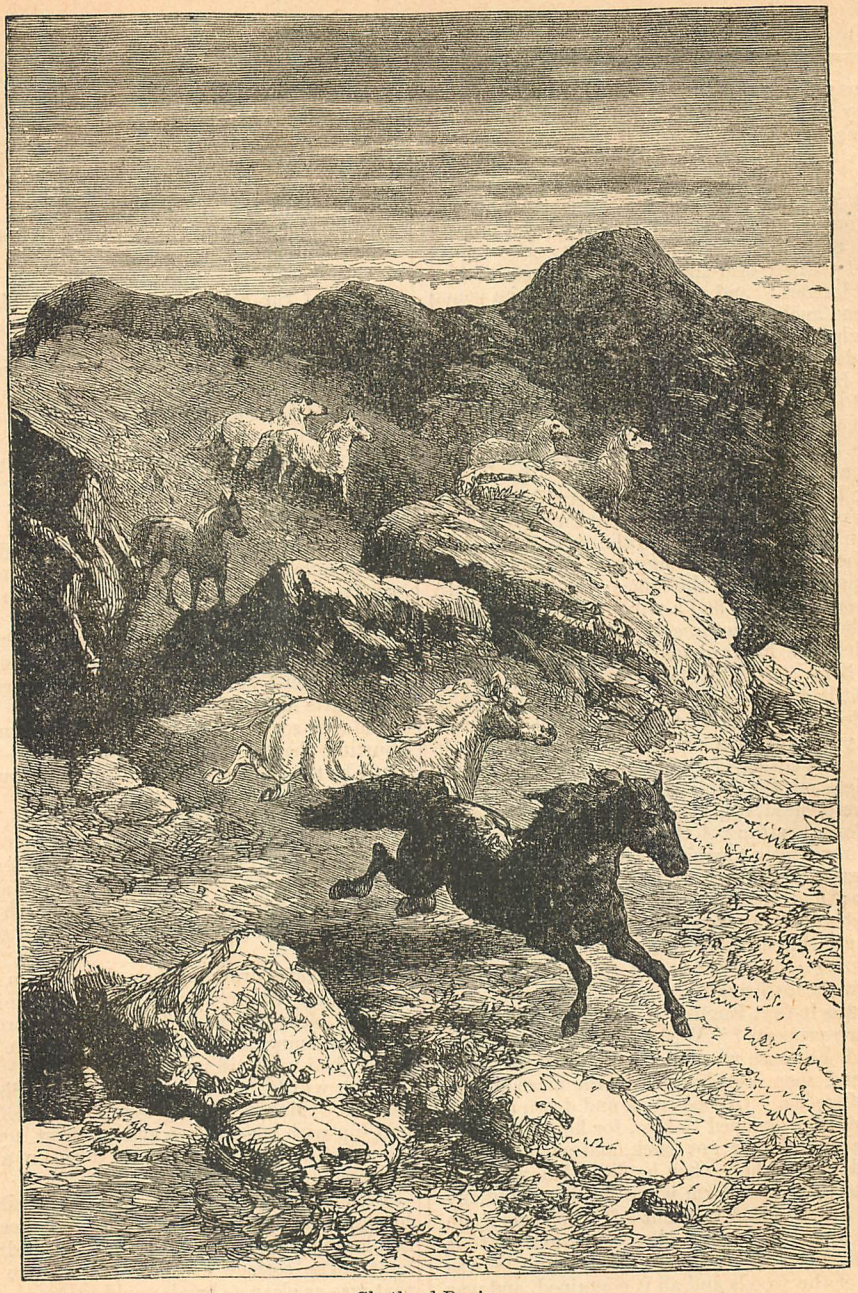
Many a lamb perishes in the ditch, and many a youth never overcomes the power which evil ways and bad companions have gained over him.

THE UNION JACK.

UP to the end of Elizabeth's reign the flag of England was the banner of St. George, viz. white with a red cross. When James I. ascended the throne, the banner of Scotland (blue with a white diagonal cross), was incorporated with it. This flag was called the Union Jack—Jack, no doubt, being a corruption of Jacques or James. At the union with Ireland, in January, 1801, the banner of St. Patrick, white with a red diagonal cross, was added to the flag, and so we get our present Union Jack.

SHETLAND PONIES.

THESE shaggy, long-backed, short-legged ponies, have much strength and spirit, and are able to endure as much fatigue and indifferent usage as any creatures in the world. They run wild upon the extensive moors which are the common pasturage for cattle in Shetland, where shelties, geese, swine, goats, sheep, are turned out, and often in such numbers that they can obtain only a poor living from the scant vegetation. Somebody owns all these animals, which are branded by each owner with his own peculiar mark; but when any passenger has need of a pony, he does not scruple to lay hold of the first which he can catch. He then puts on a halter, generally manufactured for the occasion out of a few twisted rushes, and mounts the sure-footed creature. Having ridden him as far as convenient, he turns the animal loose, to find his way back again as best he can—a matter in which the ponies are very sagacious. The



Shetland Ponies.

shelty, however, does not always submit to forced labour so easily, and he frequently dismisses himself without waiting till the end of the journey. Should his rider not be accustomed to all the tricks of these creatures, he will probably find himself dismounted and his pony disappear. After prancing and curveting for some time, the animal manages to get its head between its legs, and frees itself of its burden by throwing its rider to the ground. Then, neighing in scorn, and flinging out its heels at about every five yards, it gallops back towards its own mountain-side.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 60.)

CHAPTER IX.—OLD ROBARTS.

FLORENCE GOULD wandered through the bare, cold rooms of the rambling old Hall, and felt that life in England was indeed prosaic. He had fully believed all his father had told him about the land which he had never seen, and had therefore been agreeably surprised when he had discovered, on the very day of his arrival, that the sun could shine and the skies be blue even in England. He was not, whatever my

readers may think, a naturally proud, still less a conceited boy; but he had been so deeply imbued with his father's ideas that he felt as if the fact of his own rank was a solemn charge with which he had been endowed. He did not wish to glory in his possessions, but the fact remained the same that he was Sir Florence Gould, of Gould Hall, and yet nobody appeared to be impressed by the fact. Even Reynolds had treated him like a child, had called him '*Master* Florence!' and when rebuked by the young baronet had apologised with a broad grin. And then to be laughed at by his guardian, when he thought he was only doing what his father would have done in his place! to be lectured—Sir Edward had never lectured him—and to be told that Maddalena was to go or stay at Mr. Thornton's pleasure, not Sir Florence's! All this made him heavy-hearted, as he came sadly back to the library.

It was a beautiful room, this long, lofty library, with its three French windows opening out on a green sidelawn, with a magnificent oak in the centre—the best room in the house. The dining and drawing-rooms were in another wing of the house; the library, with the bedrooms over it, had a wing to itself. Everything in the way of pictures, books, busts, and curiosities, which Sir Edward had collected abroad, had been sent home, with directions to be placed in this room. If it had not been so large it would have looked overcrowded, and as it was, many choice treasures had been put away in a dark, carved bureau, which stood back in a corner of the room. But there were many others on the tables and book-stands which Florence recognised, for, young as he was, he had a keen eye for everything of the sort. He went about the room, reverently touching each in turn, and felt himself nearer his father as he did so. The Italian books, too; and that portrait of Dante, the great Italian poet—all these were familiar friends. It was only last year they had been sent home, and Sir Florence had come home to *work*, and there did not seem to be any work forthcoming.

'What was it that English country gentlemen did on their own property?' With this weighty thought on his mind Florence wandered out of the French windows, and soon lost himself in the maze of the Gould Hall woods. Up one track and down another he wandered, as it seemed to him, for hours, wondering how he should ever get back, and what Maddalena would say to him when he did. He was just beginning to feel some alarm when he came suddenly out on a cleared space in front of a cottage, from which rose a curl of blue smoke. He went up to it with a confidence born of the knowledge that he was the master of the woods and all it contained, and was met on the threshold by a fresh-coloured old man with keen gray eyes, shaggy brows, and white hair.

'And who may you be, young sir?' said old Robarts, the gamekeeper, for he it was, looking at the intruder with eyes which would have frightened the hardiest of poachers.

'Pardon,' said Florence, with the foreign courtesy of manner he had learnt abroad; 'I am your new master—Sir Florence Gould, of Gould Hall.'

Of course it was said with an air, and irreverent Peter Constant would have received the information with a peal of laughter, but old Robarts, the gamekeeper, belonged to another generation. He remained staring at his new master in silence for a few seconds, then a sort of quiver passed across his rugged features, and leaning forward he drew the child towards him with strong though trembling fingers, and peered intently into the small childish face. Then he let him go, and shook his head with a sigh and a look of disappointment.

'Maybe so,' he said: 'maybe so; but there's nought of Sir Edward, bless him! in his face. He's in foreign parts still, poor dear gentleman! and I've heard no word of his coming home.'

'Didn't you know,' asked Florence solemnly, 'that my father, Sir Edward, is dead? He died in Italy, and I am the baronet now instead of him. Did nobody tell you?'

'Ay, that did they,' replied the old man: 'and a sore day it was with me when the news came to me. But I heard no word of a son; and yet I mind a day, not long ago, when folk said an heir was born to Sir Edward, and there was a dinner to all the tenants, and Mr. Thornton came from Liverpool a-purpose to make a speech; but that was t'other day only: he must be an infant still.'

'No, that was me,' said Florence eagerly: 'father has often told me that there was a feast for all the people when I was born—and I am ten years old.'

Robarts nodded his head slowly.

'Maybe so,' he repeated; 'maybe so: my Sall was courting then, I mind, and Sall's eldest—yes, yes, it must be the young gentleman, sure enough! But he doesn't favour his father.'

'Oh, yes, I do!' said Florence, eagerly, not understanding the meaning of this expression. 'I loved my father dearly—you don't know how dearly. I am not like him, he was beautiful: but I am like my mother, and he loved me for that too. Oh! you don't know what you say when you say I did not love my father!'

Old Robarts drew the boy close to him once more, and laid his withered hands solemnly on his head.

'God bless thy father's son!' he murmured, the tears glistening in his gray eyes; then he doffed the cap he had worn till now.

'You will do me the honour to step in, Sir Florence,' said he. 'Many's the day Sir Edward has taken bite and sup with me—as free and pleasant a young gentleman as ever whistled for his dogs on a summer's morning. After you, Sir Florence.'

Florence entered, all his childish dignity restored by the deference with which he had been treated, and looked about him with eager curiosity and delight. The cottage consisted of only one room, but that was as clean as hands could make it. The walls were ornamented with sundry water-colour sketches of charming brilliancy, all signed with the same initials, 'E. G.;' rabbit skins, stuffed birds, a case full of birds' eggs, and other trophies of a similar description, ornamented the room, and a gray cat slumbered on the patchwork rug before the fire. A small round table, covered with a cloth, was drawn close up to the hearth, and from a saucepan on the fire came a savoury odour, which was very grateful to the young baronet, who was hungry from his long ramble.

Without a word, old Robarts drew the one old-fashioned elbow-chair, covered with blue check,

which the room contained, up to the fire, and invited his young master to sit down. Then he went to his cupboard and took out two willow-pattern plates, a huge salt-cellar, which he placed in the centre of the table, a blue mug, and a Britannia-metal goblet, which with silent, though very evident pride, he set down before Sir Florence. Then taking a blue jug, he went out at the back-door into some hidden recess, and presently returned with some cider. After that he removed the saucepan, and proceeded deftly to dish up into a sort of tureen. The dinner was a fragrant stew of meat, potatoes, and cabbage.

'The son of my master needs not to be bid to the table of Joe Robarts,' said the old gamekeeper, standing up, solemnly, cap in hand. '"For what the Lord hath provided, His holy name be praised." After you, Sir Florence.'

Florence felt quite at home—he had not eaten much at breakfast that morning, his labours with the teapot and his discussion with his guardian having much impaired his appetite. He drew his big elbow-chair up to the table, and watched with much interest the ladling out of a huge mess for himself.

'Oh, what a lot!' he exclaimed, opening his eyes. 'I shall never be able to eat all that, old Robarts!'

But he began with much vigour and satisfaction nevertheless, to the intense delight of old Robarts, who could scarcely eat his own portion for watching his young master.

'Do you live here alone?' said Florence, raising his eyes, after having got about half way through. 'What a pretty house you have!'

This remark appeared to tickle old Robarts, who wagged his head, convulsed with silent laughter.

'But,' went on the boy, 'isn't it rather small? Wouldn't you like a larger one?'

'The very model of his father—bless him!' said old Robarts, wiping his eyes. 'No, Sir Florence; I shall never have a larger house as long as I live.'

'You would if I had it built for you,' said the boy.

Robarts laid a hand on Sir Florence's arm.

'Hark ye, Sir Florence! It's years ago now when a young boy used to come and sit and dine here with me, as you might be a-doin' now. He wasn't my own boy. I never had none—only Sall, who married a Manchester lad, and went away to foreign parts; but I loved him as I loved my own flesh and blood. It was I who taught him to handle a gun and use a fishing-rod. It was he as said the very thing as you might be a-sayin' now, Sir Florence, that my house was a deal too small for me. And I used to say the same as I've just been a-sayin' to you, as if 'twas t'other day. "Never you mind, Master Edward"—he wasn't the baronet then, Sir Florence—"the house is plenty big for old Robarts; I shall ne'er have or want a bigger." Ay, and didn't he stamp his foot, and shake his head, and flash his eyes at me, bless him! and out with his "You hold your tongue, old Robarts! if I say you're to have a bigger house you shall, and I should like to see the chap that would say you shan't. So just you shut up." And I'd humour him till I almost came to believe myself as he'd work it. You see he was always masterful, was Master Edward.'

'And you didn't have it?' said Florence, who had listened with great interest to this account of his father.

'Bless you, no!' said old Robarts, chuckling in high delight: 'new houses are not so easily built. But he kept it up, and I do believe as he worrited his father, who was another sort of a gentleman above a bit. The very last thing as he said afore he went to school was, "Robarts, you've got to go a-courtin', for in course if you have a bigger house you must have a wife to put in it." But in the holidays it was Robarts here, and Robarts there; and there was young dogs to train, and shooting, and fishing; and young gentlemen a-comin' to stop with Master Edward, and no word of the house, though he had always a pleasant nod and a word for old Robarts. But then there came lonely times for old Robarts. Sir Anthony died and Master Edward became baronet, and went to college and to foreign parts, and Gould Hall scarce ever saw him again. But he remembered old Robarts—awhile——'

The old gamekeeper paused and wiped away a tear.

'Old Robarts!' said Florence, eagerly; 'he remembered you always. I *know* he did!'

The old man nodded his head slowly. 'Maybe so,' he said; 'maybe so; but the house is plenty big, Sir Florence—it will last my time.'

'You shall have a bigger house,' said Sir Florence, with emphasis.

Old Robarts smiled, and his eyes rested on the boy with a look of love and interest.

'No, Sir Florence!' he answered, with a certain grave dignity, 'the house as my young master sat in is good enough for the likes of me. The whole place is full of him, and it shall stay so, if the Lord be willing, till I'm dead and gone.'

Florence said nothing in answer to this, but he made the same resolutions about the old gamekeeper's cottage which his father had made before him.

'And what have they done for you, Sir Florence, in the way of ponies and dogs, and such-like?' old Robarts asked, after devoting a few moments to meditation and his dinner. 'Nobody came near old Robarts to ask *his* advice, or to so much as tell him that the new master had come to his own. And yet there's not another man about the place who knows better what's fit for young gentlemen—aye, or who can train them better, too—though I say it as shouldn't.'

Florence looked up with sudden interest.

'Do you know a white dog called Match'em?' said he, solemnly.

Old Robarts scratched his head.

'I can't say as I do,' said he.

(To be continued.)

UNDER NEW NAMES.

ON the death of a British traveller in Africa, the natives sent to the admiral off the coast a catalogue of his effects. Many of the things were new to them, and were curiously described. Hence the two following items:—

'Two looking-glasses for the nose.'
'Two scrapes made of pig's hair.'

These are meant to describe a pair of spectacles and two tooth-brushes.

A. R. B.



"And who may you be, young sir?"



True to the Death. By Harrison Weir.

TRUE TO THE DEATH.

NOT long since the driver of the engine on one of the Belgian lines of railway saw a large dog on the roadway between the metals. He put on the whistle, yet it did not move, but only stood and barked furiously at the approaching engine. Still on, on, on, came the train, and still there stood the dog, more furious than before. The train passed, and at the next station it was noticed that a part of a dress was clinging to the wheel-guard. A messenger was sent back, when a dead child was found, which had evidently fallen asleep, and whom the noble dog tried to protect to the very last, giving his very life sooner than flinch from his trust.

A PRISONER'S PET.

IN the prisons of Siberia, that bleak and miserable region to which the Russian government banishes its convicts, there is much cruelty in the treatment of the unhappy prisoners. The whip is frequently used, and so severely, that many of the men bear the marks of their punishment for life. But there are some alleviations of their wretched lot. Such of the prisoners as have money, or can obtain it, are allowed to make their own additions to the prison diet; and the people in the neighbouring villages are likewise permitted to send in charitable contributions of food. The convicts are at liberty to keep sundry pets in the stables or yard of the prison, such as goats, poultry, or birds. In one case a prisoner became attached to a stray dog who took refuge in the yard, and lived on the scraps and refuse of the prison dinners. This convict has since written an interesting record of his life in prison, and his mention of the poor dog is curious and affecting.

It appears that the Russian populace have a prejudice against dogs, whom they consider unclean animals; but Alexander Petrovitch, the individual of whom I am telling you, was an educated man, and did not share this ignorant feeling; he was a friend to poor, neglected dogs, as to every other dumb animal.

'Bjelka,' he says, 'was a strange-looking beast; his form was much distorted, owing to an accident in his puppyhood—his white coat was mangy, and he carried his tail constantly between his legs. He was never known to bark or even to growl, but spent nearly all his time behind the prison seeking for food. When any one approached him he had a trick of throwing himself on his back and lying there perfectly still, with an air of profound humility, as if to say, You may do with me whatever you please, I shall not resist you. And almost every convict seemed to consider it his duty to kick the poor brute with his heavy boot. Bjelka seldom whined when he was kicked; but if the blow had been severe, he would lift up his voice and howl mournfully. He had the same trick of rolling over before his fellows, and I have often seen him, when attacked by some big ruffian of a dog, lie on his back without moving a muscle. Dogs, like human beings, like to see their equals fear and respect them; and the most ferocious cur generally cooled down very quickly at the sight of a timid fellow-beast lying on its back, with its paws up in the air; and after looking at him pensively for some time, and sniffing him all over, would generally walk away, much to the relief of Bjelka.

'One morning, on returning from my labours outside the walls, I stroked the poor animal. This was so novel an event in his neglected career, that he crouched down on the ground trembling with ecstasy, and whining loudly. I often stroked him after that time, and he was so grateful to me that he could never meet me without whining piteously.

'Poor Bjelka, his sad end corresponded to his life. On one unfortunate occasion his pacific tactics failed him, and he was torn to pieces by some of his kindred on the rampart behind the prison.' H. L.

LONDON PARKS.

A GREAT feature of the English Metropolis is the London Parks. Hyde Park, the Green, and St. James's, which touch at the angles, and may be regarded as forming part of a space of uninterrupted pleasure-ground; each of them has its peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and from an early period surrounded by the fashionable residences of the West End, is the courtier. A few steps from the main avenues, and the visitor loses himself in exquisite sylvan retreats, in which he can scarcely believe himself so near the paved streets and the stone buildings of mighty London.

St. James's Park was originally a mere appendage to the palace, and, though open to the public, a favourite resort of the king and court. Charles II. we are told spent much of his leisure here, and it was in this park that his ways of playing with his dogs and feeding the swans, Colley Cibber tells us, 'made the people adore him.'

All the London Parks except Kensington, which preserved the symmetrical arrangement in which Queen Anne delighted, are laid out with great simplicity, in what is called the English style: a natural or artificial stream, on which light skiffs are sailing about; a rustic pavilion here and there; tall and venerable trees standing quite apart from one another; flowers and ornamental plants on the edges and in groups; but above all, extensive lawns, of which the public is allowed the fullest enjoyment. If the turf grows worn in places, little portable fences are set up, which are always respected; and the soft, moist climate of England, combined with the gardener's care, soon restores the verdant velvet.

Kensington Gardens are properly a portion of Hyde Park. The ground was originally purchased by William III., then laid out by Queen Anne, and a Court-end gradually gathered about them. Nowhere are to be seen more aged and venerable trees than those in Kensington Gardens, and their solitary seclusion has a look of the last century.

BRITISH POETS.

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born at the Rectory of Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, on the 9th of August, 1631. Like John Milton, he was the son of Puritan parents, and although we know little of his boyhood, we may be sure that he was brought up carefully, as all Puritan children were.

When he was old enough to go to school, he was sent to Westminster, where he stayed until he was nineteen. The year before he left school a young nobleman, the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, died. He had been a Westminster boy, and some of his old schoolfellows wrote poems upon the death of their friend, and amongst them there is one by Dryden.

From Westminster he went to Cambridge, and became a student at Trinity College. His father died in 1654, and three years later he settled in London, acting as secretary to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who held an appointment in the household of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. In 1658 Cromwell died, and some verses which Dryden wrote in his praise first brought the young poet into notice. But before long the Puritan party became unpopular, and so, by the time King Charles II. was restored to his father's throne, Dryden had given up his Puritan ideas, and was quite ready to welcome Charles and his Cavalier friends.

Now the Puritans, who objected to almost every kind of amusement, had closed all the theatres, and done their best to discourage acting; but when the Cavaliers regained their power, the strict rules of Cromwell's followers were quickly set aside. Two theatres were at once opened in London, and Dryden, anxious to increase his income, which was a small one, began to write plays. His first play was produced in the King's Theatre in 1663; but it was badly acted, and did not please either the King or the rest of the audience. Dryden, however, was not discouraged. At the end of the same year he brought out another play, which was more popular; and his third production, *The Indian Emperor*, established his fame as a dramatist.

In December, 1663, Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. It was a very unhappy marriage, for Lady Elizabeth was proud and bad-tempered, and not clever enough to be a pleasant companion for her husband. But though they had little real love for each other, the poet and his wife were very fond of their children. Dryden's home at the time of his marriage was a house in Gerrard Street, Soho, and there he spent the greater part of his life, only going into the country now and then to visit his friends. It is said that his favourite holiday amusement was fishing.

During the terrible months when the Great Plague was raging in London, Dryden and his wife stayed at Charlton in Wiltshire, the home of Lady Elizabeth's father, and there he wrote a poem called *The Annus Mirabilis, or Year of Wonders*, describing the war with the Dutch, the Plague, and the Fire of London, which all took place in the same year, 1666.

In 1670 Dryden was appointed Poet Laureate in place of Sir William Davenant, who had died two years before. For this and for another appointment which the King bestowed upon him he received two hundred pounds a-year, and a butt of canary wine; and as he was able to earn about three hundred a-year by writing plays, he was at that time comfortably off. He numbered amongst his friends most of the clever men of his day, and almost the happiest hours of his life were spent in their company. He dined at two o'clock, and then went out to Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden, where a snug seat in the chimney-corner was reserved for him, and where politicians and men of letters gathered to talk over the events of the day. In the summer Dryden's chair was placed on the balcony, and there, smoking his pipe, and chatting with his friends, he passed much of his leisure time.

James II. came to the throne in 1685, and about the same time Dryden published *The Hind and the Panther*, an allegorical poem in defence of the Roman Catholic religion. He had himself forsaken the English Church, and had become a Romanist, in order, some writers say, to gain favour with the new King. This poem, which is one of his best works, was written at Rushden, in Northamptonshire.

In 1689 came the Revolution. James II. fled from the country, and William of Orange was received as king. This change in the government was unfortunate for Dryden. In 1693 he began his *Translation of Virgil*, and finished it in 1696. Part of it was written at Denham Court, in Buckinghamshire, and part at Burleigh, the home of Lord Exeter.

Four years later, on the 1st of May, 1700, the poet died, after only a few days' serious illness. He was buried in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey, but no monument was placed over his grave until the year 1720, when the Duke of Buckingham ordered one to be erected. The bust of the poet, which is above the monument, was added by the Duchess of Buckingham in 1731.

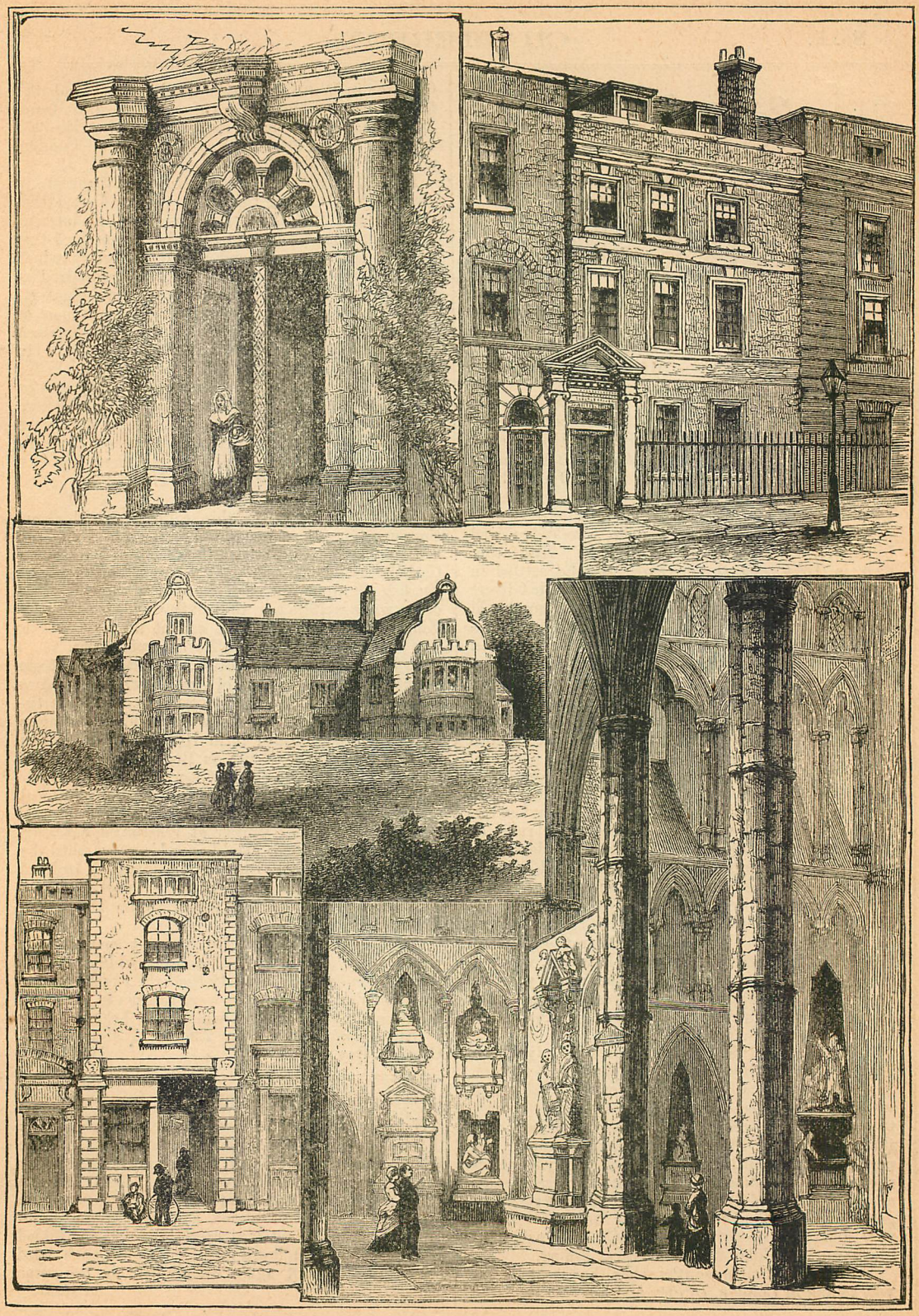
In addition to his plays and longer poems, Dryden wrote many shorter pieces, amongst which the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, and *Alexander's Feast*, are the most popular. These Odes were written in 1687 and 1697 for a musical festival which was held annually in Stationers' Hall on the 22nd of November, St. Cecilia's Day.

H. L. T.

SEALED UP.

IN his younger days Sir Walter Raleigh had a violent temper. Whilst talking with some friends at a tavern one day, he was much annoyed by the remarks of a talkative young fellow, Charles Chester by name. At last Raleigh's patience gave way. He fell upon Chester, and gave him a sound beating; then he laid him upon his back, and sealed his moustache and beard over his mouth with hard wax. He was not again interrupted by the same person.

A. R. B.



BRITISH POETS—JOHN DRYDEN.

Porch of Burleigh House.
Rushdown.
House in Fetter Lane.

House in Gerrard Street.
Poets' Corner.



A POMERANIAN PUPPY.

DURING a visit at the sea-side I saw a remarkable instance of sagacity and affection in a Pomeranian puppy of three months old. His mistress entered a skiff which was to convey her to a yacht, in which she was going to take a sail, and no sooner had the boat left the shore than the tiny animal, which in general showed a great dislike to water, plunged into the sea, and swam boldly after her. But the puppy did not attempt to follow its mistress's sister the next day, when it was her turn to take an excursion.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 71.)

CHAPTER X.—MATCH'EM IN DIFFICULTIES.

'AS for dogs,' said old Robarts, 'there never was a better place for the trainin' of 'em than just this very place as you're master of, Sir Florence; and now there's ne'er a one about the place.'

'There is one,' said Sir Florence. But old Robarts went on without heeding him.

'Young dogs takes a heap of training, and when there's no young thing about the place but just themselves they is a bit wearin'. It's different when there's a light-hearted young gentleman always a-coming to see how they is gettin' on, and spoilin' of 'em tremendous.'

'Is it difficult to teach dogs to fire off popguns and

balance pieces of pudding on their noses?' asked Sir Florence, innocently.

Old Robarts stared.

'That's not the kind of training gentlemen's dogs gets!' he exclaimed; 'but, to be sure, you come from outlandish parts. To think of poor Sir Edward livin' and dyin', as one may say, in them heathenish lands! I'm told there's a power of dancing dogs out there.'

'I never saw any,' said Florence. 'But there's a boy here—I didn't think him a pleasant fellow at first, but I dare say he is—who had a dog in a house down there somewhere,' pointing towards the woods.

The gamekeeper pricked up his ears.

'A boy with a dog! what like was he?'

'An ugly boy, rather,' replied Sir Florence; 'but the dog was uglier. He had light hair—not the dog—and freckles, and funny little blue eyes—a big, thin boy—much bigger than me.'

'Peter Constant is a long boy,' said old Robarts, thoughtfully, 'and has freckles, too: but then he is a good lad, is Peter Constant.'

'Well, so was this boy,' said Florence: 'at least, he didn't look bad, though he was so angry with me for being Sir Florence Gould, and called me a girl. But he was very clever to be able to teach his dog so many tricks. I should like to have the dog: if he is on the estate, he ought to belong to me—oughtn't he?'

'A dog in a house?' repeated old Robarts. 'Now, Sir Florence, do you think you could show me the place?'

'I don't know,' said Florence. 'I don't know the place well.'

'Then, Sir Florence,' said old Robarts, rising and taking down his cap from the nail in the wall on which he had hung it, 'you've come to the right man to teach you. There wasn't a hole or corner, not a rabbit burrow or so much as a blade of grass, which Master Edward didn't know. Many's the summer morning he has brushed the dew off the grass with his light foot, coming to this very cottage with his bright face, bless him! After you, Sir Florence.'

And the two went out together; old Robarts as alert as he had ever been in the days of his vigorous manhood, and Sir Florence, convinced that he had begun his life at Gould Hall as his father would have wished him, by making acquaintance with the gamekeeper.

'My mind's not quite at rest about that Peter Constant,' said old Robarts, as they walked along: 'he's not a bad boy, but he's tricky. He means no harm; but now that the real baronet is at home, I'd be careful, Sir Florence—you are but young, though you are my master, whom I'm bound to respect—which I hope I shall do always—but I'm an old man, and there's things as I understand perhaps better nor my betters.'

'But if it is Peter Constant, he has such a very clever dog,' said Florence, rather plaintively.

'Now I never knew afore as Peter Constant had a dog, or the like of that,' said the gamekeeper. 'My mind misgives me, Sir Florence, that it's even as you say.'

'Aren't my tenants allowed to keep dogs?' asked the young baronet.

'If it was a matter of a pug, or sheep-dog, or so,' said Robarts, 'even a mastiff, if they has the food to give it, I'd not say a word: but there's dogs and dogs, Sir Florence, and a young limb like Peter Constant is sure to have the wrong kind. In a house in the woods, did you say, Sir Florence?'

'Yes, a little wooden house,' said Florence, eagerly. 'The dog was tied to it. Don't you think he must be very tired if he stays there all day? He barked at me; and when the boy came he was angry with him for barking.'

'Like enough,' murmured the gamekeeper.

'Then he was angry with me because I said I was a baronet,' said Florence. 'He behaved very badly, indeed; but I am sure he must be dreadfully sorry now: that's why I want to see him. He must be dreadfully frightened, too: for you know I am his master—am I not?'

'To be sure!' said old Robarts; 'you're master here, now; and it's no wonder that to hear of curs about the place should be tryin' to the feelings of a man who has known three baronets at Gould Hall, and done his duty by them all.'

'But I don't think Match'em was a cur,' said Sir Florence: 'curs aren't so clever, are they? Oh, the boy made him do lots of things, and he gave him his supper, too—he was so hungry!'

At this moment an unmistakable yelp was heard in the midst of the underwood, followed by a stifled bark. Evidently some one had extinguished a too demonstrative dog with a blow or a blanket.

'That's Match'em!' cried Sir Florence joyfully, quickening his pace.

The gamekeeper quickened his at the same time, going forward with long strides, and with a sternness of countenance which boded ill for the luckless Peter Constant and his dog. Florence, however, pressed forward quite unsuspiciously, not knowing what a very effectual revenge he was taking for the slight which had been put upon him.

'Look!' said he, in a loud whisper to the gamekeeper. 'Let's hide here behind this tree, and see what he is doing.'

They had now come quite close to the cleared space which Peter had chosen for his kennel; and it was more from excess of indignant amazement at what he saw, than compliance with his young master's wishes, that old Robarts stood still behind the tree. Peter was so absorbed in feeding the animal that he had not heard the sound of footsteps. Match'em was in a state of vehement wag, every moment he stopped eating to come up to his master and make sure that he was really there; and even when apparently absorbed in the delightful pursuit of discussing a newspaper full of bones he had a way of turning the whites of his eyes to the side on which Peter was standing, which was truly affecting. He had, however, just finished as old Robarts and Sir Florence appeared on the scene, and immediately came up and stood before his master on his hind legs, by way of showing not only his gratitude but also his readiness to begin his studies. Peter was no less ready; and use and wont having made him reckless, he did not attempt to stifle his favourite's yelps of delight, and carried on his instructions in the loud, cheerful key, which succeeds best with pupils, both canine and otherwise.

Florence was too much absorbed in watching the

progress of Match'em's education to notice old Robarts' very far from prepossessing countenance as he watched the dog's antics.

'A dancing dog under my very nose!' he muttered, with reddening brow: 'a pretty state of things to come to! And that Peter Constant—to think of his wheedling me—working in the garden and what not, and all that he might keep a dog in the wood unbeknownst! A nasty low cur as ever I see! And master's no better!'

All the time he was talking he kept fumbling in his pocket for his clasp-knife, and having found it proceeded to cut and prime a very suggestive-looking branch.

'I'll give it him well, see if I don't!' muttered the irate gamekeeper, 'Peter Constant though he is! Peter Constant, indeed! Who's Peter Constant, I should like to know? I wonder at myself, I really do, keeping company with such as him, when I've known my betters! But things must be different now that my young baronet has come to his own. Hallo, there, you young scoundrel! What are you up to? Ho! ho! I've caught you, have I? you young rascal! Take that wretched cur out of that, you rascally young poacher, or it will be the worse for you! Do you hear me?'

And transported with rage, Robarts rushed from behind his ambush, and seizing on the luckless Peter began to belabour him most unmercifully with the rod he had prepared.

Peter was too much astounded at this sudden assault to be able to speak a word. But no sooner had he felt the stinging blows that descended on his shoulders than he sprang up, and twining himself round Robarts' legs, he soon succeeded in freeing himself from the unwelcome contact.

Then he stood at bay with one arm held up in self-defence, and glared at the gamekeeper, who in his turn, overcome with his unwonted exertions, stood, very red in the face, puffing like a whale.

'What do you mean by it?' cried Peter. 'Are you mad? you old fool! or drunk? or what?'

But old Robarts was past speech, and only stood shaking his head and glaring in impotent wrath.

'What do you mean by it?' cried Peter, stamping with rage.

Old Robarts pointed to the dog.

'What's that?' he inquired, in a hoarse tone.

'That,' said Peter, recovering himself a little, 'is an animal—a quadruped—a dog, in fact. Have you never seen one before, old Robarts?'

'A dog!' spluttered the gamekeeper. 'And what business have you with a dog, you young limb! you scoundrel! you poacher?——'

'Stop that!' said Peter; 'you'd better! Why shouldn't I have a dog as well as other folk? He's done no harm. I'd like to know what you mean by it?'

'That's what I mean by it!' shrieked old Robarts, now quite beside himself with rage; and lifting his heavy stick he dealt the unfortunate cur, who had only just descended on his four legs, and was snuffing suspiciously at the gamekeeper's heels, such a blow on the head as at once stretched the creature lifeless—or apparently so—at his feet.

Peter flew at him like a wild cat, but was met by an unexpected obstacle. Sir Florence, who had been perfectly panic-stricken at this to him incomprehensible scene, had thrown himself between the combatants.

'Oh! what are you doing?' he cried. 'Oh, please don't, old Robarts!—oh! don't hurt the dog! please, stop!'

Peter turned to meet this new assailant, and stared at him in blank amazement. Then a look of fierce intelligence came into his face.

'So it's you, is it?' he said slowly. 'And this is your little game? A pretty way of taking your revenge, Sir Florence, or Miss Molly, or whatever your girl's name is! Ugh! you little rat! I'd take and wring your neck for twopence—ay, and I'll do it too, if you don't get out of this!'

'Oh, please,' said Florence, 'I don't know what it's all about. I am not angry with you for having a dog, or for not knowing who I was.'

'As if I cared!' said Peter, with a contemptuous laugh. 'You young jackanapes! Match'em is worth fifty of such milksops as you, and you've been and killed him. Get out of this, or I'll kill you!'

And snatching the stick out of the gamekeeper's hand, he was about to lay it across the young baronet's shoulders, when Robarts caught him, and held him with all the strength of his younger days.

'You scoundrel!' he said in deep tones, very different from those in which he had spoken before; 'for the matter of a dog or a rabbit, or anything of that sort, what's a few blows between you and me? But let me see you lay a finger on my young master, and there'll be as heavy a reckoning to pay as e'er a villain need look for. How dare you speak to Sir Florence Gould like that? how dare you attempt to touch him?' And with each query old Robarts shook the unfortunate Peter till he almost made the teeth rattle in his head.

'Reach me yon stick, Sir Florence,' said Robarts, in the same tone of grave severity; 'I'm bound to teach the young rascal a lesson, to know his betters when he sees 'em, the want of which has brought many a finer lad nor him to the gallows.'

'No, you shall not flog him,' said Sir Florence; who had sat down on the ground and drawn poor Match'em's head on his knee. 'You are cruel, old Robarts! you have killed the dog, and now you want to hurt that boy, when I said I wasn't angry with him! I thought you were a kind man, but you are not, and I don't believe my father cared for you one bit.'

Robarts was thunderstruck, and let Peter go, without thinking of what he was doing. The boy slipped down on his knees, and drew Match'em away from Sir Florence. Poor Match'em! One would have said his dancing days were over, but there was a good deal of life in him yet. He moved his head and feebly wagged his tail as he felt his master's touch, and Peter bent over him and stroked his head, while the tears ran down his face.

'Match'em, old boy, say good-bye before you go. Poor Match'em! and I would have made you so clever! It's a shame! it's a shame! Poor old boy!'

And he sobbed aloud, while Match'em wagged his tail and endeavoured to lick his master's hand.

(*To be continued.*)



"I've caught you, have I? you young rascal!"



Peter shovelling the snow from old Robarts' door.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 79.)

CHAPTER XI.
MATCH'EM THE PEACEMAKER.

ROBARTS and Sir Florence stood by, looking quite crestfallen, as Peter bent over his dog; but Florence was too indignant to remain silent long, and with the ingratitude of youth he turned on the old man, who had been so ready to love him, with flashing eyes.

'It was you killed him!' he cried: 'how dared you do it without my leave? Am I not master here, not you? If I choose to have a dog kept in my wood I will, in spite of you. I like this boy, and I mean him to be my servant. Why should he not have a dog, if I let him? You are unkind, and I don't love you!'

And kneeling beside the unfortunate Match'em he mingled his tears with those of his former enemy.

Old Robarts said not a word, but remained leaning on his stick, with his eyes bent on the ground. It would be hard to say what thoughts were passing through the old man's mind—not pleasant ones, to judge by the way in which he shook his head and muttered to himself.

'Foreign blood!' he said; 'foreign blood! Who would have thought it of Master Edward?'

'Sir Florence,' he said then humbly, lifting his head, 'the dog is not dead, nor near it; I think I can cure it, if you desire me. I ask your pardon humbly, Sir Florence, for doing of my duty a little too ready, perhaps, without your leave. I forgot as I was under orders, and that the new master was not like the old. You see, Sir Florence, I've been here, man and boy, nigh on fifty year; and Master Edward was like a son to me, begging of your pardon for making so free. I forgot as how everything was changed, and old Robarts might as well be dead and gone for all as folk think of him now.'

And the old gamekeeper heaved a heavy sigh.

Florence got up from his knees and looked at him. He was a boy who very seldom had more than one idea—and that a very strong one—in his head at once. Arrogant though many might have thought him, he was essentially generous and warm-hearted. It was his extreme desire to help others which made him assume his childish airs of superiority. Especially did his blood boil at anything like oppression, and old Robarts' treatment of Peter and his dog had almost made him hate the old man. He did not understand the reason of the gamekeeper's anger, and thought it was the arbitrary assertion of an authority which did not properly belong to him. This was quite enough to fire the little baronet. He did not even now quite forgive him, though the tears stood in the old man's eyes, and Florence was too young to understand the full meaning of all he had said.

'You should not have beaten the boy or the dog,' said Sir Florence; 'but I shall not be angry if you cure him. But you must not do it again.'

There was one, however, who understood, and was fully alive to all that was going on. He sprang up in his turn.

'Well, upon my word!' exclaimed Peter Constant, making one of his most wonderful grimaces, 'if that young chap doesn't beat all for coolness, I'm a Dutchman! I say, old Robarts, I'm not going to see you put upon, though you have done for Match'em. Give us a hand, old man. I was wrong—there—but the poor dog never did a ha'porth of harm, nor ever will. He was tied up all day, and as quiet as a weasel asleep. I did not think you'd fly at an old friend like that, taking him unawares as if he was a thief in the night. I wonder who it was cut all your wood for you last winter, and shovelled the snow from your door, and whose sister brought you flowers when your own wouldn't blow? It wasn't kind of you, old man!'

'Say no more, Peter; say no more!' said old Robarts with dignity: 'it shall never be said that I went and forgot old friends for new, though the new is my master whom I am bound to respect, and you too. But, Peter, lad, it was ill done of you to keep a dog under my very nose, and me a gamekeeper—very ill done; and you'll come to the gallows some day if you go on as you've begun!'

'All right,' said Peter; 'I said so, didn't I? But it won't happen again. Poor Match'em!' looking mournfully down at his favourite, 'he wouldn't have strength to "ready, present, fire!" not if it was a piece of plum-pudding.'

'The cur will do well enough,' said old Robarts; 'them sort are not so easy got rid of. But, Peter, there's worse behind. Lad, you'll live to be hung if you've not got any respect for your betters. This is Sir Florence Gould, my master; and your father's one of his tenants, and knows it right well, too. Wasn't he down at my place t'other day to talk over Sir Edward with one as knowed him better nor his best friend? And I've lived to see you attempt to lay a hand on his son, and me to be flouted to my face for a-doin' my duty by him and his father!'

'It is a shame!' said the unabashed Peter. 'True for you, old Robarts. Impudent little chap!'

'Are you both angry with me?' said Sir Florence, facing the two with his grave dark eyes. 'What have I done? I wanted to save your dog and make you friends with me,' addressing Peter; 'and that was why I was angry with you,' turning to Robarts. 'But I did not mean you to be angry, and now you are both unfriends with me, and I shall be quite alone!' And the dark eyes filled with tears as he looked from one to the other.

Peter Constant and old Robarts looked at each other: certainly no such specimen of a baronet had been seen in these parts for many a long day. Then the old gamekeeper, yielding to a sudden impulse, clasped the boy in his arms.

'It is Master Edward's son—God A'mighty bless him!' he exclaimed. 'None but he could look with those eyes! Black or blue, it's the same innocent soul. Don't you go and talk about old Robarts being angered, Sir Florence. You are master here, and may be as masterful as you please, though you are but a baby and me a-totterin' into my grave. Surely it's the good blood that will always have its way, and right it should too!'

Florence struggled to get loose, but not from any ill-will, for he fondled the old man's hand and looked up into his face with an expression of doubt on his own. Evidently the young baronet thought he had been too severe. Then he looked shyly at Peter and held out his hand.

'Please,' he said, 'be friends.'

And Peter, with the awkwardness of a true-born British boy, reddened all over his freckled face, looked at Robarts, who gave him a nudge with his elbow which made him wink, and finally took the baronet's little hand into his own red palm.

'I'm very sorry,' he stammered. 'I didn't mean—I—I—think I was joking—I didn't know——'

And the rest of the apology was lost to posterity, for Match'em, evidently to his own great astonishment, had just succeeded in getting up on his hind-legs, and remained shaking and trembling in every limb, but staunch. To be sure he tumbled down the next moment, and he laid his head on his master's boots with a melancholy sigh; but it showed his mettle, and his master gazed at him with a silent ecstasy.

Robarts stooped down and examined him.

'I'll soon set him on his legs again,' he said, after the examination was over. 'Just you take him up, Peter lad, and carry him to my place. Sir Florence, will you come and see him looked to? Your father doesn't allow you to keep him at home, my lad, does he? Then you just knock him up a bit of a kennel near me, Peter Constant, and we'll see.'

And the gamekeeper, Peter Constant, Sir Florence, and the redoubtable Match'em, walked away, the best friends in the world. To be sure, the two boys looked shy at each other for a time. Florence had begun to have a misgiving that he had not acted rightly by his father's old friend, and was feeling himself a particularly lonely and misguided little fellow: and Peter was too furiously independent to settle down immediately into comfortable relations with a baronet. But their joint ministrations by the bedside of the afflicted Match'em did much to bring them together, and by the time that steadfast animal had recovered sufficiently to shake hands, and manifest a desire to balance the biscuit on his nose, Peter felt very kindly to the little baronet, with his quaint, childish vanity, and grave dark eyes.

'Poor lonely little chap!' said Peter to himself; 'it would be only a charity to put him up to a thing or two.'

And when Florence had seen Peter all but tie himself up into a knot, and heard his imitations of animals and feats of ventriloquism, he thought nobody could have had a more delightful friend, and gradually he laid aside his dignity and became the mere child he was. But Peter, strange to say, the more familiar the little baronet grew with him, the more respectful he became, until at last his manners became so perfect that old Robarts looked at him with no less astonishment than satisfaction.

'He has the makings of a good lad, has Peter Constant,' he reflected, 'if only he can be taught to know a good dog when he sees one, and not to take up with such vagabonds as yon heathenish cur. It's not respectable, and so I shall tell him. Leading away Sir Florence, too, who knows no better, having been used to dancing dogs all his life, poor innocent! But anything to pleasure him, and bring Master Edward's smile to his face, bless him!'

In the meantime the day had worn on, Mr. Thornton had finished his business and come into the library for luncheon, wondering very much in what humour he should find his eccentric young ward. No Sir Florence was there, however, and Mr. Thornton, after waiting for half an hour, went out again with a sigh of relief. But when, in the course of the afternoon, he returned to the house, he was met at one of the French windows by Maddalena, who, all in tears, poured forth a stream of Italian, of which Florence's guardian did not understand a word.

'My good woman,' said Mr. Thornton, 'it is not the least use your talking all that gibberish to me. If you will speak English sensibly, like other people, I may have a chance of making out what you mean. Take your time.'

Maddalena answered volubly in Italian, and Mr. Thornton lost patience.

'Where's Sir Florence?' he inquired, loudly. 'I declare the woman's as obstinate as a mule. These blessed foreigners always are. Where's Sir Florence, I say?'

'Sir Fiorenze! Sir Fiorenze!' shrieked Maddalena, and cried and gesticulated more vehemently than ever.

'Sir Florence has been out all day, sir,' said Reynolds, coming to the rescue, with the tablecloth to be laid for dinner under his arm, 'and has not come in yet. That's what the woman means, sir, I think.'

'I don't believe she knows herself what she means,' said Mr. Thornton. 'What fools these foreigners are! Can't you stop her mouth somehow, Reynolds?'

Reynolds smiled, and proceeded to lay the cloth for dinner.

'Where is Sir Florence?' said Mr. Thornton, impatiently.

'Can't say, sir, I'm sure,' replied the butler.

'Very odd,' said Mr. Thornton, 'that a whole houseful of people can't look after a little fellow like that! I'm surprised at you, Reynolds!'

'Not my business, sir,' said Reynolds.

'Young rascal, he will be getting as bad as my own boys,' growled Mr. Thornton. I've a good mind to wash my hands of him altogether. My good woman,' addressing Maddalena, 'what is the use of making all that noise? You should have looked after your young master better. If that's all you're good for, the sooner you return to your native land the better; you're not worth your salt in this.'

Mr. Thornton was a good-natured man, he would not have hurt poor Maddalena's feelings for the world, which made it all the more delightful that he was able to express himself as strongly as he chose, without doing so. Having relieved himself in this manner, he stepped out of the window to go and look for his charge, but had not got as far as the end of the lawn when he was met by Sir Florence himself, all rosy, and out of breath with running. He rushed up to his guardian, and threw himself on him in true childish fashion.

'Oh, Mr. Thornton, please,' he panted, 'mayn't I



"Alice, there is too much noise here."

have a dog like Match'em? Peter says he knows of a beauty—white with yellow spots—who dances beautifully! Will you buy him for me? I haven't any money. And mayn't Peter help me to teach him? Old Robarts is coming up to-morrow, he says, to see about the kennels in the stable-yard.

Sir Florence stopped, out of breath.

'Hallo!' cried Mr. Thornton, 'our young baronet has tumbled off his stilts! Well done, Sir Florence! you'll be Dick Gould yet, my boy. Yes, my dear, you shall have your dog, and as many Peters and Robartses as the place will hold. But come to dinner now, for it's waiting, and I'm hungry; and here's Ninny howling like the ninny she is. There, go and stop her mouth, do; she thought you were drowned, at least, and I don't understand a word of her jabber. All right, Reynolds; set a chair for Sir Florence.'

(To be continued.)

MRS. BEAVOR'S TROUBLES.

THREE girls whispering and tittering, as girls will whisper and titter; a room that looks like a schoolroom, with its plain furniture and general sternness of appearance; while yet the strange presses and shelves arranged round it gave an idea of something more. This is the scene; but one more personage yet further perplexes the chance-comer—a tall, commanding lady, with a severe look on her face.

'Alice, there is too much noise here; I expect complete silence in the study hour.'

'Mrs. Beavor, we did not mean to talk, but something amused me, and Clara and Lucy were obliged to ask what it was.'



"How I am punished for the wickedness of my youth!"

The speaker had a merry, open expression on her face, and seemed not afraid to meet Mrs. Beavor's reproving glance. The other two girls were more commonplace-looking, and held their heads down.

'I must have obedience to rule,' was the tall lady's next remark; 'you forfeit, therefore, your claim to the next holiday, Alice.' And she disappeared.

At the same moment the clock struck. The study hour was over.

'What a shame, Alice!' said Clara and Lucy in a breath. 'She is awfully hard on you.'

'It is only fair,' said Alice. 'I broke the rule of silence.'

Mrs. Beavor's house was no school, and her girls were not school-girls. 'Nursing Home' was to be seen in large characters over the front of her comfortable red house; and the three girls in the schoolroom were the raw material from which she was forming her good nurses. Besides these, she had two more experienced women, also of gentle birth, who had charge of her sick — Nurse Eleanor and Nurse Joan; and greatly did her young trio long for the day when they, too, should be permitted to drop the *Miss* Alice and *Miss* Clara, and call themselves by the same distinctive appellation.

Meanwhile the training, like all training, was a little tiresome; and Mrs. Beavor was dreadfully strict — needlessly so, Clara and Lucy thought, disliking her in consequence. Alice seemed to have penetrated deeper into the nature of the stern, reserved woman, and to have found the spring of real love below the surface, which made no rules galling to her.

Who was Mrs. Beavor? Rich, and still young, how came she to take up this strange nursing career, which seemed to fill her whole life?

These were questions few could answer. And yet her story is not an uncommon one. A spoiled child,

over-indulged in babyhood; in girlhood defying control, and running away from a kind home with an unworthy husband of her own choosing. After that, remorse and sorrow, and fresh troubles with her own high-spirited daughter, who (strange repetition of the mother's self-will) ended by leaving home, too, and dying in a foreign land.

Poor Mrs. Beavor! though her unkind husband was dead, and she herself had inherited the wealth of her over-indulgent parents, life seemed very sad to her, and only this plan of doing good to her fellow-creatures seemed to keep her up.

In the management of the young girls of the household, at least, she would make no mistake this time. They should be ruled justly but firmly, every ill weed should be rooted up early in them: it would save them from sorrow in after life.

So sternness was the rule of the study, and only the six poor sick folk in the comfortable beds in the south rooms knew the softer side of the handsome matron's character.

There was a new arrival at the Home. A girl, pale and fair-haired, carried up the broad staircase; found destitute and fainting in a poor lodging. Just the case for watchful nursing and building up. Nurse Joan received the patient, and the doctor in charge took down a few notes from the visitor who brought her.

Mrs. Beavor was out with Alice.

A little later she came in, and went to the bedroom where the stranger lay still, in charge of doctor and nurse.

Alice, going quietly upstairs afterwards to her corner of the house, met the doctor looking puzzled and disturbed.

'Mrs. Beavor is unwell,' he said. 'What has distressed her? She hardly looked at the new patient before she burst into tears and rushed from the room. It is so unlike her to give way, that I feel sure she must have been previously upset. Can you explain it?'

But no. Alice had found her companion unusually cheerful during the walk. Her first thought was to hurry to Mrs. Beavor's room.

The door was locked. There was a sound of sobbing within.

'Let me in, please, Mrs. Beavor,' was her entreaty. Then more pressingly, 'Dear, I want to come to you.'

The few tender words did their work. The door was unlocked, and Alice, to her horror, found her usually self-possessed mistress in an agony of tears.

What could be the matter?

It came out in gasps. The dying girl in the stranger's room was her own child, Cecily, of whose death a false rumour had reached her: and whose first glance at her mother had brought a look of terror to her face. 'She did not rightly know me, but she was frightened,' said Mrs. Beavor, 'and now I dare not go near her—I, her own mother! How I am punished for the wickedness of my youth!'

It was a sad sight the grown woman weeping over past sins; she could not rejoice even over the child restored to her. It was all bitterness.

For days it was uncertain whether the new-comer would live, and all that time she was tended by the two nurses and Alice; Dr. Baron, who had been made acquainted with the particulars of the case, recommending Mrs. Beavor to keep away from the sick-room.

There was a sorrow at that time about the poor mistress of the house which touched even Clara and Lucy, and when she told them simply one day the whole story of her self-willed youth, and its bitter fruits, those common-place, but kindly-hearted girls, wept with her, and hearts were knit together in the Nursing Home as they never had been before.

'I shall never think her hard again,' said Clara, afterwards. 'Oh, I hope her daughter will live!'

The sick girl did recover. And when her spirit grew healthy with her body, she asked for her mother, and the two washed out with more tears the painful months of past sin and sorrow.

Nurse Cecily is now an active worker in the household, which is a happier one than it has yet been since its first formation.

Love holds the young ones better in hand than fear ever did. No rules are altered, no discipline relaxed; but somehow the young people in the study do not find themselves constantly fretting against control now that they have seen for themselves the bitter fruits of self-indulgence. H. A. F.

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE ASS, AND THE CUCKOO.

A JACKASS, that a cuckoo met,
Wished her to join in a duet;
But added, that, on second thoughts,
It would be well to try their notes.

The cuckoo thought she could prevail
Upon her friend, the nightingale,
To teach them, for a handsome fee,
Her Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si.

The affair was settled; all night long
The nightingale poured forth her song;
The pupils warbled through the place,
In cuckoo treble and in braying bass.

All, all in vain,
They both complain;
They catch sore throats,
But not the notes.
Say with a sigh
The fault doth lie
In their teacher's want of melody.

So when I've heard it more than once,
Said at our school by some pert dunce,
'Not I—the master is the fool,'
I've thought there might be asses at the school.

BOTH SIDES.

A STUDENT riding being jeered on the way for wearing but one spur, said that if *one* side of his horse went on, it was not likely that the *other* would stay behind.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY had a son—Prince Henry—whom he intensely loved. The prince was wild and dissipated, and as much a despot at heart as his father. He once boasted that, when he became king, he would yoke the English to the plough, like oxen.

The king's plottings, and much of his cruel treatment of his brother Robert, sprang from his strong desire that his son might succeed him on the throne.

Did Prince Henry succeed his father as king?

The people of Normandy and other French territories under the Norman crown rebelled against Henry. The king, by the aid of the Pope, pacified the discontented people by fair promises, and a peace was made, upon which the king and the prince and a great retinue of nobles went to Normandy, to arrange some very important matters of state.

During this state visit, the Norman nobles were induced to recognise, with great pomp, Prince Henry as the successor to the king; and a marriage was contracted for the prince.

In honour of these events, there were gala-days and festivals; and at every scene of rejoicing the prince was the glittering star.

The heart of the king swelled with pride. He had reason to hope that all his plottings, and pilferings of crowns and dominions, were about to end happily. The future seemed almost without a cloud.

One bright day in autumn, after these events, the prince and a gay party prepared to embark for England.

Then came to the king a man by the name of Fitz-Stephen, who said that he was the son of the sea-captain who conveyed the Conqueror to England on the ship with many-coloured sails. He said, also, that he had a beautiful ship, all white, and manned by fifty sea-browned sailors, and that he would deem it a great honour to take the royal party to England.

'I have ordered my ship,' said the king, after a little deliberation; 'but yours shall have the honour of conveying the prince and young nobles to England.'

So the prince, and one hundred and twenty-two nobles, and eighteen ladies of rank, all young, and full of merry life, went on board of the White Ship.

The king sailed away while it was yet day, leaving the prince and his company still in the harbour.

'Now,' said the prince, 'the king has gone, we will have a merry-making. The time is ours, and we can spend it right jovially on the deck of our beautiful ship.'

He then ordered Fitz-Stephen to provide three casks of wine for the fifty sailors. The harbour grew dusky, and the hunter's moon rose, shimmering the wide waters. The wine flowed freely, the nobles danced, and the beautiful ladies joined heartily in the revelries.

The great sea sobbed before and around them, but merry music filled their ears.

At length they shot out of the moonlit harbour. The sailors were excited and half-drunk. The royal party urged them to row with speed, in order to overtake the vessels of the king. Fitz-Stephen was in the same condition as his crew, and steered recklessly.

Soon there came a terrific crash. The White Ship reeled and reeled, but went no further. She had struck upon rocks, and the mirth was turned to wailing and woe.

As the ship was sinking the prince leaped on board a boat. As he was rowed away, he heard his sister calling for help from the deck of the staggering vessel. Putting back, he reached the place just as the White Ship was making her last plunge. Great numbers of the terrified and desperate young men leaped on board of the boat. It overturned, and the prince went down in the deep waters.

Thus in a moment were baffled the purposes of King Henry for so many guilty years; and, of the three hundred souls that made merry in the moonlit harbour of Balfleur, but one survived to tell the dismal tale.

For some days no one dared to approach the king with the dreadful intelligence. At length a little boy was sent to him to break the news, who, weeping, knelt at his feet, and told him that the White Ship was lost, and the prince had perished. The king fell to the floor as dead. The historians tell us that he never smiled again.

I do not greatly pity him; for he lied again, and he stole again, and he made the people suffer again, and I have little doubt that he smiled again, when some plot of his crafty old age had ended to his liking.

Mrs. Hemans, in a short historical poem, tenderly touches on the sorrows of King Henry for the lost prince; and, as I have not alluded to that sorrow in a very charitable spirit, I will quote the stanzas:—

'HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

'The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived,—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death for those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

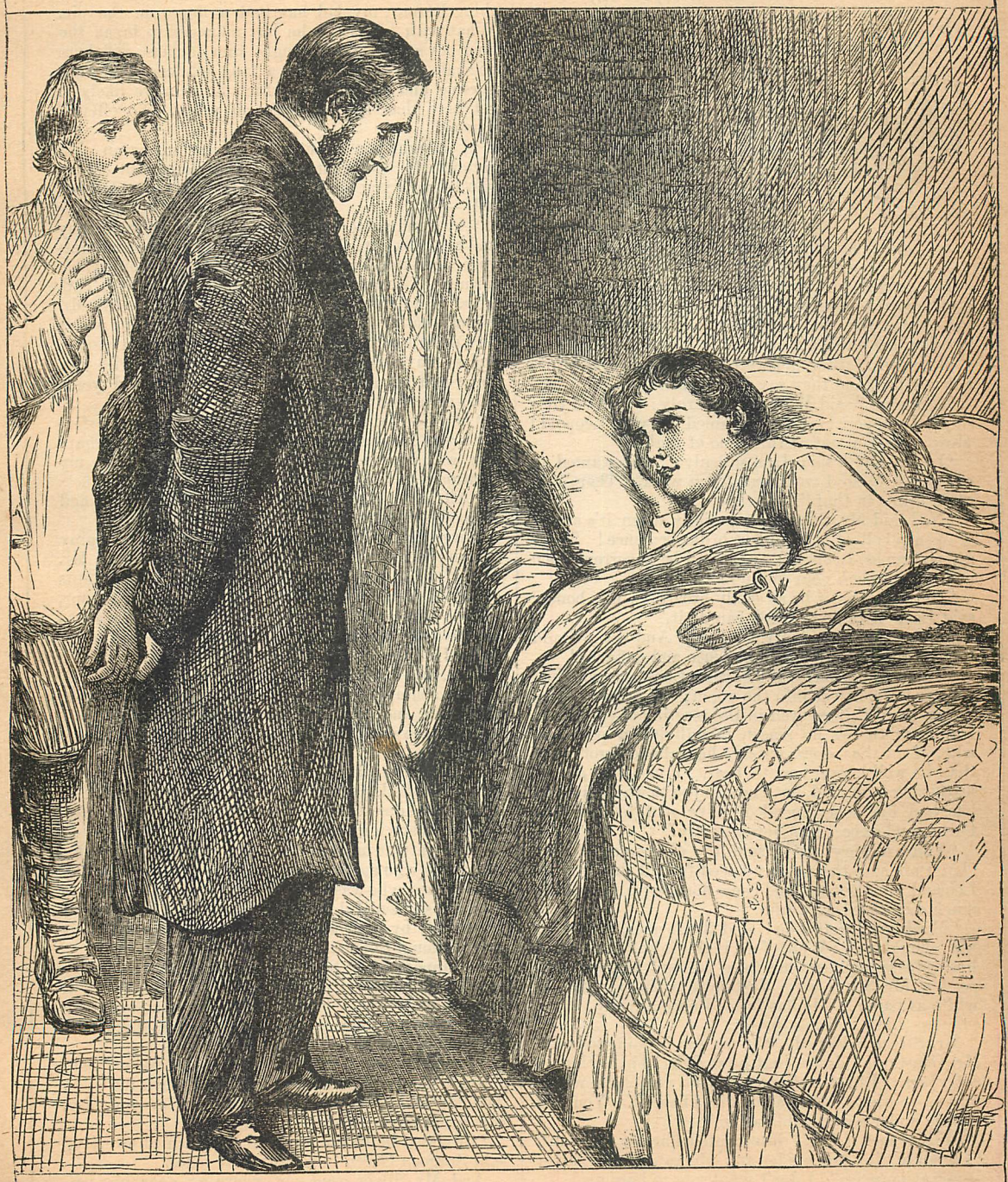
There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!'



King Henry hearing the news of the lost Ship.



"What does this mean, Leopold?"

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 84.)

CHAP. XII.—A BROKEN LEG.

LEO SILVER was not at all sure that even a broken leg would preserve him from the anger of his father at his having broken bounds; and he was not far wrong, for his father came back with Peter, who had been sent to fetch him, and entered the best bedroom, whither Leo had been conveyed, with a very stern face indeed.

'What does this mean, Leopold?' said he, standing tall and inflexible over his son's bedside.

Leo looked up with the same bold face he was accustomed to assume when his father spoke to him; but he was very pale, and the beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

'It means, father,' answered Leo, 'that I fell into a nettle-bed, and they say I've broken my leg.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Silver, sternly; 'bruised your shins, I suppose! I am ashamed of you, Leopold! How came you out at this time of night?'

'I was hot!' said Leo, sullenly; 'and wanted to cool myself; so I went out for a walk. There's no great crime in that!'

'No,' said Mr. Silver; 'especially when it's an act of open rebellion and deliberate disobedience! Those are no crimes, Leopold; and it will be no sorrow when you have broken your mother's heart.'

'Her heart must be as easily broken as my bones,' said Leo, 'if taking a walk can do it.'

'Silence, sir!' said Mr. Silver. 'And do not add to your sin by heartless impudence and defiance.'

'Tut, tut, parson!' said Farmer Constant, who had followed Mr. Silver into the room; 'they say there's reason in all things, even in the roasting of eggs: but I am sure there's no reason in bullying a poor boy who, if he has done wrong, has already got more than he well knows how to bear. I mean to give a leathering to my lad, but I advise you to wait till yours has had his bones mended. I've sent for Surgeon Green, and expect him here directly.'

'You are very good,' said the clergyman coldly; 'but I am sure there was no need for all this trouble. Leopold must get up, and come home with me. I am much displeased with him.'

'Much good that'll do!' said the farmer, shrugging his shoulders. 'Well, for real right-down hard-heartedness commend me to a parson! begging your pardon, Mr. Silver, sir. Just look at the poor lad, as white as paper! He has fainted once already; but I suppose that's nothing to you?'

Mr. Silver reddened. 'If my son is going to be ill, Mr. Constant, I desire that he shall be ill in my house, not yours. I have unfortunately no vehicle in which to remove him. You have a gig, I believe. You will lay me under a great obligation.'

'I'll be shot if I do!' interrupted Farmer Constant. 'I wouldn't lay you under any obligation, Mr. Silver—not at no price. I don't want you to hate me.'

'I don't understand you!' said Mr. Silver, uneasily.

'Now look here, parson, the matter lies in a nut-shell. That boy of yours has had his leg broken—perhaps worse. He may have done wrong or may not; that's a matter between you and him. One thing I know, my lad has had a finger in the pie. What with his tricks he has managed to break the poor boy's leg. I've brought him in here, and here he shall stay. It will be a long job, and he'll want nursing and feeding up; which he is more likely to get here than at yon house of yours. No offence, parson!'

'I thought you objected to lay me under an obligation, Mr. Constant?' said the clergyman coldly. 'To be sure you shall be paid for your trouble; but still ——'

'Ay; and whoever attempts to hand me the money had best look out. He might chance to make acquaintance with the toe of my boot,' said the outspoken farmer. 'Never fear but he'll get his receipt in full, whoever he may be. Didn't you hear me say, Mr. Silver, that my boy had a hand in it? That makes all square between us. I mean to leather him besides, and so may you yours, though I wouldn't advise you. Peter and I understand each other. You and yours don't seem just to hit it off.'

'Mr. Constant,' said Mr. Silver, 'I do not interfere with you in your management of your son; perhaps you will kindly allow me the same liberty in my treatment of mine?'

'All right, parson!' said Farmer Constant; 'and in good time here comes Surgeon Green.'

Surgeon Green was a small man, with a sharp gray eye and a red nose. He looked suspiciously at Mr. Silver, whom, together with the rest of the inhabitants of Middlemere, he did not regard with much favour, and he appeared inclined to believe that he was responsible for the accident which had happened to his son. He pronounced Leo to have in reality broken his leg, and 'lucky it was no worse.'

'It's a simple fracture,' he said, turning to Farmer Constant, and ignoring the father. 'The easiest thing in the world to set to rights if my orders are obeyed.'

'Fire away then!' said the farmer. 'I suppose you want the leg set, sir?' turning to Mr. Silver.

Mr. Silver merely bowed, and Surgeon Green darted another suspicious look at him.

'The patient must not be agitated,' he said sharply. 'Any one who agitates him must be removed.'

Poor Leo, who was by no means one of the boy heroes who are so plentiful in story-books, and so conspicuous in real life by their absence, had begun to shed tears at the thought of what lay before him.

'I suppose I had better go?' said Mr. Silver. 'My son, I am very sorry for your pain. I hope you will bear it as a brave man should; an innocent conscience is what helps us best to bear pain, and that I fear you cannot have.'

'There, go along, parson, into the next room!' said Farmer Constant; 'I'll let you know when it's over. The boy will be as right as a trivet, never you fear, conscience or no conscience.'

'Provided he be not agitated by ill-timed severity,' said Surgeon Green in his sharpest tones.

And Mr. Silver went out, yearning over his son, and yet feeling an unshaken confidence in the justice of his own severe method of education.

On the threshold he was met by Rose, who accosted

him without showing the slightest fear of his grave face. Generally all the Middlemere children fled at the approach of their clergyman; but Rose Constant, from her infancy up, had never been known to fear anybody.

'What are they going to do to poor Master Silver, if you please, sir?' said she.

'They are going to set his leg, which has been broken,' said Mr. Silver.

'Oh!' exclaimed Rose, looking curiously at the clergyman; 'won't it be very painful, sir?'

'I believe—I fear so,' replied Mr. Silver.

'Then he will want some one to hold his hand!' said Rose. 'Will I do instead of his mother, do you think, sir? I can stand very still.'

'But, my dear little girl,' said Mr. Silver, 'it is a very painful thing to see, and you ought not to go in. I am afraid poor Leo will cry very much, perhaps scream. None of my boys are very brave, I think.'

'Boys aren't brave,' said Rose; 'they cry a lot more than girls. But I don't care; at least I shan't care if I think I am doing him any good. Mayn't I go in, sir?'

Mr. Silver hesitated; but at that moment the bedroom door opened, and Farmer Constant looked out with an anxious face, which, however, immediately cleared, when his eyes fell upon Rose.

'Ay, Rose, you'll do!' he exclaimed; 'we want a handy lass here. Come in, my girl; you'll amuse the poor lad——'

'All right, father, I was just coming,' said Rose, with cheerful alacrity. And she limped in on her crutches.

Mr. Silver went into the best parlour, where he was entertained by Mrs. Constant, who stood in great awe of the curate of Middlemere. She was far too respectful a woman to let herself feel even surprised at the behaviour of those whom she looked upon as her betters; but she could not help thinking what her own state of mind would have been had her Peter been in the same predicament as poor Leo Silver, and she felt a mild wonder as she looked upon Mr. Silver's calm demeanour. Mr. Silver would much have preferred being left alone, and so would Mrs. Constant; but neither could have discovered it from the manner of the other. The old grandmother had a dislike to Mr. Silver, and so had retired to the kitchen, where she basked in the glowing heat of an enormous fire, and alternately lectured and condoled with Peter, who had taken refuge beside her.

It was late at night before Mr. Silver was able, after visiting his son, now tolerably comfortable, and kissing him on the forehead, to leave the farm and take his way home, where his wife was anxiously awaiting him. Poor Mrs. Silver cried a good deal when she heard of Leo's sufferings, and did not seem so much impressed as her husband expected with the enormity of his misdemeanour.

'That Peter Constant must be a bad boy,' said she. 'I used rather to like his face and manner at the Sunday school, and to think it wouldn't be so much amiss for the boys to associate with him; but now I shall change my opinion. To think of any boy being so cruel as to break the leg of an innocent child like our darling Leo!'

'Hush, hush, my dear!' said Mr. Silver; 'you forget that I know nothing really about the matter. Leo may have been the first assailant, and really, when he has been so disobedient and so—— '

'Leo wouldn't hurt a fly,' said Mrs. Silver. 'No, no, dear; believe me that Peter Constant is a dangerous boy. Why, as you said yourself, even his own father was going to punish him!'

'I suspect the boy will get off his punishment easily enough,' said Mr. Silver. 'Farmer Constant's bark is worse than his bite. But I must say I am uneasy at Leopold's remaining there. I wonder, could we get him away?'

'John, dear,' said his wife, earnestly, 'be good this time, and accept an obligation we cannot repay.'

'I have no right to accept an obligation from any man,' said Mr. Silver.

'You know, dear, I think you are wrong in this,' said Mrs. Silver, gently.

'As you do in so many other things,' said Mr. Silver, rather bitterly. 'About my management of the boys, for instance: you think me, as they do, a tyrant.'

'John!' said Mrs. Silver, tenderly.

Her husband took the hand she held out to him, and turned away his face.

'Some day they will know,' he said, 'why their father was such a poor, friendless man, and why their youth has been such a joyless one. Joyless! Better a joyless youth than a guilty one!'

'I hope,' said Mrs. Silver cheerily, after a little silence, 'that the boys will know that little baronet—what's his name? That at least is a companionship you will not object to: it will be a real kindness.'

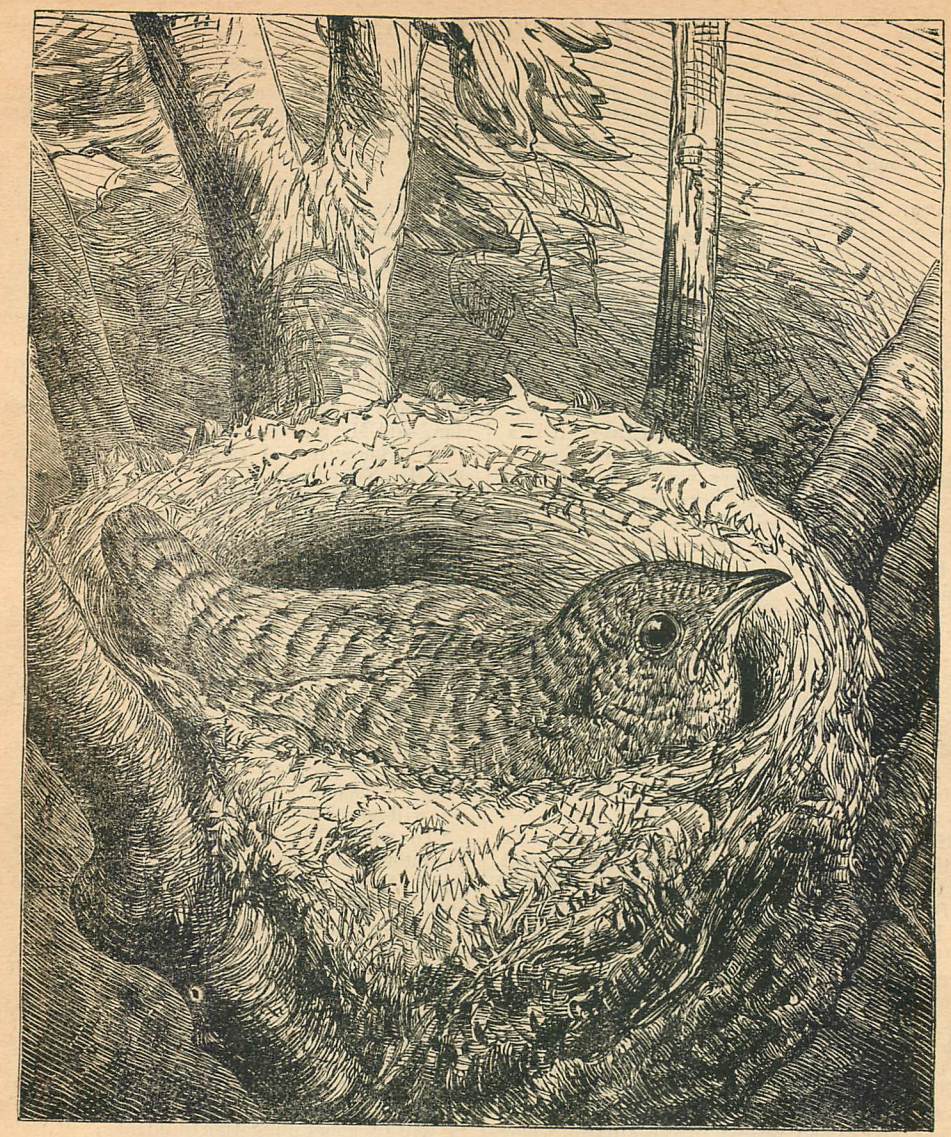
'To whom?' said Mr. Silver. 'Believe me, Mr. Thornton will very soon have other views for his ward. And even if he hadn't, do you think it desirable for a boy like Leopold to have an acquaintanceship with one so much richer than himself? You think me harsh to Leo; you don't know how my heart bled for him to-night—but I would not show it. He had done wrong; he has the most dangerous faults a boy can have—discontent and insubordination. I shudder to see them, you know why, and I would not show the love I felt this evening.'

Mrs. Silver sighed and was silent.

'He must come home,' said Mr. Silver, resolutely. 'I will be under obligation to no man. It weighs on me like a nightmare!'

He sat down by the table and rested his head on his arms. His wife knelt beside him, and what more passed between them belongs to the history of a past which had blighted the joint lives of the curate of Middlemere and his wife, and was bidding fair to do the same for those of his sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Silver went every day to the farm to see how their son was getting on. Mrs. Silver soon became quite at home there. Mr. Silver remained the same always—cold, calm, and severely melancholy. But to the great disgust of the other two Silver boys, they were not allowed to go and see Leo until he had been pronounced quite convalescent. Even Jack was roused by this piece of injustice to declaim with some vehemence from the top of his water-barrel in the garden to an audience consisting of Miles and the very frog which was at the bottom of all the mischief.



Young Cuckoo in Hedge-sparrow's Nest.

Strange to say, the frog had survived not only the treatment it had received at the hands of Jack and Leo, but, what was still more remarkable, the treatment it had since received from Miles. It was now tethered by the leg at the edge of the pond, had been christened 'King Cole,' and was privately the joy of little Miles' heart.

'Oh, I do wonder what poor Leo will say when he comes back!' said Miles, for at least the fiftieth time, while Jack balanced himself on one leg on the top of the water-barrel.

'Nasty beast!' ejaculated Jack—meaning the frog, not Leo. 'I wonder you can be so cruel as to keep him, Miles, seeing that it was he broke Leo's leg.'

'No! did he?' said Miles, opening his eyes. 'I thought it was Peter Constant.'

'That's all you know about it. I say, here's mother; and I'll give her a piece of my mind. You see if I don't.'

Which was a formula Jack Silver often used, and, like most formulas, came to nothing in the end. However, his mind was not wanted this time, for as it happened Mrs. Silver had come to tell them that they might go and see Leo that afternoon—a permission which was greeted with acclamation, but whether owing to brotherly affection and anxiety, or love of novelty, I had rather not inquire.

(To be continued.)

THE CUCKOO.

WARM and temperate climates are the chosen haunts of the Cuckoo. The species of North America build their nests and rear their own young,



while most others do not. The singular habit of the Cuckoo in depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds is too well known to admit of a doubt. The nests usually chosen are those of the hedge-sparrow, titlark, white-throat, wagtail, &c. The egg is very small compared with the size of the Cuckoo, scarcely exceeding that of a common chaffinch.

When the young Cuckoo is hatched, and has acquired a little strength, guided by the instinct of self-preservation it dislodges all its weaker companions by getting under them, and with a short jerk forces them out of the nest: thus it secures to itself the exclusive attention of its foster-parent.

Gilbert White mentions a young Cuckoo found in the nest of a titlark which he describes as being very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing his finger, as he

teased it, for many feet from the nest, and sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock.

Many attempts have been made to keep the Cuckoo alive in captivity. And several have lived, with care, to the middle of winter, when they have died.

The black-billed Cuckoo is more swift in flight than the others. Its food consists chiefly of insects, small fruits, and the eggs and young of small birds. It is very cowardly, and is quickly driven from the neighbourhood of the nest of almost any of the other birds. If a robin, or other bird of equal size, discover a Cuckoo near his nest, he immediately attacks him with loud outcries, pouncing upon him, and pecking with great ferocity. Others of his neighbours who are near join in the attack. The Cuckoo in retreating dives into the cracks of a wall, or the first secure retreat available, very seldom taking to his wings as another bird would do. We have known of a Cuckoo being driven into a barn by a blue bird, who sat perched on a fence outside for several minutes, keeping his enemy prisoner; the Cuckoo, when pursued and captured, preferred being our prisoner to facing his enemy outside.

THE PARTHIANS.



THE Parthians were the most famous archers and horsemen in the world. They were originally a tribe of Scythians, which was a name given by the Greeks and Romans to those nations whom we call Tartars and Turkmanns. Being exiled from their own country, they settled in a district to the north-east of Persia, called Parthia. They were constantly on horseback, and transacted all public business and trade seated in their saddles, as some Tartar tribes do at the present day. Both themselves and their horses were covered with armour, which was composed of steel plates in the shape of feathers; not like that of the Persians, which was like the scales of fishes or reptiles. When going into battle they did not use trumpets to incite their troops to action, as most other nations did, but had kettle-drums hung round with bells. The beating on these drums made such a strange and dismal sound, that it frightened all who were not used to it. They were celebrated for a peculiar mode of fighting; for after attacking the enemy they pretended to fly, at the same time discharging their arrows behind them at their pursuers with deadly effect whilst galloping at full speed; and when they had thus drawn away a portion of their foes from the main body, they would suddenly wheel round and charge again. By this singular mode of fighting they frequently overcame even the highly-disciplined troops of Rome. Their whole pride was in their horses and arms, which were adorned with gold and silver; and the great distinction between themselves and their slaves was that they were always mounted, whilst their servants went on foot.

The Scythian bow was of a curious shape; the handle was not quite in the middle, and one curve, or arc, of the bow was larger than the other: bows of this form are still sometimes seen in the East. The practice of the archers of shooting their arrows behind them whilst retreating gave rise to the well-known saying, 'a Parthian shot.'

Parthia was subject to the Greek kings of Syria, till Arsaces I. threw off the yoke in the year 250 B.C., and laid the foundation of the Parthian empire, which was of immense size, stretching from the river Tigris to India. From the first king all the Parthian kings were called Arsaces, and their dynasty the Arsacidæ.

The Romans, at the height of their power, were never able to subdue the Parthians. In the reign of Orodes (Arsaces XIV.), Crassus, the Roman consul of Syria, thinking to gain an easy victory over them, and to enrich himself with the spoils of the Parthian empire, fitted out an expedition against them in B.C. 53. This was much against the will of the Roman people, who thought it unjust to make war on a nation at peace with them. Just as he was setting out with his army from Hierapolis he was met by the Parthian ambassador, who said, 'that if the army was sent against their king by the people of Rome, he would give no quarter; but if, as he understood, Crassus had invaded his country without the consent of the Romans, and solely to satisfy his own avarice, then he would be more merciful.'

'I will give you my answer at Seleucia,' said Crassus.

The Parthian smiled, and holding out the palm of his hand replied, 'Hair will grow here, Crassus, ere thou wilt see Seleucia.'

So the Parthians returned to their king, Orodes, and told him he must prepare for war.

Now at this time the Romans knew nothing of the Parthians, and thought that, like other Asiatics they had encountered, they could be easily overcome; but when some fugitives told them of their swiftness, how that it was impossible to overtake them when they fled, or escape from their pursuit, and of their terrible arrows that pierced through everything, their courage abated, and the officers of Crassus wished him to go no farther at present, but carefully to consider his plan of campaign. But he was obstinate, and would not be advised; for, even when the King of Armenia joined him with a large body of horse, and counselled him to invade Parthia through Armenia, he coldly rejected his advice and aid, and the king went back to his own country.

Crassus was accompanied by his son, a brave young man, who had the command of the cavalry. The army consisted of seven legions, four thousand horse, and an equal number of light-armed troops. Several incidents occurred that the Romans thought were omens of ill-success; but what alarmed them most was that Crassus said he would destroy the bridge he had built for them to cross the Euphrates, so that none of them might return; and though he saw their fears, he did not explain what he meant.

He now began his march along the Euphrates, but nothing could be seen of the enemy; only the earth was marked with the footprints of horses, as if the Parthians had fled before them; and the Romans, thinking they were cowards, began to despise them. The officers now wished Crassus to halt and refresh his army; but there came to him an Arab, one Ari-

amnes, a cunning, subtle fellow, who persuaded him to leave the high ground by the river, and pursue the Parthians through the desert. So Crassus pushed on, till the Romans found themselves in the midst of a wilderness where there was neither plant nor water, and they saw nothing but heaps of burning sand. Crassus now suspected that he was betrayed; and messengers arrived from the Armenian king, telling him that Orodes had invaded his country, and advising him to turn back and unite with him against the common enemy; and urging him, if he would not do that, never to encamp in open places where he could be surrounded by cavalry, but to keep to the hills. But Crassus was so puffed up with vanity that he only sent him an insolent answer; and Ariamnes still contrived to blind him to his danger, and secretly stole away before his treachery was discovered. Crassus hastened on, till some of his scouts returned, who told him that their companions had been slain and that the enemy was at hand. Consternation spread through the Roman army when they found themselves entrapped in the frightful wilderness of sand, and Crassus drew up his troops in fear and confusion of mind. At first he followed the advice of his officers, and extended his front as far as possible, so as to avoid being surrounded; but changing his plan he formed them into a square, each front being provided with a troop of cavalry. His son commanded one wing, Cassius another, and he himself was in the centre. They then marched on till they came to a little river, where the poor soldiers, who were exhausted with thirst, could drink. But Crassus, instead of halting and letting them refresh themselves and rest, would only suffer them to eat and drink as they stood in their ranks; and, excited by the eagerness of his son to engage the enemy, he hurried them forward ere they had finished their repast.

Soon they came in sight of the enemy, who appeared neither numerous nor well armed; for Surena, the Parthian general, had hidden his best troops behind the front ranks, and commanded them to cover their shining armour with the skins of animals. Suddenly the air was rent with the beating of the kettle-drums, that sounded like cracks of thunder mingled with the bellowing of wild beasts; and the Parthians, throwing off their coverings, appeared before the startled Romans, glittering in polished steel, the brazen trappings of their horses sparkling in the sun. At their head rode Surena, the tallest and handsomest man in the army, and second only in power and dignity to the king himself. Fiercely charging the Romans, they strove to break in the front ranks with their lances; but failing to do so they pretended to flee in disorder, and when the light horse pursued them, they received them with such showers of arrows that they were glad to take refuge behind the heavy-armed troops. The Parthians now divided, and began to shoot at the Romans from every side. Bending their large and flexible bows almost into a circle, and drawing their long barbed arrows to the head, they inflicted dreadful wounds; and whenever the Romans charged them they turned again, shooting their arrows all the while they fled. At first the Romans thought that their arrows would soon be spent, and that then they would get relief from them; but when they discovered that in the rear of the Parthian army there was a train of camels loaded with arrows, and that when the archers had emptied their quivers they went to the rear and filled them again, their courage gave way, for they saw no end of their miseries.

Crassus now ordered his son to charge the enemy before he was quite surrounded; and the young man, taking with him thirteen hundred horse and some companies of the best infantry, charged the Parthians. They instantly fled; and young Crassus, crying out in a loud voice, 'They dare not stand before us!' pursued them at full speed. When he had got too far from the main body to rejoin them, the Parthians wheeled about, and galloping their horses round and round their enemy, raised such clouds of dust and sand, that the Romans, choked and blinded, could neither see nor speak to each other; crowded into a narrow space, and overwhelmed with showers of arrows, they fell on one another, and many of them perished. When Crassus urged the survivors to charge the enemy, they showed him their hands nailed to their shields, and their feet fastened to the ground with arrows, so that they could neither fight nor fly.

Most of these horsemen were Gauls, and very brave; Crassus made a gallant charge with them, and they did wonders of valour. Though tormented by thirst and the burning heat, to which they were so unused, when their horses were killed under them they would run in on the enemy, and seizing their lances, drag them from their horses and throw them to the ground, where they could scarcely stir from the weight of their armour. When their young leader was wounded, they carried him to a sandy hillock, which they thought would be some protection. But here they were worse off than before, for the rising ground exposed every man to the enemy's darts; and seeing all was lost, the friends of young Crassus wished him to try and escape. But declaring that he would never leave so many brave men who had lost their lives for his sake, and being disabled by an arrow from using his right hand, he commanded his armour-bearer to kill him. Most of his officers followed his example, and the rest rushing on the enemy, fell, fighting valiantly to the last.

The Parthians now advanced to the horrid sound of the drums and timbrels to attack the elder Crassus, bearing before them the head of his son on the point of a spear. Though the battle was prolonged till night, so that the Roman General and some of his troops made their escape to Carræ,* the Parthians never left them till Surena had got Crassus into his power, when he was killed, and his head sent to King Orodes in Parthia. Of all the great army he had led into the desert, very few survived this fearful defeat, or escaped the arrows of the Parthians.

The last King of Parthia was Arsaces XXXI., or Artabanus IV. In his reign the Persians revolted, and he lost his life in battle, A.D. 226. The new Persian Empire was then established. The empire of the Parthians came to an end, after having lasted four hundred and seventy-six years, and their name has now disappeared from history. A. R.

* The ancient Haran in Mesopotamia, the city of Abraham.



The Parthians.



Sir Florence in the Window-seat.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from p.* 92.)

CHAPTER XIII.—ADVANCES.

WHEN Jack and Miles entered the room where Leo had spent what seemed both to him and them an immense time, they were surprised to find two other boys quite comfortably established beside him.

Leo was sitting propped up in bed, looking rather white, but otherwise well enough, making a gaudy fly, intended to deceive some youthful fish, for certainly none that had reached maturity would be at all likely to be taken in by it. In the deep window-seat beside his bed sat the quondam enemy of the Silver boys—Peter Constant himself—looking more freckled and shock-headed than ever, and deeply occupied in what looked like a cat's cradle, but was in reality some complication of string which was to blossom out some day in school-time into a feat of jugglery and leger-demain which should render him immortal in his small world, and bring down the master's wrath upon his head. Beside him, in the window-seat, sat a boy whom Miles, with his fair rosy face and little round cropped head, looked on with the deepest amazement. A slender little fellow in black velvet, with a dark pale face, great black eyes, and long black curls hanging over his deep, old-fashioned collar. He was coiled up in a corner of the window-seat, holding a great book in his small dark hands, and reading aloud in a childish voice. The book was the History of England, and the part he was reading was about the battle of Crecy.

'The Black Prince was just sixteen,' he read out, 'and was already among the flower of English chivalry——'

'How stunning!' remarked Leo. 'I say, Constant, wouldn't it be awfully jolly if one could fight battles and go about like those old fellows did, and not have to learn Latin grammar and do Virgil? What do you think, Flo?'

'I think I shall like to learn,' replied Florence. 'Father always wanted me to, and I dare say the Black Prince did too.'

'Here comes the Black Prince himself,' said Leo. 'Hallo, Jack, old fellow! I say, Flo, here's a chap who is full of knights and chivalry—just suit your book. Hallo, Miles! how have you got on without me?'

Miles heaved a sigh. 'Oh, Leo, I wish you were back,' said he; 'there hasn't been any fun since you left. But King Cole is all right. I would have brought him, only Jack says he broke your leg, and so I thought perhaps you mightn't like it. But he didn't, did he? I thought it was Peter Constant.'

'Bosh!' said Leo: 'Peter's the best fellow going. And I wish you could just see his dog Match'em, Miles. Wouldn't you jump clean out of your skin, old man? He is a—something like, and Peter has trained him all himself. He keeps him down at the gamekeeper's cottage in the Gould Hall woods. We'll go there as soon as I'm well.'

Miles opened his blue eyes in amazement; such a vista of unwonted delights was beyond the grasp of his intellect.

'Does father say we may, Leo?' asked Jack, doubtfully.

'Sir Florence Gould does,' said Leo, grandiloquently waving his hand. 'Oh, I forgot! I haven't introduced you—Sir Florence Gould, Mr. John Silver; Mr. John Silver, Sir Florence Gould; Sir Florence Gould, Mr. Miles Silver; Mr. Miles Silver, Sir Florence Gould. Jack, don't look such a fool!' for Jack, unaccustomed to baronets, even such youthful specimens as the one before him, was beginning to blush and look bashful, as he always did in the presence of strangers.

Sir Florence, however, with the childish and foreign courtesy which was natural to him, slipped off his perch, and giving a hand to each said simply, 'I am very glad to see you; I am glad to know Leo's brothers; I hope we shall all know each other now. Do you know Peter Constant?'

For Peter had kept his head obstinately bent over his knots of string ever since the two boys had come in, and refused to look up.

'Oh, no, they never met before! of course not!' said Leo, gravely, 'they never passed each other on the roads, and gazed with leering eyes one upon the other. Oh, dear, no!'

'Didn't they?' said Florence, who took everything quite literally. 'Well, it doesn't matter; now we are all here we can talk, and when Leo is well you can all come to Gould Hall. Mr. Thornton says I may have companions, and I have chosen, first, old Robarts and Peter; and then you, Leo, and your brothers. I am so glad you broke your leg, Leo; at least, I don't mean that——'

'Pray don't apologise,' said Leo; 'I am awfully glad myself. Jack, what is the matter?'

For Jack had seated himself on the very edge of the bed, and was swinging his leg backwards and forwards, looking the very picture of awkwardness and discontent. He kept casting glances at Leo every now and then, and appeared highly to disapprove of the whole proceeding.

'What a muff you are, Leo!' he exclaimed, quite pettishly. 'I suppose it's being ill—though you don't *look* very bad—makes you so silly. You know quite well' (lowering his voice to a stage whisper) 'that we aren't allowed to speak to Peter Constant.'

'I know quite well,' said Leo, sturdily, and the old dark look of determination lowering over his face, 'that old Constant has been precious good to me, taking me in like this, and nursing me, and having Green to look after me. Perhaps you'll say next I mustn't speak to Rose?'

'Rose?' said Jack, helplessly. 'Who is Rose?'

'Rose,' said Leo, 'is my sick-nurse, especially recommended by Green. You should see her, Jack; she's ever such a beauty—humpbacked, goggle-eyed, and exactly like a bolster tied in the middle.'

'Of course you can speak to her, if you want to,' said Jack, with a look of disgust: 'but Peter and that other little chap——'

'Make your mind easy, old fellow,' said Leo, settling himself comfortably back among his pillows. '*I'm* going to know Peter, *you* may do as you like. And as for Flo, why he's a baronet—no end of a swell;

and his guardian—that's old Thornton, you know—is only too glad for him to have somebody to speak to. I believe he went down on his knees to father to beg him to allow Sir Florence Gould the honour of our acquaintance.'

'Stuff!' said Jack. 'I say, what a girl he looks! And yet I shouldn't wonder——'

'That's only because he's come from Italy,' said Leo, with the calmness of superior knowledge: 'they all look like that. But he's plenty of pluck, that little chap—more than Miles, I should say. More than I had when my leg was set, Jack.'

'It must have hurt awfully,' said Jack. 'I'm no end sorry, Leo; but you look all right now, old fellow.'

'Pretty well,' said Leo: 'but my nurse says—the old bolster, you know——'

At this moment the door opened, and a youthful voice outside said,—

'Master Leo, you are talking too much; I must send the young gentlemen away.'

'A likely story!' shouted Leo. 'Come in, Rose, you little humbug! it's all because you want to see the fun. Come in!'

'Oh, Master Leo!' said Rose. But she came in, nevertheless, a cripple on crutches, but with such a broad, honest, rosy, cheerful face, that it seemed to light up the room like a sunbeam.

'Master Leo,' said Rose, arranging his pillows for him, 'you really mustn't, you know—you won't sleep to-night.'

'Sit down, Rose, and don't chatter,' said Leo. 'These are my brothers, Jack and Miles.'

'Flo, do you know why you and we should be friends? It's a conundrum, old boy: do you give it up?'

'Yes,' said Florence, who saw he was expected to say so, but did not in the least know why.

'Because,' said Leo, 'you are Go(u)ld and we are Silver. There, Peter, beat that if you can!'

'I think you are making an ass of yourself,' growled Peter; 'do hold your jaw.'

'Peter!' exclaimed Rose, in a loud and horrified whisper. Rose spent her life in rebuking her brother for his familiarity with Master Leo Silver. She had no occasion to do so with regard to Sir Florence Gould. Peter had, curiously enough, accepted the position assigned to him by the little baronet with the best grace in the world. He had become his faithful attendant and squire, he catered for his amusement, taught him as many of his own accomplishments as he was disposed to learn, placed Match'em at his disposal, and the more familiar the young baronet became with him, the more respectful did Peter Constant—who had never been known within the memory of man to be respectful to anybody—become towards the young baronet. The truth is, that at bottom Peter's was a thoroughly tender nature; and he had grown to love the little orphan boy, so innocent and lonely, in the short time since their meeting in the woods.

With Leo it was quite different. Peter had no longer any dislike towards either him or his brothers, but he treated him with scant ceremony, and could not be brought to address him as 'Master Leo.' Privately he thought him rather a muff, and was disposed to laugh at Rose for making so much of him. Probably this arose from the fact of Mr. Silver's being so little thought of in the parish. Peter shared the universal feeling, which had extended itself also to the curate's sons. Peter would have been very much astonished, or rather indignant, if he had been told that one reason of this was the clergyman's poverty! But so it was. English country villages are often very snobbish, and Middlemere was no exception to the rule. It was well-to-do in itself, had fat farms and pasture-lands, paid its rent regularly, and lived uncommonly well.

Now this was not the sort of place for a shy man like Mr. Silver to come to—one who was poorer than most of his parishioners, and was a gentleman and a scholar, such as there are few. Middlemere could not forgive its curate for wearing a shabby coat and having only a small account at the butcher's. The fact of his being a student, and learned, did not atone for such faults as these. Then he was cold and 'stand-offish,' which to the blunt, outspoken, not to say rather rude inhabitants of Middlemere, were unpardonable faults. Why should a man, who had not a penny to bless himself with, come and read the service for the Visitation of the Sick by the bedside of a man who had a good round sum in the bank? 'There's where it is, you see,' as the villagers said; though what they meant by it was not quite so clear. Then the boys—even they were an offence to the villagers. Everybody knew that Mr. Silver was too poor to send them to boarding-school and college, like the other young gentlemen. Well, there was a very good day school in Middlemere; why could they not go there? But no; for they would have to sit upon the same forms with the sons of farmers and small tradesmen, and they were *gentlemen*, forsooth! So their father must needs keep them at home and teach them himself, as if they were dukes' sons, making them just as 'uppish or stand-offish' as himself! Poor Mr. Silver!

Now all these feelings had been shared by Peter Constant, he could not quite say why. He was beginning to be a little ashamed of them now, especially when he saw how Sir Florence behaved to them; but it takes a long time, even with boys, to settle down into different relations with their fellow-boys.

Rose was different; from the first she had pitied and taken to Leo. She had been always more or less in the habit of speculating about him, especially as to the cause of his gloomy looks, and now that she had him under her care she acted almost as his mother—nay, his grandmother—and not only received his confidences, but administered numerous homilies calculated to improve his general character. And I dare say she had done so, though Leo was discontented and refractory enough, very often, and could not be brought to see that he had acted wrongly against his father the night his leg was broken; still less, that his whole course of conduct was the rebellion of a son against his father. But Rose was hopeful and not too anxious, and Leo could not have been in better hands.

And so there were great elements of friendship in Farmer Constant's home just now.

(*To be continued.*)

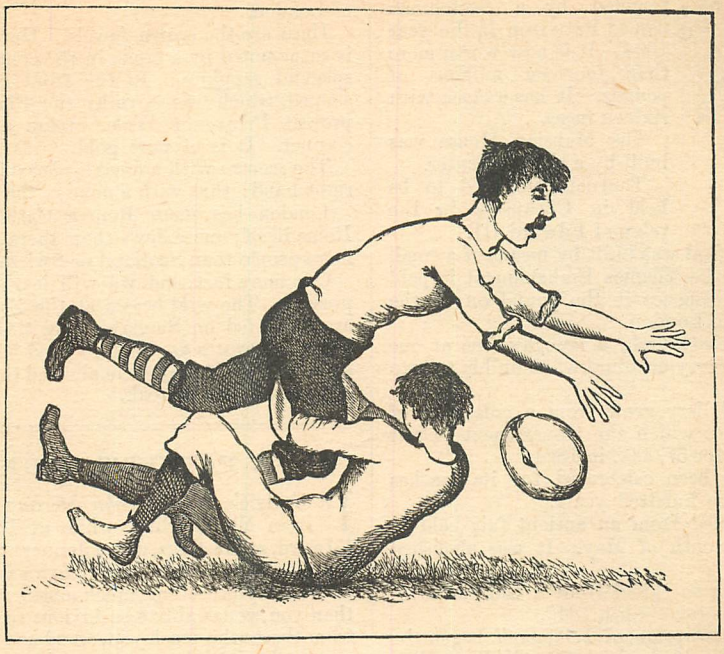


WINTER.

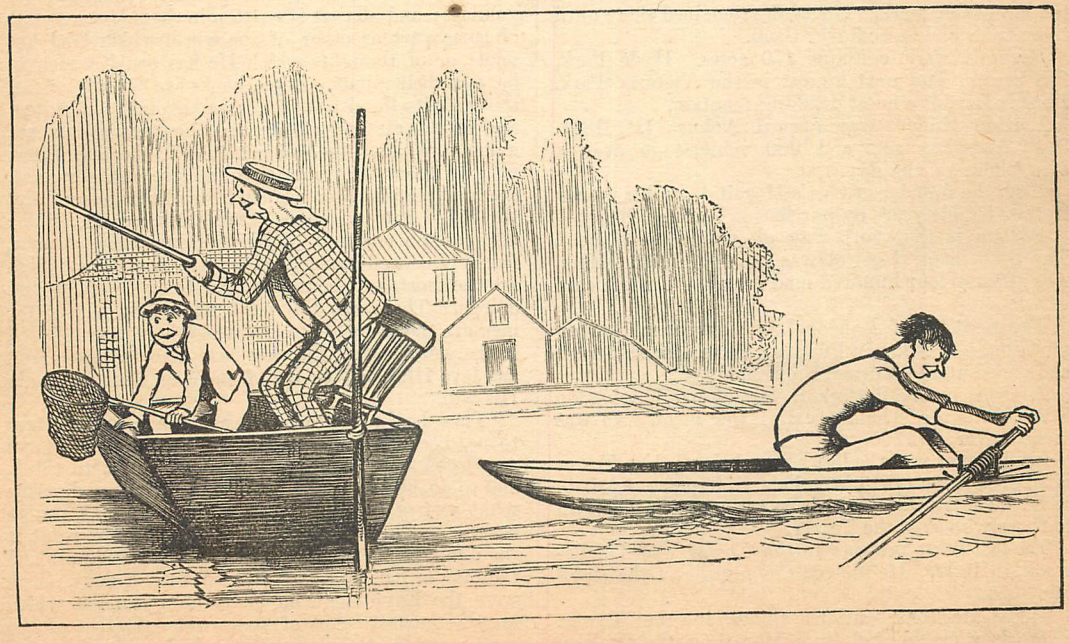
THE mill-wheel's frozen to the stream;
The church is decked with holly;
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen-beam
To fright away melancholy;
Icicles cling in the milkmaid's pail;
Young folk skate in the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the garden-rail;
And hark! how the cold winds blow!

There goes the Squire to shoot at snipe;
Here runs Dick to fetch a log,
You'd say his breath was the smoke of a pipe
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine;
Old and young cough as they go;
The round red sun forgets to shine;
And hark! how the cold winds blow!

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—SPORT.



"Well collared!"



"A happy state of ignorance."

A CHAT ABOUT LONDON.

THE Bank of England was founded by a Scotchman named Patterson in the year 1694. It is now worth more than fourteen millions of pounds. It has a clock with sixteen faces.

The Mansion House was built by a ship-carpenter.

Tournaments used to be held in Cheapside in the reign of Edward III.

St. Paul's Cathedral was built by means of a small tax on coals; and the Thames Embankment is paid for by a rate of threepence in the pound on all the rateable property in London.

At St. Sepulchre's Church, a nosegay was at one time presented to every criminal when on his way to execution.

The National Gallery grew from a collection of thirty-eight pictures which the Government bought of Mr. Angerstein for 57,000*l.* in 1824.

Long Acre has been celebrated for its coaches during the last two hundred years.

Mayfair is so called from an ancient fair held in that spot in the month of May. It was abolished in 1809.

King's Cross was so called from a bad statue of George IV. It was removed in 1842.

A voluntary subscription of 1,330,000*l.* began the East and West India Docks in 1800. William Pitt, the great statesman, laid the first stone.

Execution Dock, at Wapping, was the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers, at the low-water mark. The bodies remained there until three tides had flowed over them.

Regent's Park contains 470 acres. Hyde Park, 388 acres. The next largest is the Victoria Park. Here is London's finest drinking-fountain.

London Bridge was opened August 1st, 1831. 8000 foot-passengers and 900 vehicles go over it every hour of the day.

Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, got his money in the 'bubble year' by purchasing seamen's tickets.

Bedlam is the short way of saying Bethlehem. The Bethlehem Hospital was built in 1246. Here, now, nearly four hundred mad people are taken care of.

The great fire of London broke out on a Sunday morning. It began in Pudding Lane, Tower Street, and ended at Pye Corner, Smithfield.

A river, or small stream, runs down Farringdon Street into the Thames called the Fleet. It was arched over in 1765.

Lord Lovat was the last person beheaded on Tower Hill, or in Great Britain. This took place April 9, 1747. The block on which he suffered is still shown to those who visit the Tower.

The last State prisoner in the Tower was Thistlewood, in 1820. He plotted the murder of the king's ministers.

There are some curious things in the Tower. There is a spear head from Marathon, the cloak on which Wolfe breathed his last at the capture of Quebec; also two kettle-drums from Blenheim.

Here are also ten small cannon, presented to Charles II. when he was a boy by the brass-founders of London.

Here are the crown jewels. Her Majesty's crown is surmounted by a cross, in the centre of which is a splendid sapphire. In the front is a ruby, heart-shaped, which was worn by the Black Prince. The present Prince of Wales wears no jewels in his coronet. It is of pure gold.

The sceptre with a cross is placed in the Sovereign's right hand; that with a dove in the left.

London has more Roman Catholics in it than Rome itself; more Jews than there are in Palestine; more people than Scotland or Switzerland.

One more fact, and we will leave London for the present. The wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens are never fed on Sundays. By this enforced abstinence the brutes are kept in good health; far better, at least, than if they were allowed their usual amount of food without a break.

A FATHER'S COUNSELS.

IN Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* there is a letter from Mr. Sterling, while at Rome, to his son Edward, at Hastings, dated January 21st, 1839, which contains some wise counsels, such as the following:—

'When you see how much more grown people know than you, you ought to be anxious to learn all you can from those who teach you. And as there are so many wise and good things written in books, you ought to try to read early and carefully, that you may learn something of what God has made you able to know. There are libraries containing many thousands of volumes; and all that is written in these is—accounts of some part or other of the world which God has made, or of thoughts which He has enabled men to have in their minds. Some books are descriptions of the earth itself, with its rocks, and ground, and water; and of the air and clouds, and the stars, and moon, and sun, which shine so beautifully in the sky. Some tell you about the things that grow upon the ground, the many millions of plants, from little mosses and threads of grass up to great trees and forests. Some also contain accounts of living things: flies, worms, fishes, birds, and four-legged beasts. And some, which are the most, are about men and their thoughts and doings. These are the most important of all; for men are the best and most wonderful creatures of God in the world, being the only ones able to know Him and love Him, and to try of their own accord to do His will.

'These books about men are also the most important to us, because we ourselves are human beings, and may learn from such books what we ought to think, and to do, and to try to be. Some of them describe what sort of people have lived in old times, and in other countries. By reading them we know what is the difference between ourselves in England now and the famous nations which lived in former days. Such were the Egyptians who built the Pyramids, which are the greatest heaps of stone upon the face of the earth; and the Babylonians, who had a city with huge

walls, built of bricks, having written on them what no one in our time has been able to make out. There were also the Jews, who were the only ancient people that knew how wonderful and how good God is; and the Greeks, who were the wisest of all in thinking about men's lives and hearts, and who knew best how to make fine statues and buildings, and to write wise books.

'By books also we may learn what sort of people the old Romans were, whose chief city was Rome—where I am now,—and how brave and skilful they were in war, and how well they could govern and teach many nations which they had conquered. It is from books, too, that you must learn what kind of men were our ancestors in the northern part of Europe, who belonged to the tribes that did the most towards pulling down the power of the Romans. And you will see in the same way how Christianity was sent among them by God, to make them wiser, and more peaceful, and more noble in their minds; and how all the nations that now are in Europe, and especially the Italians and the Germans, and the French and the English, came to be what they now are.

'It is well worth knowing (and it can be known only by reading) how the Germans found out the printing of books, and what great changes this has made in the world. And everybody in England ought to try to understand how the English came to have their Parliaments and laws, and to have fleets that sail over all seas of the world.

'Besides learning all these things, and a great many more, about different times and countries, you may learn from books what is the truth of God's will, and what are the best and wisest thoughts, and the most beautiful words; and how men are able to lead very right lives, and to do a great deal to better the world.

'I have spent a great part of my life in reading; and I hope you will come to like it as much as I do, and to learn in this way all that I know.

'But it is a still more serious matter that you should try to be obedient and gentle, and to command your temper; and to think of other people's pleasure rather than your own, and of what you ought to do rather than what you like. If you try to be better for all you read, as well as wiser, you will find books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge; and, above all other books, the Bible, which tells us of the will of God, and of the love of Jesus Christ towards God and men.'

MOTHERS.

'LIKE father, like son,' is not always true. Nor do the children of an upright mother always tread in the same paths. Yet no one can read the lives of great men without being struck with the influence their mothers exercised over many. Napoleon I. knew how to value their power.

'What is wanted,' he asked of Madame Campan, 'in order that the youth of France may be well educated?'

'Good mothers,' was the reply.

The Emperor was much struck with the reply.

'Here,' he said, 'is a system of education in two words.' A. R. B.

A MERRY HEART IS BETTER THAN WEALTH AND MONEY.

THERE was once a poor man, a linen-weaver, who sat every day, from earliest dawn, in his workshop hard at work; and as he was one who put his trust in God, to pass away the time he would sing many a hymn or innocent song, according as he felt inclined. And he had so clear and strong a voice that the neighbours required no alarum to wake them in the morning.

But this greatly annoyed a rich merchant who dwelt near him; for he never could sleep before midnight, owing to his anxious thoughts about his money, and very early in the morning he was awoke by this noisy, vexatious sing-song of his neighbour the weaver.

He reflected how he could put an end to this annoyance. He could not forbid it; for singing, like praying and working, is the right of every man in his own house, with which no one can interfere. He must use other means, then.

He sent for the workman, and asked him at what value he estimated his singing.

The workman replied that he thought it was certainly worth a day's wages, as it made the day's work itself so easy to him.

The merchant inquired how much that was.

The man replied; and it certainly was not a large sum which he named.

Then the merchant said he would pay him a month's wages in advance; not for the singing, indeed, but that he should henceforth sing no more, but keep a strict silence. And he laid down the money ready before him.

The weaver thought to himself it could not possibly be easier earned; so he took the money and promised that he would be as still as a mouse in his workshop.

When he got home with the money he counted it out full of joy; and they were all good new coins—more money than he had ever possessed at once in his life before. In the evening, before he went to sleep, he gazed at his treasure for nearly an hour; and at night he put it under his pillow, lest a thief should steal any of it. At midnight he still had it in his head, and thought about what he should do with it. And in the morning when he arose it seemed to weigh down all his limbs like lead—his head was weary with lying awake so anxiously, his hands were heavy and lazy, and refused their usual service.

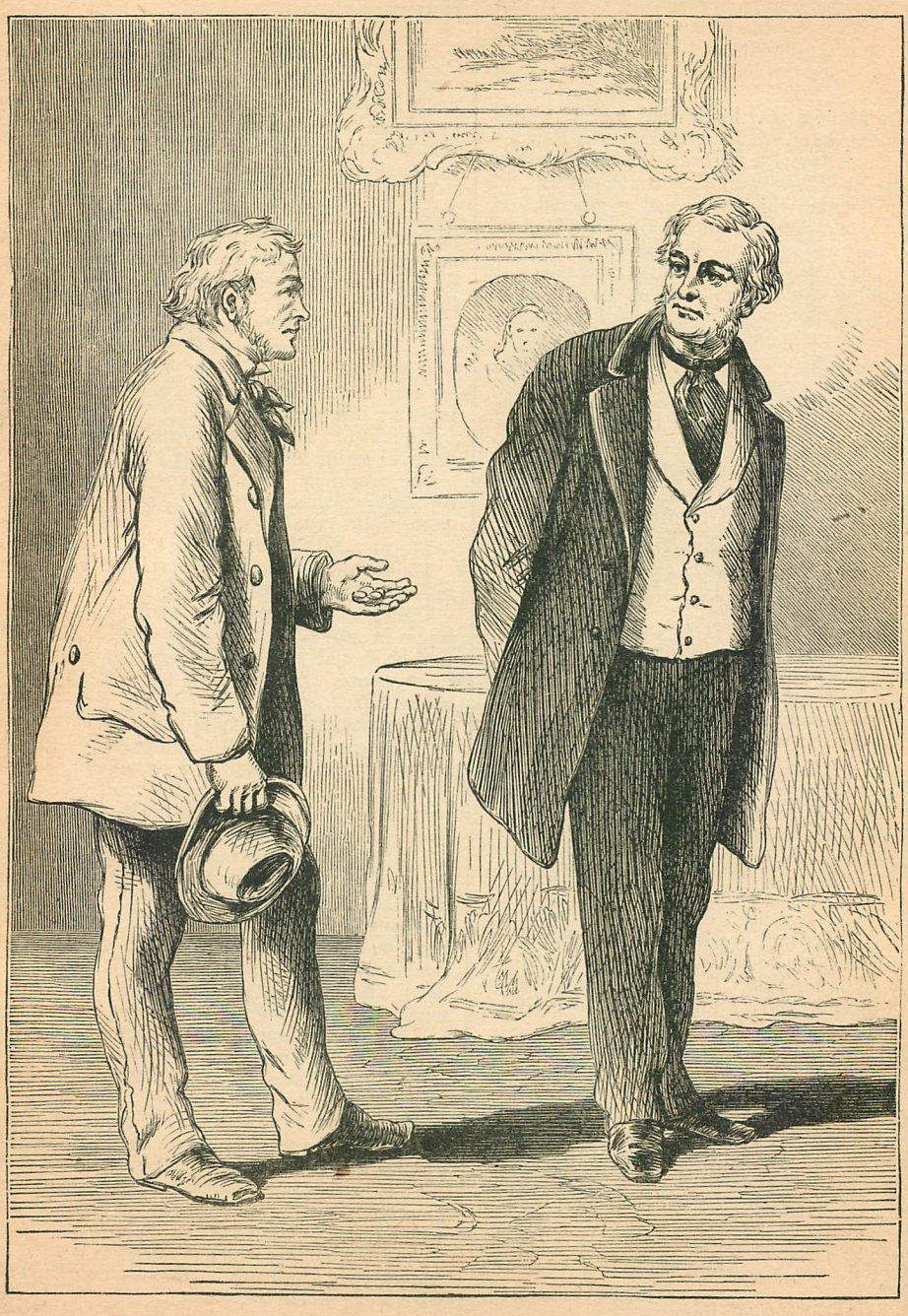
Ah! and he dared not sing!

Time passed away slowly and tediously, so that he could scarcely endure the day. Meanwhile he had been thinking the matter over, and had come to a conclusion; for the man who stood at eight that evening in the merchant's office was the weaver.

'Sir, with your permission,' he said, 'here you have your money back again; it is an evil spirit, which does not allow me to sleep quietly.'

And before the merchant could say a word in reply the weaver was already outside the door, and singing, with a clear, full voice,—

'A fresh and merry heart
Is worth more than money or wealth.
Trilirum, tralirum!'



The Weaver returning the Merchant's Money.



Rose Constant.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

CHAP. XIV.—A NEW ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

AFTER this first meeting of the new friends by Leo's bedside they could not very easily be kept apart again. Sir Florence was always with Peter, and as Peter, for some unexplained reason, kept a great deal with Leo, though snubbing him in a most uncivil manner, those three were often brought together. Jack and Miles had lessons to do, and restrictions of various kinds to encounter, still Mr. Silver could not very well refuse the petition so often presented to him that they might go and see their brother, so that the young Silvers had an uncommonly lively time of it this month of Leo's illness. The party in Leo's bedroom generally fell into the same shape. Peter and Florence occupied the window-seat, Peter absorbed in some manufacture of his own, generally a mysterious arrangement of wires, intended to perform seeming impossibilities; Florence always with a book, from which he read aloud, little caring whether any one listened to him, or not. The book was often history, which Florence liked best, and he gave out the battle-pieces with much vigour and emphasis. Miles was always at Peter's elbow, speechless with awe and admiration, when he was not, as was often the case, engaged in some humble imitation of his own. Jack sat on Leo's bed, also with a book, which he read to himself, only now and then venturing to trouble the company with it. They were well enough pleased when he did, for though it was often poetry—'bosh,' as Leo called it—it was generally a story full of knights and ladies, fairies, giants, and adventures of all sorts. Jack had done with Scott for the present, and had taken to Spenser. He was great also on King Arthur, and was given to dilate on the adventures of that monarch with more enthusiasm than good sense, according to Leo. Florence, however, thought Jack Silver, next to Peter Constant, the most wonderful person of his acquaintance.

Leo was often a discordant member of the society. He was not a reader, his mind was too active and practical. He could not bear history, it reminded him too much of distasteful studies at home; while as for Jack's favourite reading he held it in utter contempt. Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike him, than the dreamy, absent, unpractical turn of Jack's mind. Leo's brain was full of restless, discontented, and gloomy fancies. He was always in rebellion, longing for he knew not what; fiercely active at some times, and sulkily lazy at others. What he wanted he scarcely knew himself—more liberty, more enjoyment, more pocket-money, and more luxury; for though he did not know it, it was Leo who chafed most against the poverty and dreariness of his home. He had time to brood over all his grievances as he lay in bed with his broken limb, and this very often caused him to be extremely fractious, and a rather ungracious member of the community in general.

Rose Constant was his friend and confidant. To her he unfolded most of his woes, and on her he vented a great deal of ill-temper, which she bore placidly. To be sure, hers was by far too sunny and dutiful a nature to be able to enter much into all poor Leo's rebellions and discontents; and she did not hesitate to scold him, and pretty soundly too, for Rose was never one to shrink from speaking her mind. But when she did not scold she listened, and the very sight of her rosy, smiling face, acted as a sort of balm. Besides, she had a pretty way of delivering her homilies—with her hands folded on the top of her crutch, nodding her head, and altogether looking so very grandmotherly and wise. Leo would make fun of her often, and turn her words into ridicule; but she was not to be daunted. When she chose to be serious she would be serious, but when she chose to laugh, then poor Leo had a time of it; for Rose had a certain merry scorn of her own, and was not afraid of inflicting it on her patient.

As Leo got better he grew rather gloomy. In spite of the pain he had suffered, the snubs from Peter and Rose, and the confinement, he had greatly enjoyed his visit to the farm, and loudly lamented the necessity of a return to the White Cottage.

'And I know quite well how it will be,' he grumbled. 'Lessons, lessons, morning, noon, and night, with rowings to no end for moving my big toe, or speaking a request for more dry bread. Ugh, Miles! do you remember which of us used to squeak the highest when we spoke to each other in the evenings? Father used to send us to bed then.'

'I don't wonder,' said Peter; 'why couldn't you talk like rational beings?'

'That's just all you know about it,' said Leo. 'Miles and I know. Don't we, Miles? Why, we squeaked like mice behind the wainscoting on purpose not to make a noise!'

'A pair of you!' grunted Peter.

'Oh yes, Flo,' went on Leo; 'you may open your eyes at me as much as you like, but when I go from here we may shake hands and say good-bye, old fellow, for ever and aye! I say, that's poetry! Jack, I've made a rhyme: do you hear? Put it on my tombstone, Sir Florence Gould, as a tribute of respect to my memory; for as sure as you're alive I shall be dead and bury myself when I go home!'

'Do shut up!' said Jack, indignantly; 'you're a mean sneak, Leo!'

'But you will come to Gould Hall, won't you?' asked Florence, who was looking gravely at Leo over the top of his book.

'Come to Gould Hall!' exclaimed Leo; 'why, it's as much as our lives are worth to go within a mile of the entrance-gates! Father would never even make a short-cut through the grounds. And as for letting us go there——'

'That was before Sir Florence came home, Leo,' said Jack. 'Do be quiet!'

'But it is different now,' said Florence, with his usual calm decision. 'I am master, and if I choose to have you——'

'Cock-a-doodle-do!' exclaimed Leo. 'If father says no, Master Flo (rhyme again, Jack; I declare, it's

quite pathetic), you'll have to say it, too. Do you think he would mind a small fry like you, though you are a baronet?'

'Of course Mr. Silver would,' put in Rose. 'I am sure he's too good a gentleman not to mind a baronet like Master Sir Florence Gould' (this was Rose's original manner of marking her respect for the little baronet; she could not be brought to believe that any mode of address was perfect without the 'Master'), 'and the owner of that fine house and all those fine trees. It wouldn't be natural!'

'Rose, you're a snob!' said Leo, unceremoniously. 'And then there's Peter—as if father would let us go with him! A likely story!'

'Peter is coming to Gould Hall,' said Florence, calmly. 'He will be with me in the library, and in the long empty picture-gallery with a fireplace at each end in the winter. Won't you, Peter?'

'Whatever you please, Sir Florence,' said Peter; and to Leo, 'Don't make a fool of yourself! Once you get out of this I shan't care who you go with.'

'Peter, that's downright uncivil!' said Rose. 'One would think you had never learnt manners. What would father say? For shame!'

'Let him alone,' said Leo; 'manners is twopence extra at school, you know, Rose. He hadn't the twopence, poor fellow!'

'Perhaps you've got it to lend?' said Peter, who had been slightly ruffled by the conversation. Leo, however, kept his temper.

'Don't you be waxy, old boy,' he said; 'the least you can do after knocking a fellow into a nettle-bed and breaking his leg is to be civil to him.'

'That's true,' said Peter: 'I was an ass!'

'How pathetic!' said Leo, with a noisy sigh. 'Well, Jack, what are you staring at? The delights of libraries and picture-galleries with fireplaces at each end are not for us: the best of friends must part.'

'I say,' said Jack, flinging his book to the other end of the room, 'let's have a secret society!'

'A secret what?' asked Leo. 'Bosh!'

'Wait till you hear,' said Jack, with unusual energy. 'We might work it so as to have no end of fun. Father told me a lot about them, and I've read a lot, too—Freemasons, and Brotherhoods, and Red-Cross Knights.'

'I should like to be a Hot-Cross Knight,' broke in Miles. 'Do let's, Leo.'

Leo shouted with laughter. 'Well done, Miles! it would be awfully good fun. Device on shield a hot-cross bun! Go it, Jack!'

But Jack was quite in earnest. 'We might get up a regular brotherhood,' he went on; 'draw up rules and things. Of course it would be quite secret; and then, whether we met or not, Leo, we could always stand by each other, and nobody would know.'

'Oh,' said little Miles, drawing a deep breath, 'how awfully jolly!'

'But what would be the good?' said Leo, doubtfully. 'What could we do?'

'Oh, heaps of things!' said Jack, eagerly. 'Like freemasons and those chaps. Look here, Leo, we could, each of us. Knights,—yes: we could call ourselves Knights—make a secret resolution to do some deed or other, and try all we could to do it. Then we might meet in some secret place or other, and tell each other how we had succeeded, and take new resolutions and oaths, and things.'

'Rather slow!' said Leo; 'but better than nothing, perhaps.'

'Oh, I should like it so much!' said Florence, his black eyes dilating with wonder. 'How *could* you think of it, Jack? Do let us do it!'

Jack Silver was immensely gratified at this approval of the young baronet, and went on with a species of bashful confidence which was highly impressive. 'We must choose a name for ourselves, of course.'

'Oh,' interrupted Miles, plaintively, 'I have thought of such a jolly thing to do. May we do whatever we like, Jack? Only I am afraid I can't.'

'What is it?' said Leo.

Jack was beginning to remonstrate, but Miles had already announced in a loud whisper: 'Teach King Cole to draw a little cardboard carriage.'

This resolution was received with peals of laughter; but Jack was beginning, 'You wretched little muff!' when Peter stopped him by beginning to speak himself—an event sufficiently rare on these occasions to command attention.

'I say, wouldn't it be best to let every fellow choose his own deed, and tell or not, as he pleases? If it's funny like Master Miles's, so much the better; we want fun, don't we?'

'Done!' cried Leo. 'I say, Peter, you are a brick. Go ahead, Jack: what shall we be called? I vote for Miles's Red Cross Knights!'

'We must have liege ladies if we are knights,' said Jack, looking at Rose, who turned as red as her namesake, and began to pay particular attention to the heel of the sock she was knitting.

'Of course we must!' said Leo; 'but as it would be an awful bother each to choose a lady, suppose we all choose the same! Don't be shy, Rose!'

'Oh, Master Leo!' said Rose.

'It'll be something new,' said Jack; 'and we can show posterity how a whole brotherhood of knights can be devoted to one lady without quarrelling. Of course we all know who the lady is—eh, Rose?'

'The Red Rose Knights!' murmured Miles in a fit of absence, staring hard at Rose, who was certainly at that moment a red rose. He was surprised by the shouts of acclamation with which his remark was received.

'The very thing!' exclaimed Jack.

'Well done, Miles!' shouted Leo.

'I meant the Red Cross Knights, or Hot Cross, or something,' said Miles, quite abashed.

'Never mind what you meant,' said Leo; 'it was an inspiration. The Red Rose Knights! Jolly! And now for the rules and oaths and things. Here, I'll do that:—First oath. We swear by the Red Rose to be faithful to the Red Rose, to fight for the Red Rose, and to be the Red Rose Knights all our days. Swear, brothers!'

'We swear,' said they all, Peter leading in a sepulchral voice.

'Second oath. We swear by the Red Rose each to meditate a glorious deed, and to carry it out to the honour and glory of the Red Rose. Swear, brothers!'

'We swear.'

'Third oath. We swear by the Red Rose to keep the brotherhood a secret from everybody not in the



secret' ('Easy done,' murmured Peter), 'and to help and stand by each other in everything, especially in the deeds we have to do. Swear, brothers!'

'How can we?' said Miles, 'when we don't know what they are?'

But he was frowned down, and the chorus rose as before,—

'We swear.'

'Isn't that enough?' said Leo, out of breath. 'I don't think I can make out any more.'

'One more!' said Jack. 'We swear by the Red Rose each to reveal our deed, complete or incomplete, at every meeting of the Red Rose Knights which shall be called, and to keep it a secret beforehand. Swear, brothers!'

'We swear.'

'And now,' said Jack, 'let us all join hands. Rose, you stand in the middle. Come, Peter, you take Sir Florence's hand, and let us repeat the last oath. We swear by the Red Rose to love one another, and help one another, and stand by one another, and defend one another—when one's abused, you know—to the last gasp, whether we meet or whether we don't, and whether we are baronets, farmers' sons, or poor curates. Don't blush, Leo and Peter. Swear by the Red Rose, brothers.'

'We swear!' shouted they all, and loosed hands, greatly to the relief of poor Rose, who slunk into a corner after the ceremony was over.

'And now we have got our deeds to meditate,' said Jack. *(To be continued.)*

A CHILD ASLEEP.

UPON that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee,—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; Sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed: he sleeps nor dreams of harm.
Were not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
E'en at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept. I breathe again!
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

LONGFELLOW.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER. — ATHLETICS.



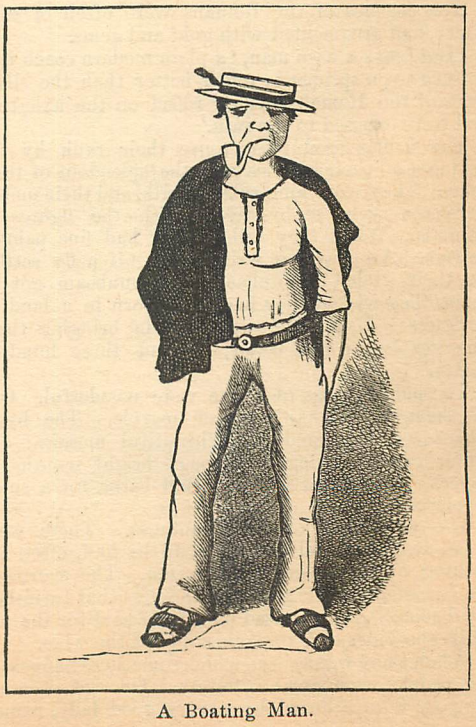
A Good Pace



Five Miles an Hour.



A German on a Walking Tour.



A Boating Man.

A CHAT ABOUT ROME.

THE wall of the old city of Rome, being measured by a skilful and careful architect, was found to be twenty-one miles in length. The form of the city was almost that of a circle. The ground inside became very valuable, and houses used to be built many stories in height. There were dishonest masons, sometimes, who did not much mind how they built, and so the houses now and then fell with a crash, and buried the people in the ruins. In consequence of this a law was made, forbidding a citizen to rear a house higher than seventy feet above the ground.

House rent was very dear, and the poor were crowded in dark and miserable lodgings. We read of the poet Codrus and his wife hiring a wretched garret under the tiles.

In the reign of Theodosius the houses were counted, and there were 48,382 of them. If we allow twenty-five persons to each house, as is the average in Paris, the number of people at Rome was 1,200,000.

Some of the mansions of the rich were large enough to cover several acres, and these stately palaces contained everything that could be wanted in themselves. There were markets, theatres, chapels, fountains, baths, shady groves, and birds of song and plumage gay in aviaries of gilded wire.

The coaches of the Romans were often of solid silver, and ornamented with gold and gems.

'But,' says a wise man, 'a plain modern coach that is hung upon springs is much better than the silver *carts* of the Romans, which rolled on the axle-tree, and were exposed to the rain.'

The nobles used to measure their rank by the loftiness of their coaches and the splendour of their dress. They wore long robes of silk, and their under-garments were embroidered with the figures of animals. When they sailed, they had fine painted galleys. An amusing writer says, 'If a fly settled on their gilded umbrellas, or a sunbeam got at them, they wished they had been born in a land of darkness. If a slave was slow in bringing these fine gentlemen hot water, he had three hundred lashes.'

The public baths of Rome were wonderful. One of them had 1600 seats of marble. The bath-rooms were covered with beautiful mosaics; the water came pouring in through bright mouths of silver. The poorest Roman could bathe for a small copper coin.

The poor had other advantages. There were bread and bacon, oil and wine, to be had, often for nothing, or for a very trifling sum. The acorns of the Lucanian forests fattened the pigs that furnished the bacon. A tax levied on Africa paid for the oil, while the vines of Campania supplied the wine.

When there was a siege, which sometimes happened, the people were great sufferers. On one occasion the poor were relieved by a very good lady, named Læta. She was the widow of an emperor, and she gave up all her princely fortune to the needy.

The worth of Rome in the judgment of one of her conquerors was as follows:—Five thousand pounds of gold; thirty thousand pounds of silver; four thousand robes of silk; three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth; and three thousand pounds weight of pepper. As pepper is grown in the East Indies, this shows how adventurous the Roman sailors must have been in those days, and how large was the commerce of the merchants.

The Roman multitude were very idle, and fond of public shows. Many would pass a sleepless night near the Circus in order to secure a good place. And there they would sit from morning to evening. Four hundred thousand people could be accommodated. Three thousand dancers and three thousand singers used to amuse these vast companies.

But there was a horrible sight often seen in the Circus: that was a battle between men with sharp swords—a real battle. This show was very pleasing to the Romans, and it was usually presented to them after a victory. On Easter Sunday, 403, the barbarous Goths were defeated by Stilicho, a great Roman general. So Honorius, the Emperor, made merry, and called all Rome to the Circus. There were chariot-races, wild-beast hunts, and passages of arms. But this was not enough. The men called gladiators, who were kept to shed their blood for the amusement of the people, came forth to fight and to die.

These men were fearful fellows, and on one occasion eighty of them killed their keepers, broke from the place of their confinement, and filled the streets of Rome with blood and confusion. After an obstinate resistance they were overpowered and cut in pieces by the regular soldiers.

There was a Christian poet, named Prudentius, living at Rome when the Goths were defeated. This man wrote some verses, in which he implored the Emperor not to disgrace the hour of his triumph by the horrible exhibition of men murdering one another. The Emperor, however, was not moved by the poet's lines to stay the combat. It was not pathetic language, but the sacrifice of a noble life, which was destined to banish for ever from the Roman Circus those disgraceful shows.

There was a Christian monk, named Telemachus, then visiting Rome, an Asiatic by birth. When two gladiators had entered the Circus, and were hacking and hewing at each other, the monk leaped into the place where they fought, and endeavoured to separate them. The people were highly irritated at this spoiling of their sport, and they stoned Telemachus to death there and then. But he did not die in vain. His mangled body seemed to speak with a voice of power to the Emperor and his subjects. They honoured the humane monk who had lost his life in discharging his duty, and they felt ashamed of themselves for having killed him; and they received with approval the law which forbade, thenceforward, those shameful scenes of brutal cruelty.

UMBRELLAS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE umbrella, as a protection either against rain or sun, is not only a most familiar friend at home in the present day, but can also claim its ancestors in the times of antiquity. Among the sculptures found at Persepolis is one of a king, or some potentate, over whose head a slave is holding a large umbrella. At another place in Persia some great man is represented looking on at a boar hunt, with his umbrella-bearer behind. At Nineveh there are representations of very handsome sunshades, and the same are found amongst the ruins of ancient Egypt.

In the East at the present day the umbrella or sunshade figures in many grand ceremonials. Niebuhr tells us how in the southern part of Arabia he saw a prince coming back from worship at the mosque. A large band of soldiers went in front, and by the side of himself, and each prince of his large family, was carried a handsome umbrella. In Morocco, too, they may be seen in use, as well as in South America.

It is thought that Italy was the first European country to use umbrellas. In England the fashion began with the gentler sex. The poet Gay thus notices their use:—

'Let Persian dames th'umbrella's rib display
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray,
Or sweating slaves support their shady load,
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilling showers the walking maid.'

But the umbrella in female hands soon became used as a sunshade. Men, too, about one hundred years ago, began to use them as a protection against the rain. But at first those who used them had much to contend with. One, John Macdonald, a footman, who wrote his own life, tells us that when he went out with his 'fine silk umbrella' the people followed him, calling out, 'Frenchman, why don't you take a coach?' But he bravely went on with its use until the people grew accustomed to the sight, and then others followed his example. By the year 1783 umbrellas seem to have been much used even in Scotland.

The umbrella of to-day is a very different thing from that of the last century. Three pounds and a half was not then an uncommon weight for them, whereas now they have come down to a half-a-pound.

A. R. B.

POOR BLUE-BELL.

WHAT could be the matter with the cow? Poor Blue-bell! there she stood, stock still, looking at her beautiful bunch of clover, sniffing at it longingly, but never attempting to eat, wistfully watching us with her great soft eyes, as though she expected help of some kind from our superior sagacity.

'I'm rale vexed about her,' said Mrs. Moir, our good landlady; 'I canna think what ails the puir thing.'

'Send for the veterinary surgeon,' we suggested timidly, not feeling sure whether he would condescend to doctor cows as well as horses.

'He's awa to Stirling Fair, and we canna get him till night,' responded the anxious woman; 'and milk cows canna be neglected. Eh, but there he is! coming along the road; glad am I to see the face of him.'

And in a few minutes more poor Blue-bell was being critically examined. The clover was again presented to her, she was evidently hungry, still she would not eat; it was very mysterious.

'Give me a long, strong cord,' said the doctor; and with this he bound poor Blue-bell's head firmly, but carefully, to the post of the cow-house door; then, after a good deal of struggling on the part of the patient, he contrived to open her mouth and examine the interior. The tongue was terribly swollen, while the palate was scratched, bleeding, and much inflamed.

It was no easy matter to continue his investigations, as Blue-bell began to plunge violently; nevertheless the doctor contrived to get his hand into her mouth; then, after a few moments, he drew it forth, and presented us with a large darning needle which had been deeply fixed in poor Blue-bell's tongue. The relief experienced by the poor cow was immediate, and she at once attempted to eat a mouthful of clover, but the doctor removed it.

'No, no,' he cried; 'nothing but a pailful of warm gruel.'

And with this soothing and healing food Blue-bell was fain to be content.

D. B. McKean.

JENNY WREN.

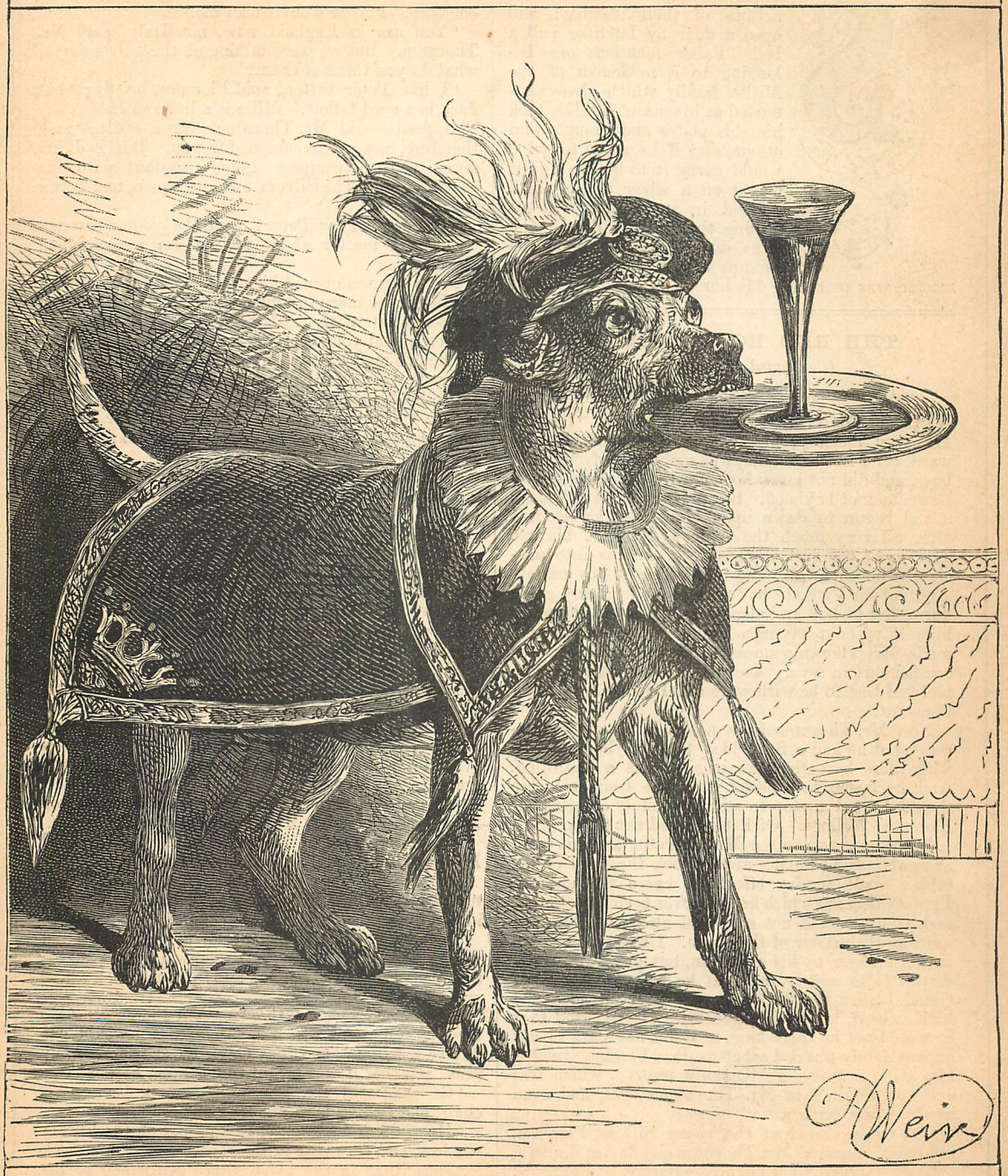
I DON'T quite know why Jenny Wren and Cock Robin are always thought of together, perhaps because of the old picture-book tales which amuse tiny people in the nursery. We do not see the Wren as often as master Robin, but we all like her, and her little, sharp, saucy ways, as she hops out of a hedge before us, and gives just a glance at you with her quick eyes, and then is off again before you have half done looking at her. The little Wren only chirps faintly as it flits among the branches; but when it gives a real song, its voice is clear and strong, much stronger than you would expect from such a wee bird. Wrens' nests are curious things, and they make them in queer places. The form of a nest is round, or oven-shaped, with a hole at the side, and the materials are chiefly dry leaves lined inside with feathers, upon which her pretty little pink-spotted eggs will lie. But don't you touch it, or Mrs. Wren will set to work and build another without minding the trouble.

There is a second kind of Wren which is our smallest English bird, and its tiny eggs are not larger than a pea. This is the Golden-crested Wren, which you may see in your winter walks if you can only get near the fir-trees where it lives. Both the common and the Golden-crested Wren are perfect models of industry and neatness; no family of little birds can be better cared for than theirs, no nests are made with more skill and perfection, thus showing us that even a tiny bird can fulfil the purpose of its creation, and show forth the glory of God Who made it. Are we doing this? are we trying to do our duties well, though they may be only little ones, as well as they *can* be done? Are we trying to do all that God asks of us, and from the wish to please and praise Him?

F. M. S.



The Gold-crested Wren.



Dog carrying Plate. By Harrison Weir.

DOG CARRYING PLATE.

SOMETIMES dogs will imitate the actions of their masters: will open a door by latch or pull a bell. Faber mentions one belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family which always attended at his master's table, took him his plates and brought him others, and if he asked for wine would carry it to him in a glass placed on a silver plate, which it held in its mouth without spilling the smallest drop. The same dog would also hold the stirrups in his teeth whilst his master was mounting his horse.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 108.)

CHAP. XV.—MR. THORNTON IS PERPLEXED.

MR. THORNTON was in a dilemma. He was very much perplexed when he found that his ward, Sir Florence Gould, was so different from other boys, and did not know how exactly to treat so novel a specimen of boyhood. But during the last few days it had begun to dawn upon him that Florence was after all very much the same as others of his age. That is, he was just as capable of getting into mischief, which was Mr. Thornton's idea of boy nature. And yet Sir Florence had not as yet done any great harm, but he had an independent habit of absenting himself without saying where he was going, which made Mr. Thornton uneasy. He chose also his own companions in a very decided manner, and the two he liked best to be with were old Robarts and Peter Constant.

Now Mr. Thornton knew no harm of young Constant, but he had a fixed idea that for boys to mix with those beneath them in rank was a bad thing. And he began to consider how the companionship should be put a stop to without unduly injuring Sir Florence's feelings. Of Peter he did not think.

It was amusing to see Mr. Thornton and his ward at meals. Sir Florence always took the head of the table; made sundry efforts to carve the uncouth English dishes to which he had never been accustomed, and at first could not eat; and altogether behaved quite as the master of the house. He was very polite in his manner to his guardian, but gave him quite distinctly to understand that he was the master of Gould Hall. Mr. Thornton was half offended and half amused, but wholly puzzled. He reflected that he would not be there long, so it did not matter; but he was sorely puzzled what to do. Florence treated him with a grave, gentlemanly reserve, which was quite un-English in Mr. Thornton's eyes, and even inspired him with a sort of awe.

'Do you see much of the young Silvers, Florence, my boy?' inquired Mr. Thornton one day at dinner.

'Yes,' replied Sir Florence, sedately. 'Reynolds, some claret, please.'

'My boys aren't allowed a drop of wine,' said his guardian. 'Water is quite strong enough drink for a boy like you.'

'I never drank water in Italy,' said Florence; 'no one does. Father wouldn't let me.'

'You are in England now, not Italy,' said Mr. Thornton. But we were talking of the Silver boys; what do you think of them?'

'I like Peter better,' said Florence, briefly; 'but Jack is a good fellow. Miles is a little child.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Thornton with a smile; 'and, therefore, not a companion for you. But I didn't mean you to compare Peter Constant with the curate's sons. The Silvers are gentlemen, and better fitted for you.'

'Better fitted for Peter!' said the young baronet. 'It doesn't matter about me. I *am* a gentleman already.'

Mr. Thornton opened his eyes.

'But if you mean to *stay* a gentleman,' said he, 'you must associate with gentlemen. You are but a child, Florence, and your manners require to be formed.'

'Peter's manners are very good,' went on the young baronet; 'except when he speaks to Leo. I don't think he likes the Silvers.'

'No, I'll warrant you he doesn't,' said Mr. Thornton, energetically; 'and would you like to know why, Florence?'

'Yes,' said Florence, looking attentively at his guardian with the grave dark eyes, which always made Mr. Thornton feel uneasy.

'Well, it will just show you what common people often are. Mr. Silver is poor—very poor, Florence. Of course you are too much of a gentleman to think less of him for that, but the Constants do—all that class would. And it's why I don't like you to associate with people beneath you, lest you should imbibe some of their ideas.'

Mr. Thornton thought he had used a very strong argument, and waited anxiously to see the result. Florence looked grave and meditative.

'If Peter has those ideas,' he said at length, 'it's very wrong of him. But I don't think he has. However, I'll talk to him: it is my duty to teach him manners, not he me.'

'But he is a farmer's boy and you a baronet, you little donkey!' cried Mr. Thornton, out of patience.

'Isn't that what it means to be snobbish?' said Florence, innocently. 'I don't want to be snobbish.'

Florence did not mean to be rude, but Mr. Thornton turned red, and looked angry. However, he ended in laughing.

'You are the oddest mixture of arrogance and red republicanism I ever saw,' he exclaimed. 'I wonder is that poor Edward's teaching? He wasn't such a fool when I knew him.'

'Do you mean my father?' asked Florence. 'He used to tell me I was a gentleman, and would one day be a baronet, and that I was never to forget my rank, and that it was meant to teach me lessons.'

'Go on!' said Mr. Thornton, leaning back in his chair, and feeling both annoyed and amused.

'He said,' said Florence, looking out of the library window, and frowning in the earnestness of his recollections, 'that in the olden times gentlemen of my rank had vassals, whom they brought up and taught, and sometimes were cruel to. And knights taught

boys to wait upon them, and grow up to be brave and good like themselves. He said—I can't remember it all, but he made me often repeat it, so I remember some—that now-a-days knights and baronets were different, but still their rank was the same, and their duty was to teach all those under them, and not to be too proud to go with them, but to remember their rank all the same. He told me I might have friends, not as rich and great as myself, if they were good, and I mean to have Peter.'

'Very fine!' said Mr. Thornton. 'And so your mission, you think, is to go about training every lout you come across, and being "hail fellow, well met!" with every beggar on the roadside? Well, I should have given your father credit for more sense.'

'I don't know what a mission means,' said Florence; 'but I mean to have Peter for my friend.'

'Oh, by all means!' said Mr. Thornton. 'I'll take other measures. Now, if it were the Silver boys—Mr. Silver does not allow them to associate with farmers' sons, I can tell you. He knows how to keep himself to himself.'

'Not now, he doesn't,' said Florence eagerly. 'Didn't you know that Leo had broken his leg and is at Farmer Constant's, and Peter and Rose are nursing him? And Jack and Miles come every day to see him, and we are great friends, and mean to——' Florence checked himself, he was nearly breaking one of the oaths of the Red Rose brotherhood.

'Whew!' whistled Mr. Thornton; 'it's time something were done. I'll go down and see Silver tomorrow.'

'But I will have Peter!' cried Florence, flushing up. 'I will, I tell you; and father would say yes, if he were here.'

Florence had now brought himself down to the level of a naughty boy, and Mr. Thornton knew better how to deal with him.

'That is not the way to speak, Florence,' said he, seriously. 'How often have I to remind you that you are only a child, and must be treated like one? Your duty is to obey and submit to your elders. I am trying to do the best I can for you, and I shall not allow myself to be thwarted by your foolish tempers and whims. I tell you that plainly.'

'They are not foolish!' said Florence, struggling with the tears he was too proud to shed, and trembling from head to foot.

'How long, for instance, do you imagine you are going to have holidays?' went on Mr. Thornton severely. 'Do you wish to grow up a dunce?'

'Holidays! What are they?' exclaimed Florence.

Mr. Thornton looked at him gravely and compassionately.

'Do you know what lessons are, Florence?' he asked.

'Yes,' said the boy promptly; 'boys have them in school, don't they, with a flat ruler on the hand?'

'Very often,' said Mr. Thornton, grimly, 'and they are richly deserved. But lessons means learning, Florence—Latin and Greek, and reading, and writing, and ciphering.'

'I know,' said Florence, nodding; 'I used to learn to read, in Italy, Italian and English. And I used to learn poetry by heart, to say to father, and he used to be so pleased. Then, in the evenings, I would read to him about English history, battles and things. Were those lessons? Oh! I did like them so much, but I shall never have them again,' the boy concluded with a sigh.

'Oh yes, you will,' said Mr. Thornton; 'and holidays, too. Holidays mean not learning lessons.'

'Then I shan't like holidays,' said Florence, decisively.

Mr. Thornton smiled. 'Your father was right—I shan't send you to school. I must speak to Silver.'

'And may Peter have lessons, too?' inquired Florence, with much simplicity. 'I have asked him to come up to the Hall in the winter afternoons, and Reynolds shall light a fire at each end of the long picture-gallery, and we can roast chestnuts.'

'Oh! have old Bunks the beggar-man in,' said Mr. Thornton, 'and we'll get out the best silver dinner service for him. There, Florence, you can be off. I am going to be busy.'

Which meant, as Florence knew, that his guardian was tired of his company, and was going to throw a handkerchief over his head and take a nap. So he stole out of the open window, nothing loth, and soon found himself turning in the direction of the gamekeeper's cottage.

Old Robarts had taken out a new lease of life since Sir Edward's son had come to his own. Much as he had loved Master Edward, the blue-eyed, brown-haired, English boy, this child with the raven hair and dark Italian eyes, whom he had at first distrusted, had wound himself still more closely into his heart. There is no love like the love of the old for the young, and no blow more bitter than can be dealt by the young to the old. The gamekeeper's faded gray eyes always lit up with new lustre when Sir Florence came in sight, and all the treasures of the cottage, accumulations of bygone years, were placed at his disposal, and Peter's dog Match'em, now quite recovered and much improved, made to go through all his accomplishments for the baronet's benefit. Old Robarts was as eager now about Match'em's education as any boy.

He came to meet Florence when he saw him coming this evening with his pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole.

'Good evening, Sir Florence! late dinner over?' (Old Robarts was very fond of the boy's having a late dinner.) 'Fine evening for a stroll. Would you like to look at Match'em, Sir Florence? he's in fine order this evening. He's inside, jumping through a ring with them two young chaps.'

'Is Peter there?' said Sir Florence.

'Ay, Peter's there, and a young gent—one of the curate's sons.'

'Not Leo?' said Sir Florence. But at that moment Leo himself came out, having borrowed Rose's crutches to get as far as the gamekeeper's cottage. He had made wonderful progress since the day the new order of knighthood was established, but had not yet ventured so far, and was looking pale and tired.

'Hallo, Flo!' he called out, 'Match'em is prime this evening. Peter is in fits. You look astonished, old boy!'

The gamekeeper shook his head. He did not approve of Sir Florence being called 'old boy.'

'Why, you're walking, Leo!' said Florence; 'how



Match'em performing his Tricks.

jolly! But aren't you tired? you've come such a long way.'

'Very jolly, indeed,' said Leo, looking dark, 'when I'm going home to-morrow, worse luck! That's why I'm here. I knew it was my last chance of a spree. Won't Rose scold to-night! It's rather rough for her, for I stole her crutches. I say, Flo, something's in the wind for you, too, I can tell you—a tutor, or some botheration; won't you open your eyes a bit! Why can't you come and learn with us, I should like to know? If father were worth anything you would.'

'I don't think I shall mind lessons,' said Florence, thoughtfully; 'but——'

'Oh, won't you!' broke in Leo. 'I know better. Wait till you see your tutor. Tell you what, old boy, if he makes himself unpleasant, I'll—— I've got my deed to choose yet, and we shall see what we shall see, Flo, old fellow.' *(To be continued.)*



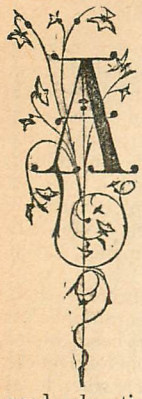
BRITISH POETS.—POPE.

Twickenham Church.
Monument in Twickenham Church.

Grotto.

Windsor Forest and Castle.
Pope's Villa, Twickenham.

ALEXANDER POPE.



ALEXANDER POPE was the son of a London linen-draper, and was born in Lombard Street, London, on the 21st day of May, 1688. At an early age the little Alexander was sent to school at Twyford, near Winchester. He also studied for a short time at a school in London, and then, when he was only twelve years old, returned to his father's house.

He was a very delicate boy, and perhaps it was on account of his poor health that his parents did not see fit to send him to college. But although he had not the advantage of a really good education, he made up this loss by working diligently at home. His father had by this time retired from business, and had bought a house at Binfield, close to Windsor Forest. Here Alexander lived until he was twenty-eight, employing his time in learning various languages, and in reading all the best authors in each.

His first poem, the *Ode to Solitude*, was written when he was still quite a child. At sixteen he wrote the *Pastorals*, and the manuscript, being shown at the London coffee-houses, drew the attention of the clever men who frequented them to the new poet. They received the lad very kindly, and he soon became acquainted with Addison, Swift, Steele, and many other celebrated writers. It is almost a wonder that praise from such men at this early period of his life did did not turn Pope's head; but he had the good sense to take it simply as an encouragement, and pursued his studies with more energy than ever, in order that his friends might not be disappointed with his writings.

The *Pastorals* were published in 1709, and two years afterwards were followed by the famous *Essay on Criticism*, and *The Rape of the Lock*. The latter is considered to be one of Pope's best poems, and was written in consequence of a quarrel betweeen a young lady named Arabella Fermor and her lover, Lord Petre. Lord Petre had stolen one of Miss Fermor's ringlets, and the lady was so much annoyed at the theft that a coolness arose between her family and that of Lord Petre. Pope thought the quarrel a foolish one, and sent this poem to Miss Fermor in the hope that it would make her laugh at her own folly, and so induce her to forgive Lord Petre's offence.

In 1712 Pope began his *Translation of Homer*, and finished it in 1725. For this work he received eight thousand pounds, which seems an immense sum when we remember that sixty years before Milton's *Paradise Lost* had brought its author only *twenty* pounds. With this money Pope bought a villa at Twickenham, surrounded by five acres of land. The house stood on the bank of the Thames, and the public highway divided the grounds into two parts. Pope did not like crossing this road to get from one end of his garden to the other; so he made a passage *under* the road, with a grotto-like opening facing the river. He was very fond of this passage and grotto, and amused himself in his leisure hours by carefully decorating them with shells and curious stones. He also enlarged his house, and spent much time in laying out his garden, and in planting trees, of which he wrote to a friend, 'They will indeed outlive me, but I am pleased to think my trees will afford fruit and shade to others when I shall want them no more.'

To this pleasant home he brought his father and mother, to whom he had always been a most affectionate and dutiful son. His father died in the following year, but his mother lived there until 1733, when she died at the age of ninety-three, having had the satisfaction of seeing her dearly-loved son rise from a comparatively lowly station to be treated as a friend and equal by the greatest men of his time.

His friends were so numerous that it is impossible to mention all, but the three with whom he was most intimate were the poet Gay, Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke. For some time he was deeply attached to the witty and accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who also came to live at Twickenham; but having quarrelled with her, he spoke of her with such angry bitterness that Lady Mary called him 'the wicked wasp of Twickenham.'

During his life at Twickenham Pope wrote the *Dunciad*, a satirical poem, which was published in 1728; the *Essay on Man*, which appeared in four successive parts between 1732 and 1734; several poems in imitation of various authors, and a number of miscellaneous pieces. *The Temple of Fame* and *Gloisa to Abelard* are perhaps the most popular of his shorter poems, and were both written at Binfield.

From a delicate boy the poet had grown into a delicate, feeble man. His figure was so small and slight that he describes himself as the 'little spider;' and in the latter part of his life his body became so weak that he could not stand upright without the support of canvas stays. He never at any time enjoyed good health, and his temper in consequence was peevish and fretful. But in spite of this he had 'scarcely a friend who was not a friend for life,' and he must always be remembered as a loving and dutiful son. He suffered greatly from asthma for several years, and this and other ailments brought him into such a weak condition that his attendants were unable to tell the exact moment at which his death took place.

He died on the 30th of May, 1744, having completed his fifty-sixth year nine days before. He was buried with his parents in the church at Twickenham. In 1761 a monument was erected to his memory by his old friend Warburton, bishop of Gloucester. It consists of a tablet of gray marble placed upon the wall of the church, and bears a medallion portrait of the poet, together with inscriptions in Latin and English.

H. L. T.

'BUSINESS TO-MORROW.'

WAS there ever clearer proof of the dangers of delay than is found in Plutarch's story of the Theban magistrate? Whilst reclining amidst a merry party, despatches were handed to him which gave news of a plot against his life. 'Business to-morrow!' he cried, thrusting the packet out of sight. One of the company urged him to open it, but he refused. He never lived to open that packet on the following day. The plot was ripe for action, and he fell by it, whilst the news sent to place him on his guard lay neglected and unread.

A. R. B.

MORAL MAXIMS OF THE NORSE OR NORTH MEN.

VICES and virtues are borne by the sons of men blended in the breast; no man is so good that his faults do not follow him; no one so bad that he is good for nothing.

A FRIEND more trustworthy can no man have than a good understanding.

HAPPY he who has law and understanding of himself while he lives; for evil counsel has been often found in the breast of another.

ONE'S own home is the best, though little it may be; every man is master in his own house. Though he have but two goats and a cottage thatched with boughs, it is better than begging.

THIS I counsel thee secondly, that thou swear not an oath unless it be true; cruel fetters shall bind the traitors; wretched is he who breaks an oath.

HAST thou a friend in whom thou hast full confidence, and thou wilt receive good from him, then mingle thy thoughts with his, exchange gifts with him, and visit him often.

NEVER be the first to break off rashly from thy friend. Sorrow consumes the heart when thou hast no one to whom thou canst open thy whole mind.

IF thou wilt find a good wife, to be a pleasant companion and to bring thee joy, make fair promises, but hold them in good faith; no one is made weary with good.

LAUGH not at the gray-haired speaker. That is often good which the aged have to say. Often from the wrinkled skin come forth words of wisdom.

SCOFF not the guest nor spit upon him from the window! Be kind to the poor.

No heavier burden is borne by man than immoderate drinking; nor is ale so good as it is said for the sons of men. The more one drinks the less he knows, until his understanding is gone.

THE bird of forgetfulness hovers over the drinking-room and steals away the senses of men.

THE herd knows when to go home, and it leaves the pasture; but the foolish man knows not the measure of his stomach.

THE gluttonous man, unless he make use of his reason, eats his own death. To the wise the stomach of the stupid man often brings laughter.

BEAR thyself irreproachably towards thy kinsfolk; be slow to avenge thyself on them, even though they injure thee: this, it is said, will profit thee in death.

CAREFULLY gather up the dead wherever on earth thou mayst find them, whether they have died by sickness, by the sea, or by arms. Raise up a mound for the departed, wash the hands and head, comb and dry it before it is laid in the coffin, and pray for it to sleep in peace.

RICHES depart, kindred die, man himself dies also; but a good name dies never for him who has gained it.

RICHES depart, kindred die, man himself dies also; but one thing I know of which never dies—the Judgment of the Dead.

'WHO STOLE THE BEEF?'

MANY persons think it cruel to teach dogs to perform tricks. I cannot see any cruelty if great patience and gentleness are used, and the little scholar be rewarded with a biscuit when his lesson is over. Our dog Fuzzie was an apt scholar, very intelligent and affectionate. He was a white woolly dog, with his tail curled over his back, and a rounded muzzle. His nose was his only bad point, it certainly was not black as it should have been. We only taught him to go through one performance, but he did it very well.

He was first asked, 'Who stole the beef?' when, immediately assuming a penitential appearance, he sat upon his hind legs and, turning aside his head, waved his paws up and down as though beseeching forgiveness. He was then ordered to go to the corner, when he at once hopped across the room, still on his hind legs, and crushed himself up as close as possible to the wall. It would be difficult to describe the air of hypocritical penitence which he could assume for the occasion. He remained in the corner with much gravity until he was commanded to come and 'beg pardon.' Once more he hopped across the room to his master, gently li ·ed his hand, and the performance was over.

When ne died at the age of thirteen years he was deeply regretted, not only by ourselves, but by many juvenile friends. D. B. MCKEAN.

THE LARK.

THIS is one of the earliest spring birds of song, and continues its warblings for the whole summer months, but becomes quite mute in winter, and is one of the few birds which chant on the wing. It sings with greatest energy in the morning, and has been the theme of poets in all ages, and is, perhaps, more listened to during its aerial flights than almost any other bird.

The lark makes its nest on the ground, between two clods of earth, or scrapes a hollow cavity in the soil, and there it deposits four dirty-white eggs, which are blotched and spotted with brown. It begins the business of sitting early in May, and if its first nests are destroyed it will lay so late as September.

Mr. Jesse asserts that when the lark is disturbed while sitting, it will remove its eggs from its nest to some place of greater security; 'and this change,' he says, 'I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. When one of my mowers first told me that he had observed the fact I was not inclined to believe it: but I have since ascertained, beyond doubt, that such is the case, and I now mention it as another strong proof of that order in nature, by means of which this affectionate bird is enabled to protect its forthcoming offspring. I call it affectionate, because few birds show so strong an attachment for their young.' He adds, 'Since this was written, I have had a further opportunity of observing the fact, respecting larks removing their eggs; and a friend informed me, that when he was recently in Scotland a shepherd mentioned that he had seen it done.'



The Lark. By Harrison Weir.



Harry's Exploit.

HARRY'S EXPLOIT.

'COME, Anna,' said Harry, with laughter-lit eyes,
'Let us give our old nurse such a shock of surprise;
You run for a basin, I'll mount on a chair—
Now fill it with water, and place it just there.

'Who says I can't wash myself? Give me the soap.
You don't think me stupid now, Anna, I hope?
When nurse comes upstairs how she'll wonder to see
My face and my hands just as clean as can be!'

'Oh, Harry,' cried Anna, 'I pray you take care!
Remember you stand on the broken-legged chair;
Now, darling, be steady, I'll dry your wee face,
Or nurse will declare that we're both in disgrace.'

But Harry was playful, and could not be still,
While Anna was rubbing with hearty goodwill;
So when the good nurse came upstairs to her tea,
She lifted her hands, and she cried, 'Deary me!'

For there lay our hero, all flat on the ground,
With cold soapy water he nearly was drowned;
While Anna was hopping from table to chair,
And picking her steps through the puddle with care.

Nurse picked up her boy, and undressed him at once.
'Oh, Harry,' she cried, 'you're a sad little dunce!
And, Anna, your frock is a sight to behold;
You must both go to bed, or you're sure to catch cold.'

When Harry was laid with his sister in bed,
He whispered to Anna—'twas this that he said:
'The next time we're left in the nursery, I own
That we'd better leave basin and water alone!'

D. B. McKEAN.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

CHAPTER XVI.—MR. PARRY.

WHEN Mr. Thornton went down to the White Cottage to see Mr. Silver about his ward, as he intended, he found him in the bare little cell he dignified with the name of a study, with his two elder boys at the table beside him with their books, and an unknown young man. Mr. Thornton stopped on the threshold.

'Busy, Silver?' he called out in his cheery tone. 'I'll call later, if I may.'

'No,' said Mr. Silver, rising in his accustomed distant manner. 'It is your business, Mr. Thornton. This is Philip Parry.'

The unknown young man, who was a tall, fair, short-sighted youth, with a shy, hesitating manner, rose hastily, and with an air of some relief.

'Oh! ah!' said Mr. Thornton, holding out his hand, as if he had known Philip Parry all his life, instead of not having the remotest idea who he was. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Parry. When did you—ahem—arrive?

'About half an hour ago,' answered Mr. Parry, in a mild squeaky voice. Leo gave a derisive snort, and Jack giggled.

'Boys, be quiet!' said Mr. Silver, sternly. 'Leopold, go on with your studies.'

'So that's our young friend who broke his leg?' said Mr. Thornton, looking at him. 'How is he, Silver? You have got him home and back at work, I see. That's well.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Silver, 'Farmer Constant and his wife and daughter have been very kind.'

'Now about my ward,' said Mr. Thornton, 'I begin to think he is the most obstinate young cub——' Mr. Silver glanced involuntarily at the stranger, and Mr. Thornton stopped short, as a light broke in upon him.

'Oh, this is the young gentleman!' he exclaimed. 'I had forgotten. The—the—tutor for my ward?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Silver. 'Philip Parry is the son of a friend, a brother-clergyman, of mine. He wishes, very laudably, instead of costing his father so much at college, to take a tutorship for the present. He is the eldest of a large family.'

Mr. Parry fidgeted and turned pink all over; Jack blushed for company, and Leo frowned and stared harder than ever. He conceived a strong aversion for the poor young tutor on the spot, there being nothing in the world Leo Silver disliked so much as poverty.

'Oh, ah!' said Mr. Thornton, 'very good, and—and—proper. Well, Mr. Parry, you heard me say just now that my ward is an obstinate young cub, and so he is; but you must not misunderstand me. He is a very gentlemanly, well-principled lad, but he has had a peculiar education, and has peculiar notions, which I want eradicated if possible. He is only eleven years old, so your task will be comparatively easy—a little firmness.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Parry, with the mild self-assertion of a rather determined mouse. 'I have been accustomed to manage my young brothers.'

Mr. Parry's brothers, as it happened, were so many copies of himself—only a little tamer.

'That's well,' said Mr. Thornton: 'then you are accustomed to boys. Your home will be at Gould Hall. You know that your pupil is Sir Florence Gould, of Gould Hall?'

'Yes,' murmured Mr. Parry, not quite so boldly as before.

'It is a great, big house, and you will probably only inhabit a portion of it; but I hope you will not be lonely, you will have Mr. Silver and his sons for companions.'

Leo snorted again, and in the extremity of his indignation nudged Jack, who tittered.

'Boys!' said Mr. Silver, coldly, 'take your books into the parlour and study there till I recall you. Fifty lines for whoever makes a noise.'

And Jack and Leo retired, the latter walking ostentatiously on tiptoe.

Miles was at that moment labouring through an elaborate lesson in English spelling in his mother's bedroom, and Jack and Leo had the parlour to themselves. I grieve to say that neither of them attempted to study.

'I say, Jack, can't you talk to a fellow?'

'What?' said Jack, absently.

'What? Why that pink-eyed rabbit, to be sure. I imagine him Flo's tutor.'

'Don't you like him?' said Jack. 'I say, have you got some fine silk in your pocket? I should so like to put him in reins.'

'Don't be a donkey!' said Leo. 'Like him? I *hate* him! Jack, my happiness is poisoned!'

'Don't *you* be a donkey!' said Jack, desisting for a moment. 'And you'd best mind what you're at, Leo. If Mr. Thornton chooses Flo to have a tutor that's his look out, not ours.'

'Exactly,' said Leo; 'but we are not bound to put up with him. I tell you, Jack, I hate that fellow, and so does Flo; at least he will when he sees him. He's a sneak, that's what he is! *He*'s no gentleman. A poor wretch out of a cabin, just such another as ours! That's what *you*'ll come to, Jack! Spoiling all our fun. There'll never be any getting at Flo now. However, he'll not be long at Gould Hall, that's flat.'

'Flat as a flounder!' said Jack; 'and you're another to imagine. You'll only get into a row and be snubbed, and get a thousand lines or something of the sort. So you'd better keep it dark, if you're up to mischief, my boy.'

'So I intend,' said Leo. 'I haven't become a Red Rose Knight for nothing!'

Jack grunted, and inwardly resolved to keep an eye on his brother, and, if necessary, constitute himself the unfortunate tutor's protector.

That gentleman, in the meantime, had been walked off with Mr. Thornton to lunch at Gould Hall and to be introduced to his pupil—a measure which was not attended with much success, for Sir Florence did not turn up at luncheon at all.

'Young rascal!' said Mr. Thornton, after making inquiries of Reynolds. 'You'll have to teach him better manners, Mr. Parry.'

'Is it possible he does not come in for his meals?' asked Mr. Parry, who appeared to be more overcome with astonishment at this fact than at anything else which had been told to him.

'Oh, he gets them somewhere,' said Mr. Thornton. 'Down at the gamekeeper's, most likely.'

'I hope he is not given to low company?' said the tutor solemnly.

'Oh well, no. Old Robarts is quite an institution at Gould Hall; the last baronet was fond of him. He is quite respectable, and very fond of Sir Florence; but of course—— Then there's a farmer's son he meets there occasionally, a very good sort of boy. They have a wonderful dog they keep there—a dancing dog from a circus, or something of the sort.'

'Does he bite?' asked the tutor, anxiously.

'Well, no, I fancy not,' said Mr. Thornton, smiling. 'Do you not like dogs?'

'No,' said Mr. Parry, with great solemnity. 'A little brother of mine was bitten by a dog and died raving mad. I have ever since considered it my duty to discourage the keeping of such dangerous and useless animals.'

'You would preach that doctrine in vain to most country gentlemen,' said Mr. Thornton; 'Sir Florence among the number—he considers himself quite the country gentleman. Do you care for horses, or any outdoor pursuit?'

'I have a sister who has been injured for life by a kick from a horse,' said Mr. Parry. 'No; I can't say I care for horses, or like to mix with those who do. Perhaps I am backward in outdoor pursuits. I am fond of croquet and—cats.'

'Ahem!' said Mr. Thornton very gently to his wine-glass, but Reynolds heard it. 'I believe the housekeeper has any number of cats in the lower regions: you will, no doubt, make friends with her.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Parry, in all good faith.

'Poor Florence!' said Mr. Thornton to himself. He had arranged everything with Mr. Parry, but he felt a genuine pity for his ward all the same, and was not sorry that the meeting had been postponed, for Mr. Parry had to go away after arranging to be at his post that day fortnight, and Florence had not come in. That evening at dinner he received the intelligence of a tutor having been provided for him with the utmost gravity, made no inquiries, and even thanked his guardian for so promptly looking after his studies.

'It is better than going to school,' he remarked, 'for I must live at Gould Hall.'

'Hum,' said Mr. Thornton: 'it'll do for a little while, I suppose. And now, Florence, I shan't be here when Mr. Parry comes, I've been away long enough from Liverpool. Mr. Silver will introduce you.'

'Me!' interrupted Florence, innocently. 'Oh, you mean him.'

Mr. Thornton smiled to himself.

'I hope you'll get on together, Florence. Mr. Parry seems a quiet young man, so don't bother him. I don't think he cares for dogs or horses, or those things, and I don't think he'll like you to be much with old Robarts or Peter, so mind you obey him.'

'Is he to tell me who to make friends with?' said Florence. 'He is not to be baronet and master here, how can he know?'

'Now, Florence, be reasonable. No child of your age expects to be allowed to do just as he likes, whatever his rank. Mr. Parry is your master, remember that.'

'And I'm master of Gould Hall,' said Florence, with calmness: 'he will have to remember that.'

'Oh, I expect he'll have a hot time of it,' said Mr. Thornton. 'What boys are coming to now I am sure I don't know. However, I wash my hands of it all.'

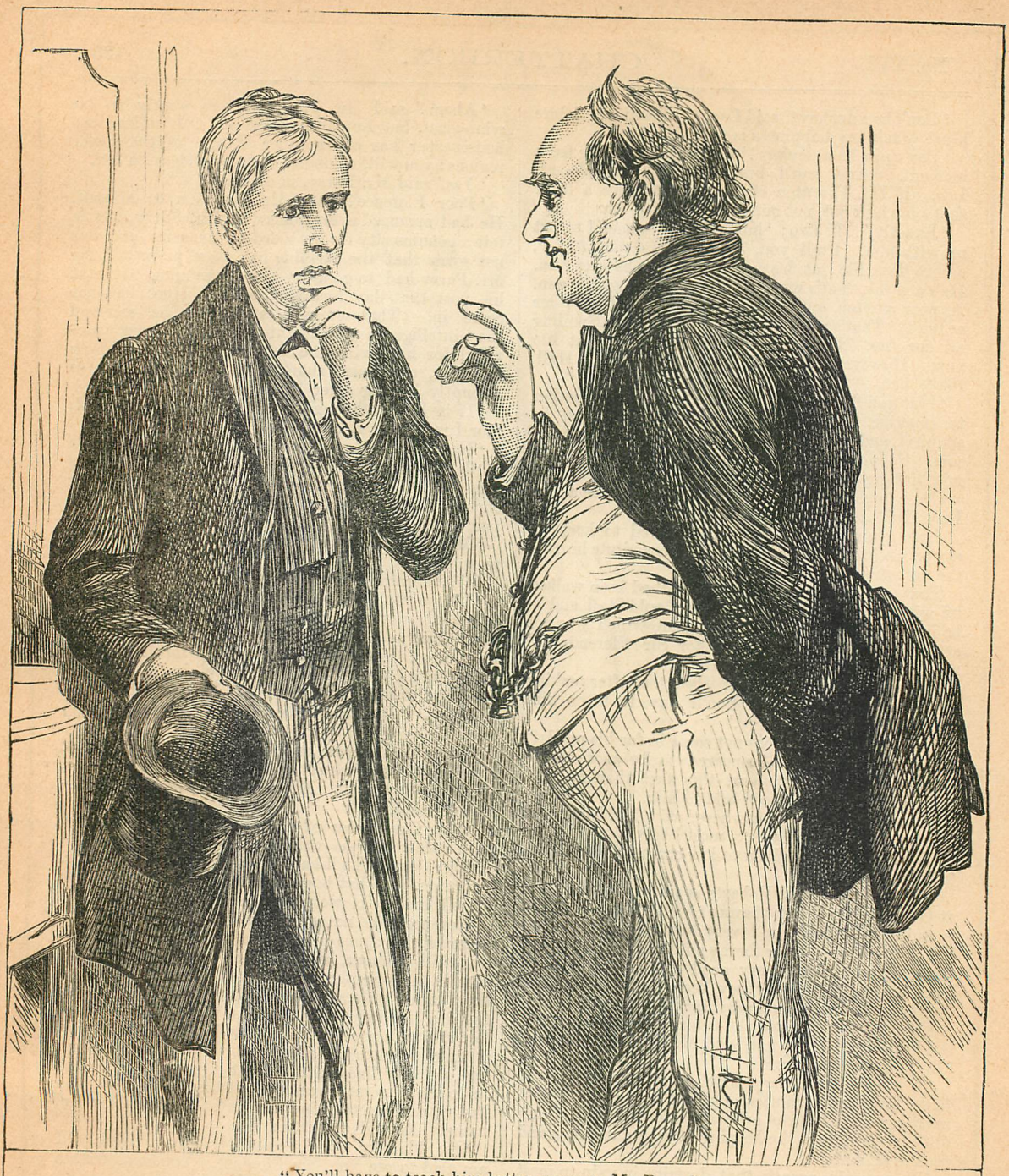
Florence was naturally anxious to tell his friend Peter of this change in his prospects. So, though it was still summer, he ordered Reynolds to light the fires in the long picture-gallery, and went himself to the White Cottage to ask for Jack and Leo. It was the day following Mr. Parry's visit, and he found Leo still in disgrace; for Jack and Leo had naturally, when recalled to the study, not known their lessons, and got fifty lines each. Next day Florence walked in, to the extreme amazement of the Silver boys, who had never expected him to beard the lion in his den, namely, Mr. Silver in his study.

'Sir Florence Gould!' said Mr. Silver, rising. 'I am glad to see you, Sir Florence. You come with a message from your guardian, I presume?'

Florence hesitated. He was sorely tempted to say 'Yes,' and that the message was an invitation to Jack and Leo to spend the day with him. But he was a boy to whom falsehood was an impossibility.

'No,' he answered simply; 'Mr. Thornton does not know I am here. I am come to see you, Mr. Silver.'

'Indeed!' said the curate, and he did not look



"You'll have to teach him better manners, Mr. Parry."

nviting. 'I am sorry I am always so busy in the morning hours; but, of course, if you want me, Sir Florence—you don't seem to have begun anything yourself as yet.'

'No,' said Florence; 'I am to learn with Mr. Parry, but he is not coming for a fortnight. I should so like Jack and Leo to come up to the Hall this afternoon. May they, Mr. Silver?'

'Certainly not!' said Mr. Silver, sternly; 'both are in disgrace, and I do not approve of them going from home much.'

'But poor Leo isn't well yet,' said Florence. 'It would do him good!'

'I don't find that Leopold gets any good by going about,' said Mr. Silver, coldly. 'Pleasure is essentially bad for him.'

'I am so lonely!' said Florence, piteously.

'You will soon have a companion,' said Mr. Silver.



Leo made a grimace. 'Yes, Flo, you will,' he said, solemnly.

'I do not approve,' said Mr. Silver, 'of companionships for boys, either above or beneath their rank. You must forgive me, Sir Florence, if I do not always allow my sons to be with you at Gould Hall. Their place is here—at home.'

'I know I am different from other boys,' said Florence, 'but I don't mean any harm.'

Mr. Silver looked at the little baronet—so small, and pale, and wistful, such a tiny child with such an innocent idea of his own importance, and smiled in spite of himself.

'Then they may come?' said Florence, eagerly.

Mr. Silver consented, but ungraciously. Still he consented, and the boys needed no second bidding.

(To be continued.)

AN EGYPTIAN LADY AND HER SLAVE.

THE ladies of Egypt pass their lives in a state of luxury and idleness. They are not allowed to show their faces, or to be seen on foot out of doors. All their pleasures and amusements have to be found in their own apartments, which are called 'harems.' The ladies' apartments are quite distinct from other parts of the house, and are elegantly fitted up. The windows are few, and they are always high up in the wall, never opening into the street, but always into an inner court. The ladies are sometimes permitted to receive a few female friends, and now and then an English lady gets admittance. An English lady relates the following account of her visit to a harem:—

Having been admitted into the house, and conducted through a marble court by male slaves, the visitor was met by female slaves of dark complexion, who removed her veil and led her to a young lady, who gave the Eastern salutation of touching the lips and forehead with the right hand. She was then led into the divan and placed upon the seat of honour, a cushion on the right-hand side of the chief lady of the house. Other salutations passed, and then slave-girls brought sweetmeats on silver trays. These were followed by coffee, also brought on silver trays. The cups were of silver filagree, very costly and beautiful. After coffee a short time was spent in conversation, and then sherbet was served in elegant cut-glass cups with covers on silver waiters. One slave served the sherbet, and another followed her with the napkin, which was embroidered, to wipe the mouth.

When the time for departure came, the ladies of the house took the visitor's veil from the hands of a slave-girl and placed it on the guest, a mark of great condescension and respect in an Eastern lady. After this she was saluted by all, and then committed to the male slaves to be led out of the house.

A STORY OF TWO MORNINGS.

RUTH said, 'But we are not shepherds, you know; so it doesn't matter to us.'

If you would like to know who Ruth is, and what made her say it, you must wait a little, if you please. Patience is good for us all, and Curiosity is not patient generally; so you must teach Curiosity a lesson. Besides, if I am to tell you a story, you must let me tell it in my own way.

I dare say I may keep you waiting for a whole page: if you were here, sitting on the sofa beside me, or climbing on to my knee, I should spin out what I had to say for ever so long, just for fun, and I know you would stop me half-a-dozen times with, 'But tell me who is Ruth, and what made her say that,' before you could get me to tell you: and I know you would laugh and I would laugh, you coaxing and I obstinate, until I could not spin it out any longer, and I had to tell you at last.

Have any of you seen a lake lying at the foot of the hills, all silent, and quiet, and lonely? I wonder whether any of you ever saw the very lake of which I am just now thinking? You may have seen it, some of you: for it is not so very very much out of the way, and it is not out of the kingdom of Great Britain; but whereabouts in the kingdom of Great Britain it may be I do not think I will tell you.

This lake lay, as I said, all quiet and lonely amongst the hills—hills or mountains, you may call them either; the beautiful gray-sided mountains, the purple mountains, the rosy mountains, the snowy mountains—which shall I call them? I do not know which, for they were each and all by turns, at different times of the day, or different seasons of the year.

Great birds sailed over the mountains sometimes, and over the lake, high up in the air; great, heavy, solemn, slowly-sailing birds. Little birds skimmed over the surface of the lake sometimes; dipped a wing, seized a water-insect. Under the water the fishes swam about of course, and sometimes they darted up their noses for the same purpose for which the little birds darted down their bills—some nice, tempting water-insect on the surface; and when they darted up their noses they made little circles in the water. Sometimes the great birds would see them, and they in turn would fancy a tempting morsel in the lake, and then, before he had time to wonder where he was, the fish would be high up in the air in the great bird's bill.

This was how life went on in and about the lake among the mountains. This, however, was only life of one kind; now I am going to tell you of life of another kind than that of birds, and fishes, and water-insects.

On the border of the lake facing the east stood a peasant's cottage, in which lived Stephen Latimer and his wife Alice, and their two children, Robin and Ruth. Stephen and his wife were industrious, honest, simple-hearted people, who did not think it anything but a pleasant duty to walk three miles to church on Sundays and three miles back again, and who made the best use of their church-going by striving to live as God bade them.

None of the discontent and the greediness which are troubling the world so much had crept into that little home among the hills. They were very poor, Stephen and Alice, but their wants were very few. They had not mixed with the great world, which never thinks that it has enough; where people are always inventing some new want, and then wondering how it was that they ever could have done without it, and then making up their minds that they cannot do without it any longer, and teaching every one else the same, until they grow more and more discontented, and more and more covetous every day.

For instance, Stephen and Alice Latimer, when they could get nothing better, thought black bread and hard cheese and buttermilk very good fare. Meat they often went without; beer they never tasted. Ruth used to gather the yellow spiked agrimony from the fields sometimes, and that made the only tea they ever got, excepting when, as happened now and then, Stephen brought his wife home half-a-pound from the shop in the nearest village, which was somewhere beyond the church.

There were just one or two other cottages such as this on the borders of the lake, and the people who lived in them were much like Stephen and Alice, and Robin and Ruth.

It happened sometimes that strangers out of the great busy world would stray thither and ask for a lodging in one or other of these cottages, for perhaps a few days, perhaps a few weeks. That brought a little money, which helped the villagers through the winter. The strangers were always quiet, kindly folk, who were glad to escape out of the noise and

turmoil of their common lives; and they would spend their time in strolling along the lake-side, or climbing the hills, or rowing on the lake, or fishing in it.

When the summer came to an end there were no more strangers, and the big world was quite shut out from the lake amongst the hills, and the cottagers settled themselves down to their winter quietly.

One day a stranger came to Stephen's cottage and asked for lodging for a few days and nights. Alice, the tidy wife, was always ready, Stephen knew; so he took him in.

That was the pleasantest stranger that had ever been known amongst them, they said: he made friends with them all, and he stayed a good many days—even weeks; and when he went away they were not a bit tired of his company, but were sorry to bid him farewell.

Robbie and Ruth grew very fond of him, and called him 'our gentleman' always, when they spoke of him, and were very glad that he had said he would come again if he could next summer.

As soon as the winter had passed they watched quite eagerly the sun shift more and more to the north, because they knew that then summer was coming; and they thought that with summer their gentleman would come again.

He did come, and Robin and Alice were full of delight.

One morning the gentleman was rowing on the lake with Robin and Ruth: he often took them with him. Robin was man enough to take one oar, and Ruth was there to steer the boat if they pleased. Those were pleasant times for the two children.

'See, there is a rainbow!' said Robin; and they left off rowing, and rested on their oars to look at it.

Every one of these three had seen rainbows over and over again; yet they all three looked at this one as if it were a new sight to them, and they had never seen such a thing before in all their lives.

I think that is often the case.

'A rainbow! a rainbow!' says one; and all the others jump up and run to see.

'Be quick! be quick! it is fading!' cries another; as much as to say, 'It is such a wonderful sight; a sight you never saw before, and will never see again.'

So when Robin said, 'See, there is a rainbow!' they left off rowing, as I said, and rested on their oars to look at it.

'Who can tell me about the rainbow after the Flood?' said the gentleman. Then Robin and Ruth between them told him all about it, for they had heard father read about it in the Bible many a time.

'But the rainbow means something else besides,' said Robin, presently. 'A rainbow in the morning means that it is going to rain before long again. Did you know that, sir?'

Robin and Ruth both wondered whether they knew something which their gentleman had never heard of.

'Yes, I know that,' he answered:

'"Such dawnings gay
Bring noons of storm and shower;"

and the old saying says, "A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight; a rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning." It is a warning that the air is full of the coming rain.'

'But we are not shepherds,' said Ruth; 'so it doesn't matter to us.'

And this brings us to the beginning of our story.

I have taken you by a roundabout path, have I not? But there was no need to take the shortest road—the railroad—whizzing past everything, stopping to look at nothing. We are so impatient and in such a hurry now-a-days, that it is just as well to teach ourselves to go quietly sometimes.

So we have travelled slowly and quietly up to this point, and therefore we have had time to look at the mountains and the lake, and the birds and the fishes, and Stephen and Alice, and Robin and Ruth, all on our way.

'Doesn't it matter to us, though?' said Robin. 'It will matter to us whether the grass dries up for want of rain. I don't know whatever the cattle will do.' For he had heard his father say so.

'And it matters to us whether we get wet jackets or not,' said the gentleman, laughing. 'It is pleasanter to have dry ones.'

And then they kept silence, watching the rainbow until it faded.

'I wonder whether you two children could understand a parable if I were to tell you one?' said the gentleman, at last.

'It's a kind of story, isn't it?' said Robin. 'We like stories.'

'It is not much of a story,' the gentleman answered; 'but you must try to understand it. This is morning, you know; this is the beginning of the day. This is the beginning of your lives; so it is your life's morning. If you see a rainbow in the morning, you say it warns you that showers are to follow. When life looks all very bright to you at the beginning, it is saying to you all the time that there are sorrows to come, like the showers. Does that sound sad? Wait a moment, for you have not heard the whole. The morning rainbow, while it tells us of showers coming, tells us at the same time that God promises that there shall not be a flood to drown the earth; and the warning about sorrows to come brings with it at the same time a hundred promises from God that there shall not be one sorrow too many, or too much for us to bear.'

'Is that a parable?' asked Robin.

'Yes. Do you understand it?'

'No,' answered little Ruth.

'That's because you're too little,' said Robin. 'I understand some of it.'

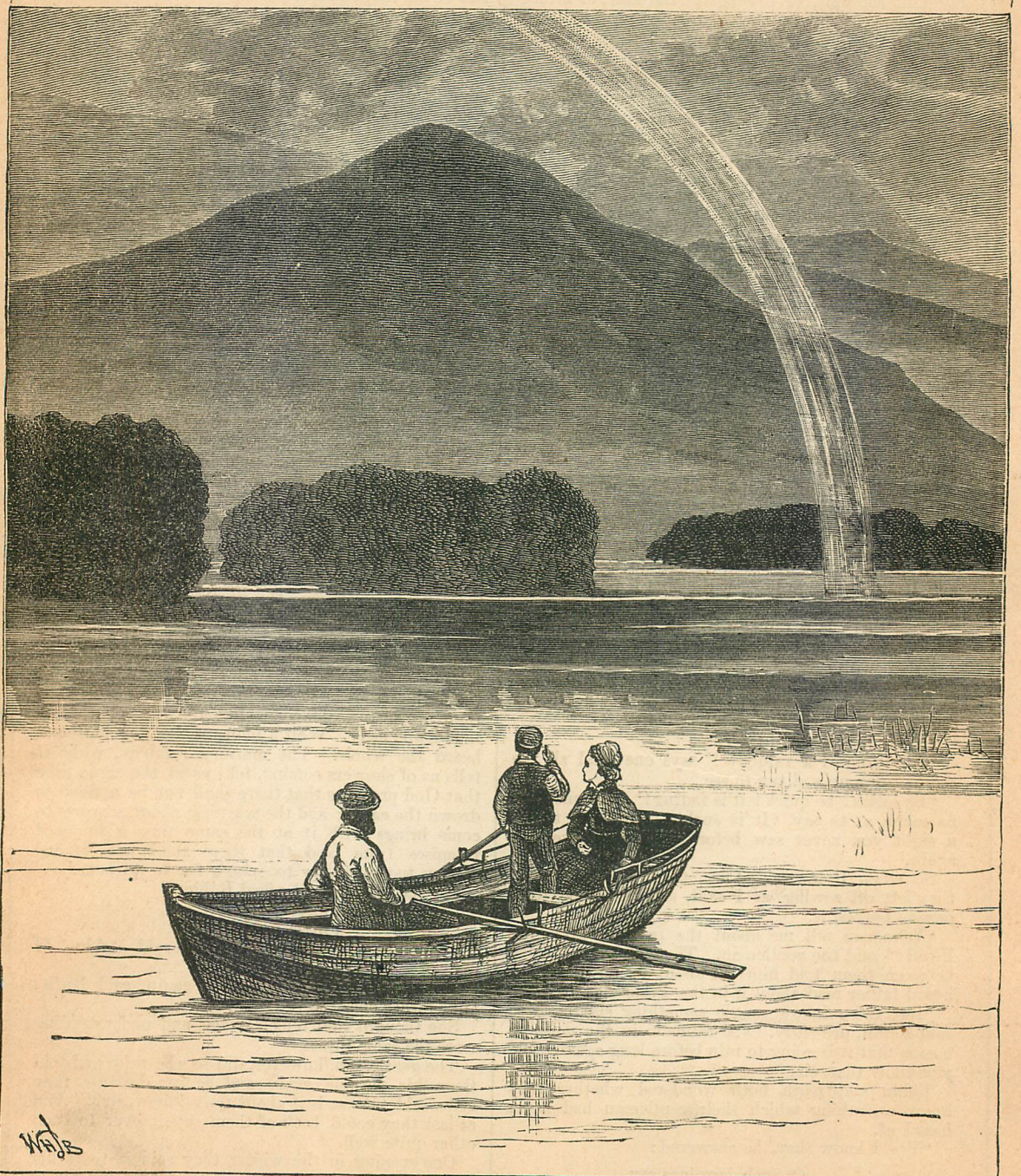
'You'd best tell it us again and again,' said Ruth; 'like father does the A B C.'

She thought that remembering and understanding were the same thing.

The gentleman, however, did as she said, and told them his parable again and again; because they often said, 'What is it about the rainbow, sir?' And at last they could both of them say it over to each other quite well.

One evening in the winter they said it to father and mother; and father and mother, who seemed to understand it directly, said it was quite true.

(To be continued.)



On the Lake.



A Mother and Son.

MOTHER AND SON.

WHEN Mother Pussy rests awhile,
And sinks into a calm repose,
A naughty little juvenile
Then pats her gently on the nose!

She opens wide her sleepy eyes,
And sees her darling little one;
But though a chiding look she tries,
It falls unheeded on her son.

More playful still, he tries to hold
His mother in a close embrace;
But Pussy thinks her son too bold,
And pats him smartly on the face!

But Kitty does not show alarm,
Nor does he feel the least distress:
A mother's pat will never harm,
She loves him not a bit the less.

D. B.

THE STORY OF DETROIT.

THE early history of Détroit is highly romantic. It was founded in 1701 by La Motte-Cadillac, who brought hither a small military colony.

It soon became one of the most important of the western outposts of Canada, and as the French and Indians were usually on the most friendly terms, the colony here for a long time existed in a state of truly Arcadian happiness. At the close of the French war Détroit contained over two thousand inhabitants. The banks of the river for miles were lined with picturesque Canadian dwellings and lovely gardens. Within the limits of the settlement were several Indian villages. Here the light-hearted French Canadian smoked his pipe and told his story, and the friendly Indian supplied him with game and joined in his merry-making.

In the year 1760 Détroit was taken possession of by the British. The Indians hated the British as greatly as they had loved the French.

Pontiac was the ruling spirit of the forests at this time, a most powerful and statesman-like chief. When he found that his friends the French had lost their power, he sought to unite the Indian tribes against the English colonies, and to destroy the English garrison at Détroit by strategy. He was chief of the Ottawas, but possessed great influence over other tribes, especially the Ojibwas and the Pottawattamies. Pontiac believed, and that truly, that the establishment of English colonies would be fatal to the interests of the Indian race.

He strode through the forests like a giant, inciting the tribes to war. He urged a union of all the Indian nations from the Lakes to the Mississippi for the common defence of the race.

There lived near Détroit a beautiful Ojibwa girl called Catharine. The English commander, Gladwyn, was pleased with her and bestowed upon her favours, and she formed a warm attachment for him.

One lovely day in May this girl came to the fort and brought Gladwyn a pair of elk-skin moccasins. She appeared very sad.

'Catharine,' said Gladwyn, 'what troubles you to-day?'

She did not answer at once. There was a silent struggle going on in her heart. She loved Gladwyn, and she also was devoted to her race.

'To-morrow,' she said at length, 'Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short and hidden under his blanket. The chief will ask to hold a council. He will then make a speech, and offer a belt of wampum as a peace-offering. As soon as he holds up the belt, the chiefs will spring up and shoot the officers, and the Indians outside will fall upon the English. Every Englishman will be killed. The French inhabitants will be spared.'

Gladwyn made immediate preparation for the emergency. The men were put under arms.

The next morning Indian canoes approached the fort from the eastern shores. They contained Pontiac and his sixty chiefs. At ten o'clock the chiefs marched to the fort, a fantastic procession. Each wore a coloured blanket, and was painted, plumed, or in some way gaily ornamented.

As Pontiac entered the fort, a glance showed him that his plot was discovered. He passed in amazement through rows of glittering steel. He made a speech, expressing friendship, but he did not dare to lift the wampum belt, which was to have been the signal for attack. He was allowed to depart peaceably. Foiled in his plot, his anger knew no bounds. He gathered his warriors from every hand and laid siege to Détroit.

He was defeated, and with his defeat ended the power of the Indian tribes in the region of the Upper Lakes. Détroit became an English town, an American city, and gathered to herself the wealth of the fertile regions around her, and the commerce of the broad inland seas on either hand. She has to-day more than one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is famous for her wealth, culture, and benevolence.

THE USE OF BIRDS.

AN aged man of Virginia remarks that since his boyhood there has been a rapid decrease in the numbers of birds, and a proportional increase of insects. Since their diminution great ravages have been committed in the farmers' crops by worms of various kinds; and on the wheat crops particularly by bugs, flies, and other pests. All this is owing, he thinks, to the destruction and scarcity of birds. He alludes specially to the diminution of woodpeckers as a public calamity. He has known a community of red-headed woodpeckers to arrest the destructive progress of borers in a pine forest. He mentions the flick or widgeon-woodpecker—a common bird in New England—as the only bird he ever saw pulling out grubs from the roots of peach-trees. May not this habit of the flicker, which is a very shy bird because he is hunted for his flesh, be the cause why apple-trees that grow near a wood are not affected by borers? The alarming increase of grasshoppers in some parts of the Western States is undoubtedly the consequence of the wholesale destruction of quails, grouse, and other birds in that region.

A STORY OF TWO MORNINGS.

(*Continued from page* 127.)

CHAPTER II.



N that same evening Robin was trying to carve a flower on a piece of wood with his pocket-knife. The gentleman had told him how some poor people who live amongst the hills and valleys of some other countries fill up a good deal of spare time in the winter with such work, and how they sell their work to the summer visitors.

'I dare say our gentleman will buy this when he comes again,' said Robin to Ruth, who was watching and admiring. 'With the money he gives me I will buy mother some tea.'

Ruth thought the idea a very splendid one.

'And every winter you will go on carving flowers; and every summer our gentleman will come and buy them: so mother will get plenty of tea.'

This said Ruth. You see there was a bright rainbow in her morning sky.

Said Robin, 'And every summer we will row about on the lake. I will pull both oars when the gentleman is not in the boat, and you shall steer. And I will take you to the top of every mountain in turn, when I am a guide like father.'

The lake itself at its brightest—the smooth, sunny, peaceful, summer lake—was not more smooth, and sunny, and peaceful, than their lives looked to Robin and Ruth as they thought about them.

A little time after this, as Robin sat carving again, and Ruth looking on, and mother mending clothes, and father in the chimney-corner, Robin whispered to Ruth, 'Ruth, I want to go and see the people in the other mountains, who carve so beautifully.'

'Yes, and we'll go,' answered Ruth, who thought it was one of the fancies and plans with which they often amused themselves.

'I want to go,' continued Robin. 'Our gentleman, you know, said there were fine lakes there, and mountains bigger than any of ours, with snow always on the top of them. I should like to go there.'

'Yes, you'll row and I'll steer,' said Ruth. 'I'll steer you all about the great lakes; and you'll pull one oar and our gentleman the other.'

'Pooh!' said Robin; 'you're too little for that. You could not come such a long way: you'd have to stay at home until I came back.'

'Do you mean that you'd go away like the swallows, somewhere where we did not know, and that we should not know anything about you until you came back?'

'That is what our gentleman does: but it would not matter, you know; he comes back, and so do the swallows, and so should I.'

At this Ruth began to cry. She did not like the thought. The mother stopped her needle and looked quietly at them for a moment, when they did not see her; and then she gave a little sigh, and went on with her needle again.

After that Robin often talked about it. 'Let him talk,' said the father, 'it amuses him.' And Ruth got quite used to it, and it amused her also: she soon left off looking upon it as anything more than one of the splendid fancies with which she and Robin together had whiled away many and many an hour already.

'I shall go on the sea,' Robin would say sometimes; 'the sea gets rougher than our lake very often, and the boats are bigger; and the sea is so large that you often cannot see the mountains or trees, or any shore, they are all so far away.'

Yes, Ruth knew that; the gentleman had often told them: but she made up her mind that if Robin did go in a boat on that big sea she would steer him; and if the boat was bigger than theirs, why, by that time she would have grown bigger too, and would be able to steer it well. Poor Ruth! those bright fancies of hers were like the rainbow in the morning: they were a warning of showers to come—showers of tears!

Showers of tears fell, indeed, when Ruth saw Robin go away with the gentleman at the close of that summer: go away, she did not know whither: go away like the swallows—to come back, she said, of course, as the swallows do next year; but how dreary and dreadful it would be without him all the winter, until he did come back again!

It would be more than all the winter, however, that she would have to wait, and to wander about alone by the shore of the lake and on the sides of the mountains; for Robin was going to be a sailor, and would roam about the world a good deal before she saw him again.

'Our little Ruth would fret and cry if we told her,' said Stephen and his wife to each other, so they did not tell her. By that I mean, they did not tell her what it was to be a sailor; she thought it only meant rowing on a much bigger lake than theirs, and in a much bigger boat.

'There, don't cry, little one,' father said to her on the day on which Robin went away; 'don't cry; but pray God to look after Robbie, and bring him safe home again. And now set to work to grow a handy little maid by the time he comes back home.'

'Won't Robbie be pleased to see how well I can knit!' Ruth would say to her mother sometimes in the winter evenings, for she had knitted him nearly a whole sock since he had been gone, and before he went she could only knit up a little bit of worsted backwards and forwards in no shape at all, and drop the stitches and break them in every row.

Robin used to laugh at her and say she would never be a woman by the time he was a man.

'Won't Robbie say I've grown handy, mother?' she would say also when she tidied up the hearth, or helped wash up cups and dishes, or sweep the room.

'Yes, Robbie will say you're quite a woman when he comes again,' mother would say, and Ruth would feel glad.

Mother knew, however, that Robin would not be home yet.

Ruth minded what her father had said, and often prayed God to 'look after Robbie,' and bring him safe home. First she used to do it every night and every morning, when she said her regular night and morning prayers, but after a little she would pray



Robin leaving Home.

for him when she was wandering about the hills or the shore, or when the wind blew and curled up the water and clouds came over the skies, or when she drank her bowl of buttermilk alone, or when father opened the Bible, in which Robbie and she had often read chapters together, verse and verse.

And now I am going to give you a glimpse or two of Robin—only a glimpse; yet that is more than Ruth got all the time that she was stretching out her hands to him in the dark—thinking of him, praying to God for him, not knowing where he was.

(*Concluded in our next.*)



Field Mice.

MICE.

THE domestic Mouse belongs to all parts of the world, but it seems to be entirely dependent on man, as it never appears far from human habitations.

In form, the wood or field mouse resembles the domestic mouse, but it has a longer tail and its colours are brighter, being reddish-brown above and grayish-white beneath, with a light-yellowish spot on the breast. It is of pleasing aspect and easily tamed. It is very injurious to cornfields and gardens. It is fond of all kinds of seeds, nuts, acorns, and insects; and it lays up a winter store in its holes, which it makes in banks, under the roots of trees, and in the fields.

The harvest mouse is a very small species, and not less attractive in form and appearance than the field mouse; the upper parts of its body are reddish-brown, the lower parts are white. It dwells in the fields, and has habits very similar to the field mouse.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 125.)

CHAP. XVII.—DEEDS OF DARKNESS.

'I KNOW my deed,' said Leo, as the three boys went out of the gate of the White Cottage, and took their way towards Gould Hall.

'"To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself," quoted Jack, whose father had allowed him to read Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and who had been much impressed thereby.

'Don't bother, Jack,' said Leo; 'you spoil everything with your poetry and bosh.'

'I dare say,' said Jack. 'I wonder who it was who turned up his nose at the Red Rose Knights when it was first proposed?'

'I say, Flo, have you thought of yours yet?'

'Yes,' answered Florence, slowly; 'at least I think I have: I thought of it just this minute.'

'Oh, I say,' said Leo, opening his eyes, 'what a lark! Do tell us! What is it, old man?'

'No,' said Florence, shaking his head, 'I couldn't do it, if I told you.'

'Then it must be something stupid,' said Leo, contemptuously. 'Is it difficult?'

'For you—yes, it would be,' said Florence, with the calmness of superior ability; 'not for me, I think.'

'Oh, I say, how mighty wise we are!' said Leo. 'I bet yo'u anything you like I shall do my deed, and you won t.'

'How can I tell,' said Florence, 'without knowing what your deed is?'

'Don't you wish you may know?' said Leo, nodding his head. 'I know a thing worth two of that, old fellow. Wait and see.'

'Yes,' said Florence, gravely, 'I will. Have you thought, Jack?'

'I am going to wait and see, as Leo says,' said Jack.

'Oh, you may look,' said Leo, 'but you are the easiest fellow in the world to hoodwink, Jack.'

Jack said nothing, but inwardly resolved to keep a very strict watch on his brother.

'Have you seen your tutor yet, Flo?'

'No,' replied the boy; 'I was out when he came to lunch with my guardian.'

'Well,' cried the irrepressible Leo, 'you are the coolest hand! Suppose we stay away from dinner some day, Jack? I vote we do, and when any one asks us let's say, "We were out when dinner was ready,"' mimicking Sir Florence's tone.

'You are not the master in the White Cottage,' said Florence, in his little tone of importance. 'I *am* master at Gould Hall.'

'But you are only a child,' said Jack. 'What stuff! I wouldn't brag if I were you, Florence.'

'I don't brag,' said Florence, reddening. 'I only speak the truth; I need not brag; it is not always delightful to be a baronet; it is a great trouble on one's mind.'

Leo shrieked with laughter, and Jack smiled, but looked serious the minute after.

'I wouldn't bother my brains about it, Flo,' said he. 'You are not a bit different to other boys, although you are a baronet.'

'But I am,' said Sir Florence with calm confidence. 'Father said every one of rank owed a duty to those beneath them, and I mean to owe a duty too.'

'Owe a fiddlestick!' said Leo, irreverently. 'I should like very well to change with you, Flo; but I wouldn't have your notions, catch me! I should go in for no end of fun—a pony to ride, and dogs, and a rifle. You seem to have your own way in everything, why don't you try for some of those things?'

'Because I don't care for them,' said Flo. 'I'd rather know old Robarts, and go with Peter and Match'em.'

'You'd rather "owe a duty?"' said Leo. 'What a good little soul you are! Well, you'll soon owe a duty to your new master. Such a beauty! Golden eyes, and bright blue hair; I mean, t'other way on!'

'Has he blue eyes and brown hair, like my father?' said Flo, earnestly. 'Then I shall be sure to like him.'

'Oh, yes, sure,' said Leo, with mock gravity. 'I became so dreadfully fond of him, that I am only anxious to get him away from Middlemere, for I am quite sure I shall be awfully jealous of you, old boy.'

'Don't humbug, Leo!' said Jack. 'And, Florence, don't you let Leo set you against Mr. Parry. I am sure he is a good sort, and, at all events, baronets or no baronets, we have all got to obey our pastors and masters, and that sort of thing, you know.'

'Hear him!' said Leo. 'The Reverend Jack!'

Florence looked from one to the other in some bewilderment. 'I don't know what you mean,' he said, seriously; 'and whether I am to like Mr. Parry or not, I don't suppose it matters much. Of course, I shall behave to him as a gentleman should.'

Leo exploded again; but Jack said, 'Right, Flo! Leo, don't you be a jackass!'

Whereupon they arrived at the gamekeeper's cottage, and proceeded to take Peter, whom they found there, along with them up to the Hall. Peter would not for worlds have betrayed that he felt uncomfortable at being thus associated with boys above him in rank, it was quite contrary to his usual code to be overawed by anything of the kind; but surroundings have a great effect, and Peter had never in his life been in so grand a place as Gould Hall, even in its dismantled state, and he felt the effects of it. It did not, however, cause him to alter his behaviour one jot towards Sir Florence; he had given in his allegiance long ago to the little baronet, but it made him inclined to say 'Master Leo' to Leo Silver, and this is what caused him to feel such fierce resentment against himself. Hitherto he had carefully avoided doing anything of the kind, absolutely refusing to look upon Leo as anything at all above himself; but when he saw the Silvers in familiar intercourse with Sir Florence, and apparently not in the least impressed by anything they saw, he felt first a feeling of increased respect, and then an undue amount of jealousy and enmity. He tried to copy their indifference and familiarity, but failed signally; then he became silent and miserable, and rather inclined to snap when meddled with.

'What's the matter, Peter?' said Florence; 'are you ill?'

'No, Sir Florence,' answered Peter.

'Then what is the matter, O Peter!' said Leo, taking up the word. 'Are you hungry, or what?'

'Nothing that concerns you, Master Silver,' said Peter, angrily.

Leo stared, both at the tone and at the 'Master Silver.'

'I'm not Master Silver,' he exclaimed, 'nor haven't been since I was in long petticoats, nor don't expect to be. I'm Leo—to a Red Rose Knight.'

'I know how to address my betters, I hope,' said Peter, in the same tone.

'Oh, certainly,' said Leo, making a bow. 'I didn't for a moment imagine that I could teach you anything.'

'Don't tease, Leo,' said Jack; 'can't you let a fellow alone when he wants to ruminate? Peter is contemplating his deed.'

'To be sure—I forgot!' cried Leo. 'Of course he is! Out with it, old fellow!'

'I haven't thought of it since,' said Peter.

'Then think of it now,' said Jack; but Leo interposed.

'No, shut up! I've a better plan. Suppose we call the first—what-do-you-call-it of the Red Rose Knights, Flo? Jack, what is it? A convention, conventicle, or something of that sort. Not meeting—that's too flat.'

'Chapter, I suppose,' said Jack, doubtfully; 'at least that would do. I am sure I have heard of Knights in Chapter, or something of the sort.'

'Chapter of accidents,' said Leo; 'it will do; though I doubt you, old fellow. However, not one of us is a bit wiser, that's one thing. Well, suppose we have the first Chapter, and all choose our deed in solemn silence and burn blue lights, and dance round a kettle, or something of the sort? Of course we must have the Red Rose and Miles then—wouldn't it be fun?'

'But where shall we meet?' said Sir Florence, looking round. 'Here?'

'Oh no, that's too tame,' said Leo, and Peter spoke at the same time. 'Rose wouldn't be allowed to come, Sir Florence.'

'Nor Miles either,' said Jack.

'Allowed!' exclaimed lawless Leo. 'Did you think we were all going to ask leave like a set of ninnies to hold our orgies? The Red Rose Brotherhood is a secret society, remember, and the Chapters must be held in some secret place, and in a different place each time. Oh, I have it—splendid!'

'Where?' cried all the boys in a breath. It was getting exciting.

'I don't know where,' said Leo very solemnly. 'Look here, we must have a president—a Grand Master, or something of the kind, as the Freemasons do. Who shall it be?'

'But what is he to do?' said Florence.

'That you will see presently,' said Leo. 'The question is, Who?'

'You, I suppose, as you seem to know all about it,' said Jack.

'Suppose we give the preference to rank,' said Leo, bowing to Florence. 'President of the Red Rose Knights, Sir Florence Gould of Gould Hall. That sounds grand, doesn't it, Peter? But I say—President—that sounds tame. Jack, you invented it; think of a new name.'

'Head Gardener,' suggested Jack, with much modesty. 'Head Gardener of the Red Rose Knights.'

This proposal was greeted with rapturous approval, and Sir Florence Gould was unanimously pronounced Head Gardener of the Red Rose Knights until further notice.

'But what am I to do?' said the Head Gardener, rather piteously. 'Please, Leo, I'd rather not be anything until I know what to do.'

'Very laudable, indeed!' said Leo. 'I'll tell you. You'll have to appoint a place for the Chapters to meet; and none of the Knights except the Head Gardener are to know where they *do* meet.'

'Paddy!' said Peter, contemptuously. He was beginning to recover himself.

'Paddy yourself!' said Leo, indignantly. 'Flo, just you listen. It will be capital fun. You are to blindfold us all, tie us together in a rope, and lead us wherever you want to go yourself. Then the Chapter is to be held, but blindfold, all except the Head Gardener.

The Red Rose Knights were as full of the scheme as could be desired; and Leo, always prompt, urged the Head Gardener to call a Chapter at once. That functionary, after some delay, appointed the first Chapter for the day before the arrival of Mr. Parry.

'It will divert our thoughts,' he sagely remarked.

And then this first informal Chapter came to a conclusion.

Nothing particular happened between this day and the one appointed, except that Sir Florence, oppressed with a sense of his importance both as baronet and Head Gardener of the Red Rose Knights, spent more time than ever in wandering about the Gould Hall woods by himself. Even old Robarts did not see much of him during this time, but Match'em did. He was an uncomfortable dog to go about with, for though a smile seemed perpetually to reside in the tip of his tail, he had an unpleasant habit of mounting up on his hind legs when anybody looked at him, running after his own tail, balancing an imaginary piece of pudding on his nose, or offering to shake hands perpetually with nobody. All this rather impeded progress, but Sir Florence was devoted to Match'em and Match'em to Sir Florence, so there was nothing to be said against the arrangement.

Maddalena was in despair, and appealed in voluble Italian to Mr. Thornton. That gentleman listened, nodded, said 'Yes,' and 'No,' and 'Just so,' and retired to the library as wise as he was before.

'Something about Sir Florence, of course,' he said to himself. 'I really must speak to the little scamp.'

'I say, my boy,' he began at dinner that day, 'Ninna is in despair; what have you been doing to her, eh?'

The boy looked up quickly, and at the mention of his Italian nurse relapsed into the foreign accent and manner, which he had begun to lose a little.

'Ninna is good, but foolish,' he said; 'father always said so. She calls me her baby: but I am no more a baby, and Ninna must learn that. She wants me always beside her.'

'Very natural,' said Mr. Thornton. 'I must say, Florence, I do not approve of the way you have of wandering about the place all day long, with nobody to look after you.'

'I do no harm,' said Florence.

'So *you* say; but you forget I do not consider you the fit judge of your own actions. However, as I'm going away, and Mr. Parry is coming so soon, I suppose there is nothing to be done. But when your tutor lives here, I expect you to be a little more regardful of times and seasons. Besides, you will have work to do.'

'I have work now,' said Florence.

'I dare say; and very important work, no doubt.'

Florence sighed; and Mr. Thornton went away next day with not much more leave-taking than that the young baronet gravely escorted him to the railway station. (*To be continued.*)



Sir Florence at the Railway Station.



Old Robarts returning to his Cottage after leaving Sir Florence.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

CHAPTER XVIII.
CALLING A CHAPTER.

'ROBARTS,' said Sir Florence to the gamekeeper, 'will you give me your cottage? I want it.'

'Anything you please, Sir Florence,' said the old man; 'but if I might make so bold as to inquire ——'

'Where you are to live?' said Florence, laughing. 'Well that's natural enough, certainly. It is not like in my dear, sunny Italy, where one can live anywhere.'

Old Robarts looked lovingly at the boy; he did not often hear him play or laugh; the little baronet was always in such sad and serious earnest, very different to 'Master Edward' of yore. It warmed the gamekeeper's heart to hear that boyish laugh.

'You are joking, Sir Florence,' said he with a smile, lighting up his gray eyes.

'Aren't you a foolish old man, Robarts?' said Florence. 'Did you really think I meant to turn you out? And I do believe you would have gone.'

'To be sure I would, Sir Florence; for aren't you going to build me a brand new house?'

Florence looked suddenly grave. 'To be sure I am,' said he. 'But do you know, Robarts, I have such a great deal on my mind just now, I don't think you can have your house yet. Do you mind very much?'

'No, Sir Florence,' said the gamekeeper, gravely; 'I believe I can make shift till then. But if you want my cottage, where am I to go?'

'Oh, I only want it for a little time,' said Florence; 'two hours, perhaps: and you needn't go very far away, Robarts. But you mustn't stay to see what we are doing; it is very important, and may do a lot of good. I mustn't tell you, though.'

'Very well, Sir Florence,' said Robarts; 'you just pass the word, and tell me what day it is to be, and you'll find everything as spick and span as the decks of a man-of-war, which they *do* say is the cleanest things going.

'Very well, Robarts,' said Florence, with calm dignity. 'I am very much obliged to you; and when I build you your new cottage I shall have a dinner-party and invite all the Red —— oh, I forgot! that's our secret. And you shall sit at the head of the table, Robarts, and I at the foot.'

But Robarts shook his head gravely. 'I hope I know my dooty better nor that, Sir Florence,' said he. 'Sitting down with my betters is what I've never done yet, nor don't mean. No, but old Robarts knows his place, and that's behind your chair, Sir Florence.'

'We'll settle that when the house is built,' said Florence, gravely; 'but it's not begun yet. You see I have so much to do; you can have no idea how full my mind is, old Robarts.'

'And you'll likely have more now that the new gentleman is coming,' said Robarts. 'I hope he is a kind and clever gentleman, such as ought to be with you, Sir Florence.'

'Yes; and there will be him to look after, too, I suppose,' said Florence. 'I didn't think when I came to Gould Hall that there would be so much to do in it, Robarts, did I? I am glad father sent me here.'

Robarts looked affectionately at his young master.

'And so am I, Sir Florence, heart glad,' said he; 'for where can poor Sir Edward's son better be than here in his own house, and among his own people that love him? And it's as like the master you're growing as two peas, Sir Florence. To be sure your eyes are black where his were blue, and your hair is black and his was brown, and your face small and white and his was round and rosy; but when you learn to speak and walk freer, and have a laugh and a joke, and a kind of a careless look, you be as like him as anything.

Florence laughed. 'That is, when I change altogether I shall be like him, old Robarts. No, father always said I was like my beautiful young mother; and I like it, because he liked it. Where's Match'em? Good-bye, Robarts.'

And Sir Florence ran away, not whistling, as English boys do, but singing, at the top of a very high, sweet voice, some Venetian melody. Very different he was from the last baronet; but Robarts loved him as dearly. And as he looked after him he could not help saying to himself, as he went back into his cottage, on the threshold of which he had been standing, 'I wonder had I best be in the way? I don't like to seem like a spy on what he does; but he's only a baby, and them Silver boys is skittish; at least one on 'em is, and I don't like his looks overmuch. To be sure, there's Peter Constant—he was always my own lad, and a good lad; but farmers' sons is farmers' sons, and when baronets come to be hand-in-glove with 'em it turns their brains like, and isn't always conformable. I think I'll not go far out of the way.'

In the meantime there was much perplexity of spirit at the farm, Rose and her crutches hindering the due arrangement of this first important Chapter of the Red Rose Knights. Besides which, Rose herself was shy, and hung back.

'I'm not a lady, Peter,' she said; 'and I don't think father and mother would like it.'

'You are a lady, Rose,' said Peter. 'Can't you read, and write, and cipher, and work crochet work? and haven't you the best manners of any girl or woman in Middlemere, and no need to go out to service, but may sit at home with the best of them? Ay, and you would have played the piano, too—you know you would, Rose—only you were obstinate, and wouldn't learn.'

'As if that was being a lady!' said Rose. 'Why, look at Miss Temple, Peter!'

Miss Temple was a lady who lived about half-way between Middlemere and the nearest market-town, and who had taken an interest in Rose and lent her books.

'Well,' said Peter, 'what of her?'

'Why,' said Rose, 'father says she's as poor as a church mouse, and I know she keeps no servant and has to cook her own dinner, so she has no time for dinner. And she has had to go out to service—at least father says she was a governess all her life, and that's not much better; and she can't play the piano—

at least not much, Peter, only hymns and chants, and slow things like that; and yet, whenever I go to see her, I feel like Betty or Susan.'

'Bosh!' said Peter. 'I wouldn't be as mean as you for something, Rose. Why, I don't feel like that when I'm with Sir Florence Gould, and he's a gentleman, if you like.'

'Not more than Miss Temple is a lady,' said Rose.

Peter whistled.

'Oh, yes, you may whistle,' said Rose; 'but it's because you are so conceited that you don't see the difference. Why, Miss Temple never wears anything but a straight up-and-down black dress, and that little gold cross round her neck that I believe she sleeps in, and there are two or three darns in her dress; and yet, if I were to live for a hundred years, I'd never be a lady like her. Why, look at the little bit of a room she has, and such lots of books, and always flowers, if only daisies; but when you go in and find her reading, and she gets up and smiles, and says, "Well, Rose!" why I always feel as if I had no manners at all. Me a lady, indeed! just because I needn't go out to service! Much you know about it, Peter.'

'Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it,' said Peter, who, like most boys, did not enjoy being put down by his sister. 'The question is, Will you come to the Chapter, or not? It will be very ungrateful of you if you don't, after them choosing you for the Red Rose and all.'

'If father and mother didn't mind——' began Rose, doubtfully.

'Don't be a baby!' said Peter; 'do you think we are going to tell them? Of course we are doing no harm, and it pleases Sir Florence.'

Rose was sensible enough to see that pleasing Sir Florence was no sufficient reason for her to do anything, but, cripple as she was, Rose was intensely fond of a frolic, and the excitement of being taken blindfold to some secret place, and made the witness of all sorts of mysteries, overcame her scruples, and she consented.

And so the eventful day came at last, the day before the one appointed for Mr. Parry's arrival; but the whole affair had nearly, as Leo expressed it, been 'smashed up' by the difficulty of suiting the hour to everybody.

Sir Florence was free at any time; the Silver boys had an hour to play in the garden before their early dinner; but Mrs. Silver sometimes took her work to the back-door and sat there, saying that she liked the air, but in reality, as the boys knew very well, to mount guard over them, and see that they did not disturb their father. Leo loved his mother dearly—no boy could have done more so, but yet this was one of his grievances. At least he thought, and said too, in that wretched little den they might be allowed to do as they liked. Escape, therefore, at this time would have been impossible, even if it had been of any use, which it was not; for Peter, after school hours, had more work to do under his father than usual, and Rose was kept just as close, either by her mother or her father. Then, when Peter and Rose were free, the Silvers were in durance vile. There was nothing for it but to play truant at bedtime. Now the only difficulty this presented was to the Silver boys—they were not only very strictly looked after during the evening, but sent to bed early. Sir Florence, on the other hand, never could be got to bed at all, it was the trouble of Maddalena's life to get him into his room, and under her wing; while at the farm, though early hours were kept, Rose and Peter were not looked after at all.

Leo had determined to break loose again, and carry Miles with him, wrapped in a blanket. Jack was very uneasy, and was in two minds whether or not to divulge the whole scheme to his mother; but in the middle of the day itself, and while Florence was hovering about in the neighbourhood of the White Cottage and the farm like an unquiet ghost, something happened which not only made the whole thing easier, but even seemed to take away the wrong-doing of the scheme. How, I cannot undertake to say, not understanding schoolboy logic.

As soon as the afternoon studies were over, in which not only Leo, but Jack himself, had signally failed, Mr. Silver shut and locked his desk, and thus addressed the boys,—

'John and Leopold, your mother and I had prepared a pleasure for you this evening, but after such disgraceful idleness and inattention it cannot be given you. I grieve to have to inflict punishment, but I cannot overlook such serious faults.'

'What was it, father?' Jack ventured to say.

'It was this. You were to have accompanied your mother and me to dine with a friend who lives about ten miles off. We are to take Hacket's fly and start almost immediately.'

Jack's face fell, and something like tears clouded his blue eyes. A little pleasure went a long way with the Silver boys. Leo's wits were quicker, and he had thought of something which Jack had forgotten.

'Then are you and mother to stay at home, too?' he asked, demurely.

'Certainly not!' replied Mr. Silver, with some impatience. 'Do you imagine our friend is to be disappointed for the faults of a couple of schoolboys?'

Leo gave Jack an imperceptible nudge under the table, as Mrs. Silver came in. Neither of the boys looked very mournful, and she thought it was all right, and smiled.

'Have the boys finished, John dear?' she said to her husband; 'may they come and get ready? the fly will be here directly.'

'They have finished, certainly,' said Mr. Silver; 'at least I have done with them: but they cannot come with us, I grieve to say.'

Poor Mrs. Silver looked far more disappointed than either of her sons had done.

'Oh, Jack and Leo!' she exclaimed; 'I am so grieved!'

'I couldn't help it, mother,' said Leo eagerly; 'and I don't mind.'

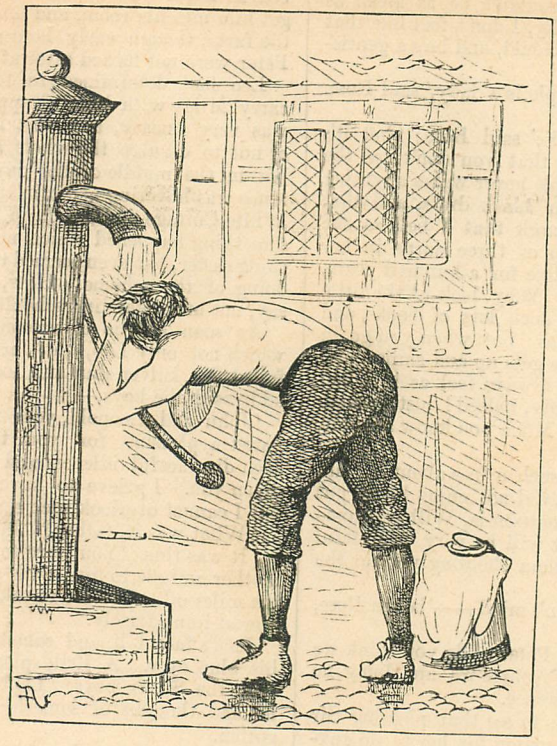
'Then you ought to mind,' said Mr. Silver, roused to anger. 'Such a hardened conscience will bring you a terrible judgment some day, Leopold. Leave the room, sir, directly!'

Leo left the room, followed by Jack and Mrs. Silver.

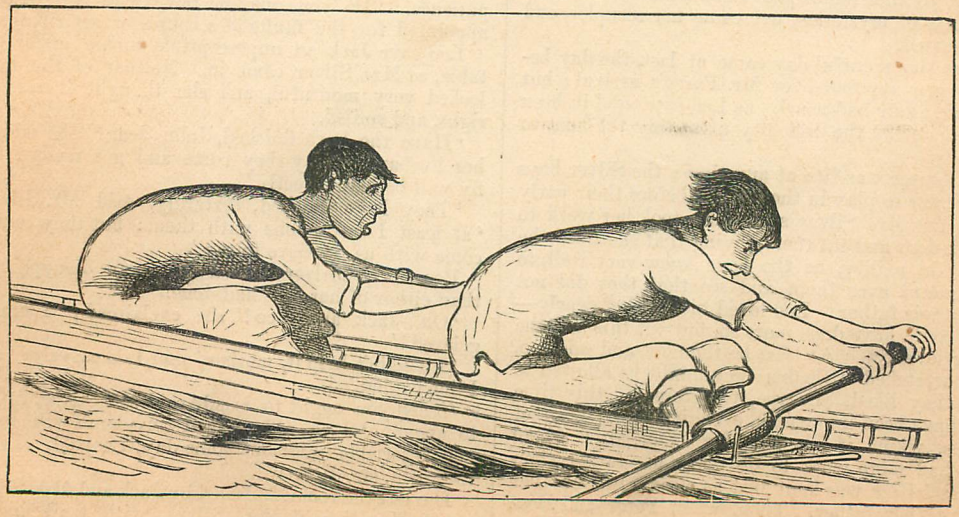
'Oh, Leo!' said Mrs. Silver, with tears in her eyes.

'Mother dear,' said Leo eagerly, 'I didn't mean

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—SPORT.



Beginning the Day.

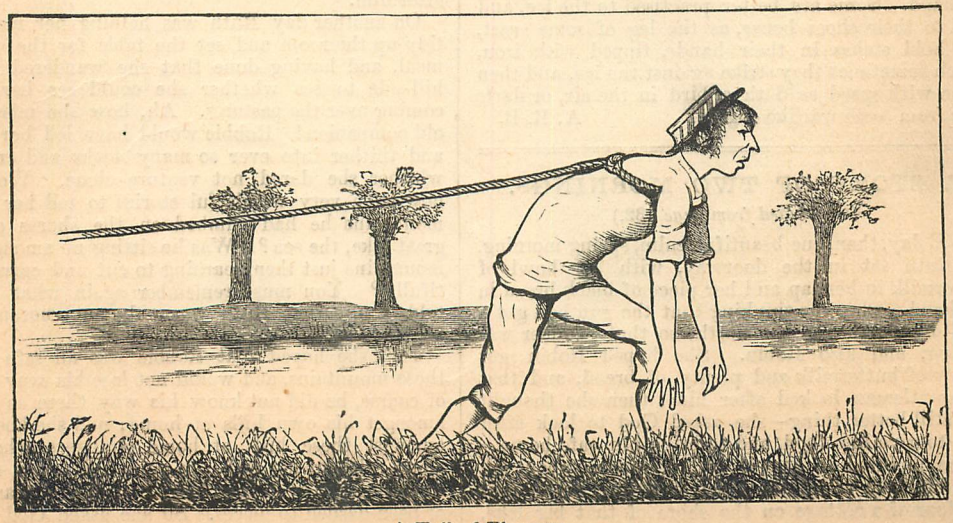


"Give way all."

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—SPORT.



Running with the Ball.



A Toil of Pleasure.

anything—I didn't really: father gets so waxy with a fellow. But I don't want to go, and that's the fact.'

Mrs. Silver sighed, and kissed her boys sadly.

'I have left some jam out for your supper, dears,' she whispered; 'you mustn't have dry bread while your father and I are enjoying ourselves. I had hoped to have you both with us. Now be careful, my dearest boys, and don't get into mischief.'

'Yes, mother,' said Leo, whose mind being full of his own affairs did not pay much attention to what his mother was saying. Jack said nothing.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Silver drove away, and Leo tossed his cap in the air with a loud hooray!

'Jack, what a muff you are!' he exclaimed; 'what are you looking so solemn about?'

'Because I'm sorry father and mother were vexed,' said Jack, bluntly.

'Oh, well, of course so am I; but it did come in so lucky, didn't it?'

'Now I say, I'm off to tell Flo, and settle about the time.'

And Leo set off, but was brought up short by meeting Florence himself at the gate, looking very radiant. He, too, had watched the fly drive off, and knew the coast was clear.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ICE.

THE old Chronicler, Stowe, speaks thus of the winter sports in which the young men of London engaged in his day:—

'When that great mere, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport on the ice; these, fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sideways, slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as it were great mill-stones, and make seats. Many, going before, drag him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand. Some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the leg of some beast, and hold stakes in their hands, tipped with iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice, and then go on with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine.' A. R. B.

A STORY OF TWO MORNINGS.

(Concluded from page 132.)

ONE day, then, one beautiful, calm, spring morning, Ruth sat in the doorway, with her bowl of buttermilk in her lap and her piece of black bread in her hand. She was thinking that the sun had got a good deal farther to the north, so that summer was coming, and also Robin. She hoped Robin got plenty of buttermilk and plenty of bread, and that the gentleman looked after him; then she thought of a still better thing—she asked God to look after him, to give him food, and to bring him safe home.

She pictured to herself Robin, rowing about on that big lake called the Sea; or sitting, perhaps, at the door of a cottage on the shore of that big lake, the door of the gentleman's cottage; and she hoped he had his bread and his buttermilk. You see, little Ruth was only an ignorant peasant-child. Still, her ignorance did not matter one bit, since she was able to trust God. So she asked God to see that Robbie had his bread and buttermilk.

Robin was just then, however, not thinking about buttermilk; he was on the great sea, and he was looking at some mountains; but they were ice-mountains—big, glittering ice-mountains; icebergs as we commonly call them—and they came sailing along the sea. These icebergs, you know, are huge masses of ice, which have broken from the still greater masses which form in the polar regions. The icebergs, when they have broken loose, come floating along the sea. They tower high out of the sea like great cliffs, and they reach down under the sea ever so far. A ship is but a little thing for two of these to crush up between them; and ships do get amongst them, and get crushed up sometimes. Robin's ship had got amongst them, and he was thinking how she would escape. He had often heard sailors' stories about them, and it seemed to him, and not only to him but also to every one in the ship, that what those terrible stories had told was about to happen now.

Robbie was a brave lad, but his heart sank for a moment. He was generally full of hope, but now it seemed to him that he would never see the old home any more. Good-bye to father, and mother, and Ruth, and the cottage by the lake.

Just then, what was it? Did wind or current turn aside the sailing ice-mountains, or did it turn the ship aside, or did it open a wide gap between the masses for the ship to pass through in safety? I do not know; I only know that the ship passed safely through her perils after all; and it was just when Ruth was sitting on the doorstep with her prayer in her heart.

Robin did not need his bread and his buttermilk, as I said; but he needed something else, you know—the helpful wind or current, or whatever it was, and whatever it was God sent it; God, Who was looking after him.

On another day Ruth was helping her mother to tidy up the room and set the table for the evening meal, and having done that she wandered up the hill-side to see whether she could see her father coming over the pastures. Ah, how she missed her old companion! Robbie would have led her hither and thither into ever so many nooks and crannies, whither she dared not venture alone. Would he now have very wonderful stories to tell her of the mountains he had climbed on the shores of that great lake, the sea? Was he sitting up among those mountains just then, learning to cut and carve beautifully? You must remember again what I have told you,—that Ruth was only an ignorant little peasant-girl.

Then she hoped that Robbie was all safe among those mountains, and would not lose his way; since, of course, he did not know his way there as he did amongst his own hills at home; and she knew that amongst these hills at home strangers who went alone, without her father to guide them, had strayed sometimes, or even been lost; had died of starvation, or been dashed to pieces. So she asked God now to look after Robbie, and not let him lose his way

among the strange mountains, but bring him safe home.

Now Robbie was not among the strange mountains just then, as she fancied; he was not in danger of losing his way amongst them; he was safe on low land.

Safe?—that is our way of talking; how can we say whether we are safer on mountain or plain, by water or by dry land? Is not God everywhere? Robin was just then on shore, among riotous, drinking companions, who were trying to make him riotous like themselves. Sometimes they spoke fiercely to him, sometimes they enticed him, sometimes they laughed at him, and the laughing nearly got the better of him; but all at once a thought of home came over him—father, mother, Ruth, the old Bible; and somehow, I cannot tell how, Robbie got free.

It must surely have been God looking after him, and it was just when, as you know, Ruth was wandering about the hill-side with a prayer in her heart. Perhaps there may have been one in Robin's heart also.

Summer came, but brought no Robbie, and at last Ruth said, 'Robbie must be dead!' and she cried when she said it.

Then her father drew her to his side and said, 'You were a little maiden, Ruth, when Robbie went away, and if I had told you then what it is to be a sailor, you would have cried and fretted yourself to death: but you're getting quite a woman now; you can tidy up the house and knit a sock, and you've grown a good deal; so you can understand what is said to you. The sea where Robbie's gone is so big that it takes a long, long time to sail over it; and Robbie won't be back yet awhile; but God is taking care of him, and He will bring him safe home one day, I don't doubt.'

Then Ruth dried up her tears, and tried not to cry any more: and she remembered the gentleman's parable, 'That sorrows will come like the showers; but that, like the showers, God will not send more than enough to do us good.'

When two more summers had passed, joyful to tell, Robbie came home. He came one evening, one summer's evening, when Ruth was sitting on the doorstep knitting.

'Well, you're a woman now, I declare!' said Robin; tall, brown Robin, in his sailor's clothes, as he came up suddenly.

Ruth knew who he was in a moment, and so did father, and so did mother. How happy they all were!

Robin had a great deal to tell; and he had brought Ruth a parrot in a cage, tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief. What trouble he had taken to bring it such a long way! Ruth was very happy now. All the long, dreary time past seemed only a dream now—now that Robbie was there again, talking and laughing.

Robbie told them about many of his adventures, many countries, many storms, many beautiful, wonderful sights which he had seen; and he talked and talked, and they were never tired of listening.

He told them at last of one great danger from which he had escaped—the narrowest escape of all, he counted it: when his ship took fire and they had to take to the boats and leave her, and the sea was rough, and land was far off out of sight, and they beat about in the rough sea until a passing ship picked them up and took them into port.

'It was on a Monday it happened, father,' said Robin; 'and do you know, in the midst of it all, I thought of you, and mother, and Ruth, where you were, and how little you were thinking of what was happening to me: but the thought came into my mind that it was Sunday, and that you were very likely in church, praying for those who travel by land or by water.'

'And so we were, lad, no doubt,' said the father.

The next morning Robin and Ruth were up very early, for Robin was to row her out on the lake.

'And pull both oars now that you're man enough,' said Ruth, laughing at her strong sailor brother.

It hardly seemed possible that three years had passed, and Robbie had been wandering over the world, since they were last on the lake together. Last night they were full of talk, but this morning they neither of them said very much; out on that still, quiet lake, they could only be still and quiet, and think.

'Nothing is changed,' said Robin, at last. 'I could fancy that I had never been away: this is just as it used to be when our gentleman rowed about on the lake in the mornings. Look, there is a rainbow!' he exclaimed, presently; and Ruth turned her head and saw the bright arch spanning the west.

Robin rested on his oars watching. 'Do you remember our gentleman's parable, Ruth?' he said. 'I have thought of it many times.'

'And so have I,' said Ruth.

Then they watched in silence until the rainbow faded out of the sky.

But the parable has never faded out of their hearts. Ruth will to this day tell you, that when troubles are at hand God never forgets to set His bow in the cloud: 'He always sets before my eyes a promise that the troubles shall not be too much,' she says. And as for Robbie—who is a guide now, like his father—people who have been about with him can tell you that they have noticed a curious habit, that wherever he may be, on lake or hill, whenever he sees a rainbow he always lifts his cap and bends his head, 'and looks,' some one said in speaking of it, 'and looks as if he were saying a grace.'

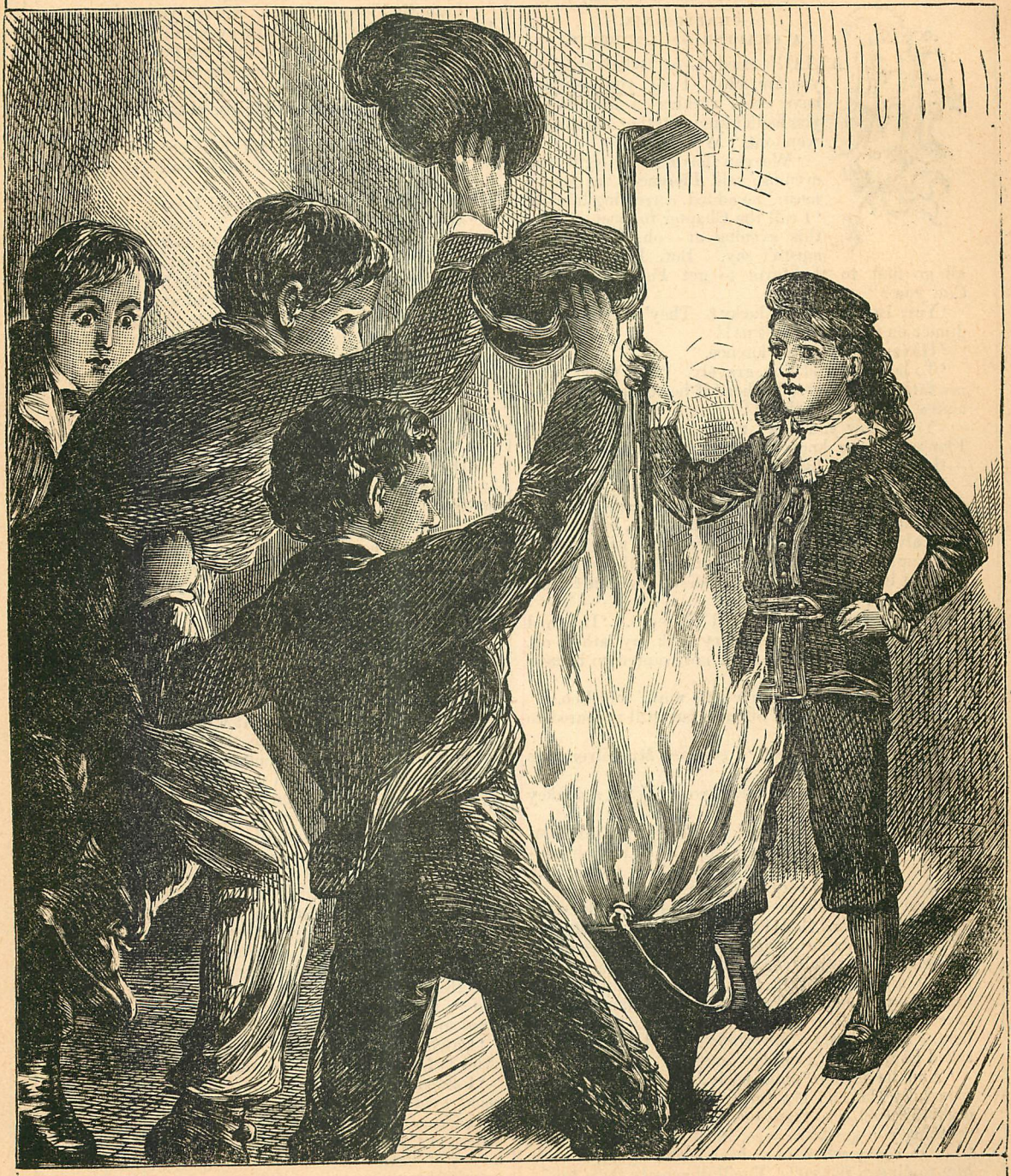
And that is just what he is doing.

'DON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED.'

THE following is said to be the origin of this proverb:—After one of the great battles of antiquity the vanquished general hid a vast amount of precious treasure in a field. A Theban, who was aware of the fact, went and bought the field for the sake of the treasure it contained. He searched diligently for the hidden wealth, but could not find it, and he went to the oracle of Delphi to ask for advice; he was told that if he turned over every stone in the field he would find what he was looking for. He went back and did so, and found the treasure.



Escape from the Ship on Fire.



The Knights of the Red Rose.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 142.)

CHAPTER XIX.
A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.



'HALLO!' cried Leo; 'what a fellow you are, Flo! I say, you wouldn't have come rushing in like that if you hadn't known father and mother were out. What's up?'

'We can have it at eight this evening,' said Florence; 'at least I mean,' he added, correcting himself, 'I call the Chapter to meet at eight this evening at—oh, I forgot! I mustn't say. But, Leo, we must all go first to the farm to get Peter and Rose. Can you?'

'Yes; isn't it awfully lucky? They've gone out to dinner on purpose to suit us!'

'Have they?' said Florence.

'To be sure,' said Leo, gravely. 'Don't you know my father would give his head if he thought it would amuse us to play with it?'

'You know you don't mean what you say,' said Florence; 'you know Mr. Silver would not do that—that you don't like him.'

'Shut up, will you?' said Leo, angrily. 'What do you mean by saying I don't like my father?'

'I thought you didn't,' said Florence, innocently; 'you always speak as if you were angry with him.'

'I suppose a fellow can be angry with his father without its being said that he doesn't like him?' said Leo, sulkily.

'I don't think I could,' said Florence. 'If I had told any one else I was angry with my father, oh, I should have hated him, and not wanted to be near him, or live with him.'

'That's because you are a little muff,' said Leo.

Sir Florence took no offence, but still appeared to be pondering deeply.

'Then,' said he at last, 'I suppose Mr. Silver likes you?'

'I suppose he does,' said Leo. 'What a donkey you are!'

'But I don't understand English ways,' said Florence. 'Mr. Silver always looks as if he were unhappy. I suppose it is because he lives in such a little house. It must be very disagreeable.'

'Every one can't be a stuck-up baronet like Sir Florence Gould of Gould Hall,' said Leo, flushing up.

'No,' said Florence; 'and I am very glad they can't, because there would be nothing for me to do. It doesn't matter for you, Leo, because, of course, you can come to Gould Hall and have everything you like there, and do as I do; but Mr. Silver always stays here. Do you think he would come to dinner if I asked him, Leo? I always dine late.'

'And he always dines early,' said Leo, laughing scornfully (he had not forgiven Sir Florence for his childish speech); so there you are out. What a stuck-up thing you are, to be sure, Flo! You won't be able to be so cocky when your bear-leader comes! Ask him to dinner, indeed! You'll dine early then, too.'

'No,' said Florence, calmly. 'I always dined late with father in Italy, and so I mean to do here.'

'You mean to do this, and you mean to do that!' mocked Leo. 'You are such a swell! Aren't you?'

'I am Sir Florence Gould,' said the young baronet, looking with his grave dark eyes into Leo's face; 'and I mean to be master in my own house!'

Leo laughed aloud, and the noise brought out Jack.

'I say,' he said, rather uneasily, to Florence, 'you aren't going to lead us a wildgoose chase to-night, are you? Do stop that row, Leo!'

'I am Head Gardener,' said Florence. It was all he vouchsafed in answer, for he was a little put out by Leo's mockery.

'Don't be a milksop, Jack!' said Leo.

'Well,' said Jack, resignedly, 'what will be will be, I suppose. I shall have to go to look after Miles.'

'He's longing to go all the time,' said Leo. 'Well, half-past seven at the farm—eh, Flo? I say, old fellow, come in and have some bread and jam? Or is Its High Mightiness going home to its late dinner?'

'I have something to do,' said Sir Florence, marching off, with his head in the air.

'Queer little chap!' said Jack, looking after him.

'Lucky little dog!' said Leo, rather savagely. 'What do you think the conceited young beggar said, Jack? Wondered how father could live in such a little house! I like his impudence!'

'He didn't mean anything,' said Jack. 'He may be conceited, but it's a kind of conceit that wouldn't harm a fly.'

'He was right!' exclaimed Leo, striking the stick he held in his hand against the palings which divided the fruit-garden of the White Cottage from the road. 'How father can be so mean-spirited I can't think!'

'You couldn't help it if you were a poor curate with a family,' said Jack.

'What business has he to be a poor curate with a family?' said Leo. 'Oh, you may stare, Master Jack! but I mean what I say, and more. You think, because I am always larking, or getting into rows, that I don't mind, but I do; it's that which makes me go on as I do sometimes at meals and lessons. The dry bread we have at supper chokes me, and so does the horrid greasy bit of mutton we get for dinner.'

'Oh, Leo!' said Jack, sadly.

'Oh, yes! it's all very well for a contented fellow like you, who don't care whether you're out at elbows or not, so long as you have some rubbishy old book of poetry or other to read; but it's quite different for me, who like things different. And then to be kept in and jawed by one's father when he can't even give us shoes to our feet! It makes me mad.'

'You are very wicked, Leo,' said Jack, with tears in his eyes. 'I should be ashamed to feel so. Do you think I don't know that father's poor as well as you? But I'd rather bite my tongue out than say a word to him, or anybody.'

'Catch me saying a word to him!' growled Leo. 'And as for anybody, you are nobody!'

'I am sure there's some good reason for our being poor,' went on Jack. 'I've often thought about it. Father's so clever that he could have been Archbishop of Canterbury if he had chosen, and I am sure he might have had a lot of money, only I suppose grandfather was angry with him for something.'

'Grandfather!' cried Leo, excitedly. 'Who was our grandfather, Jack? do you know?'

Jack shook his head. 'I don't know; but I know there was a Sir John Silver, for I saw the name in a book of father's in the study once.'

'Then I declare it's a big shame!' exclaimed Leo. 'I suppose father went and did some beggarly thing or other which put our grandfather against him, and we might have had a lot of money by now.'

'And you're a sneak!' said Jack, his freckled face in a glow of honest indignation. 'I may be a stupid sort of fellow, and don't care for things; but before I'd turn against my own father——'

'Who said I had turned against him?' said Leo, slashing his stick so violently against the rotten paling that it flew into shivers. 'There!'

At this moment Miles rushed out in a high state of excitement.

'Oh—oh—I say!' he spluttered; 'such a splendid thing, Leo! Jack, do come!'

'What's the row?' said Jack.

'Jane told me that mother said so,' said Miles, mysteriously; 'so it must be true. Oh, I am so glad!'

'But what is it?' said Leo, impatiently. 'Can't you speak out, you little donkey?'

'It's—it's—shall I tell?' said Miles: 'or would you rather guess?'

'Oh, tell, tell, and look sharp about it,' said Leo.

'It's jam for tea!' whispered Miles.

Jack burst out laughing and Leo frowned.

'There, get along,' he said, 'and don't come bothering here. As if I cared!'

Miles stood aghast in wonder. He was not accustomed to such stoicism from Leo.

'But tea is ready,' he said; 'and it's strawberry jam!'

Jack laughed heartily.

'Is it, Miles?' he inquired. 'That's stunning! You and I will walk into it if Leo doesn't, won't we?'

But Miles was not to be comforted. 'Is Leo not well?' he asked.

Leo put on a dignified air as he walked into the house; but it is perhaps needless to say that Miles was very soon fully satisfied on his behalf.

Strawberry jam for tea was perhaps event enough for one night, as far as Miles was concerned, and he was therefore not too much elated on finding himself carried away from all chance of bed as far as the farm, and there submitted to the indignity of being blindfolded. He did not half understand it, and was not even reconciled to his fate by the supreme fun of being tied with all the others, even Rose Constant, into a leash, one end of which was held by Sir Florence Gould, who, to Miles's indignation, was permitted the use of his eyes.

'But where are we going?' said Miles, struggling. 'I don't like it, Jack; please let me go!'

'Miles, if you talk I'll stick a pin into you,' said Leo.

'There, never mind, Master Miles,' said Rose. 'Keep near me. I must go slow, you know; it's only a bit of fun. Sir Florence is going to take us somewhere where we won't know anything!'

This rather appalling description did not comfort Miles much. 'I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed!' he whined.

'But, Master Miles,' said Rose, 'you are one of the Red Rose Knights. Don't you remember that game we played when Master Leo's leg was broken?'

But Miles was by no means so much impressed with his own dignity as was the Head Gardener, who, with a very anxious face, led his flock through the deep shadows of the Gould Hall woods.

'Where on earth are we going?' asked Leo.

'I mean to find out,' said Peter. 'I can't be hoodwinked. I know where I am now!'

'Oh, you're very wise!' said Leo. 'I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a cliff near the sea. I declare I hear it!'

'It's the wind in the trees,' said Peter. 'Ha! there was a man behind that one!'

'Bother!' said Leo, who was startled.

'I tell you, I'm not to be taken in!' said Peter. 'Now we are near a—I'll not say, but we'll stop in another half-minute, see if we don't!'

And sure enough Sir Florence called a halt, and, unfastening his flock, led each by the hand carefully into old Robarts' kitchen, and seated him with his back against the wall.

'How did you know we were going to stop?' asked Leo of Peter.

'Wait,' said Florence, solemnly, 'and be silent all.'

There was a silent pause, broken in a few minutes by a tremendous crackling; and presently an extraordinary odour diffused itself around.

'I say,' said Leo, uneasily, 'whatever is Flo up to?'

'Oh, Sir Florence! please!' cried Rose, 'might I take off the handkerchief?'

'The word of the Red Rose is law to her devoted knights!' said Sir Florence, gallantly.

Rose tore off the handkerchief without awaiting a second bidding, and Miles did the same, acting in a very unknightly manner without leave from his superior.

Both children were silent from amazement and dismay. Neither had ever been in the gamekeeper's cottage before, and did not in the least know where they were; but even if they had, Sir Florence had been very careful to alter the look of the room. He had moved out every scrap of furniture, taken down all the pictures and ornaments, and carried away the strips of carpet. There was no fire and no candles, but in the centre of the room was a large bucket containing spirits of wine, to which Florence had just set a-light. The blue flames had leapt up instantly, and Sir Florence, in his black velvet suit and pale, rather frightened face, standing near with a garden hoe as insignia of office in his hand, looked not unlike a miniature wizard.

'Oh, Master Florence!' cried Rose, forgetting the title in her agitation; 'you'll set the whole place alight, and we'll all be burnt in our beds!'

Which was a considerable flight of imagination on Rose's part, as they weren't near their beds. Miles screamed lustily, and the others tore off their handkerchiefs without stopping to ask leave.

'Didn't I say so?' cried Peter, looking round. Then, seized with a sudden spirit of mischief, he sprang into the middle of the floor, dragging Leo and Jack after him.

'Stir it up, Head Gardener!' he shouted: 'stir it up!'



A Janissary and the Egyptian Merchant.

And as Florence plunged the hoe into the blazing mass he danced round the cauldron, shouting,—

'I swear by the Red Rose to accomplish my deed! Now, then, next Knight.'

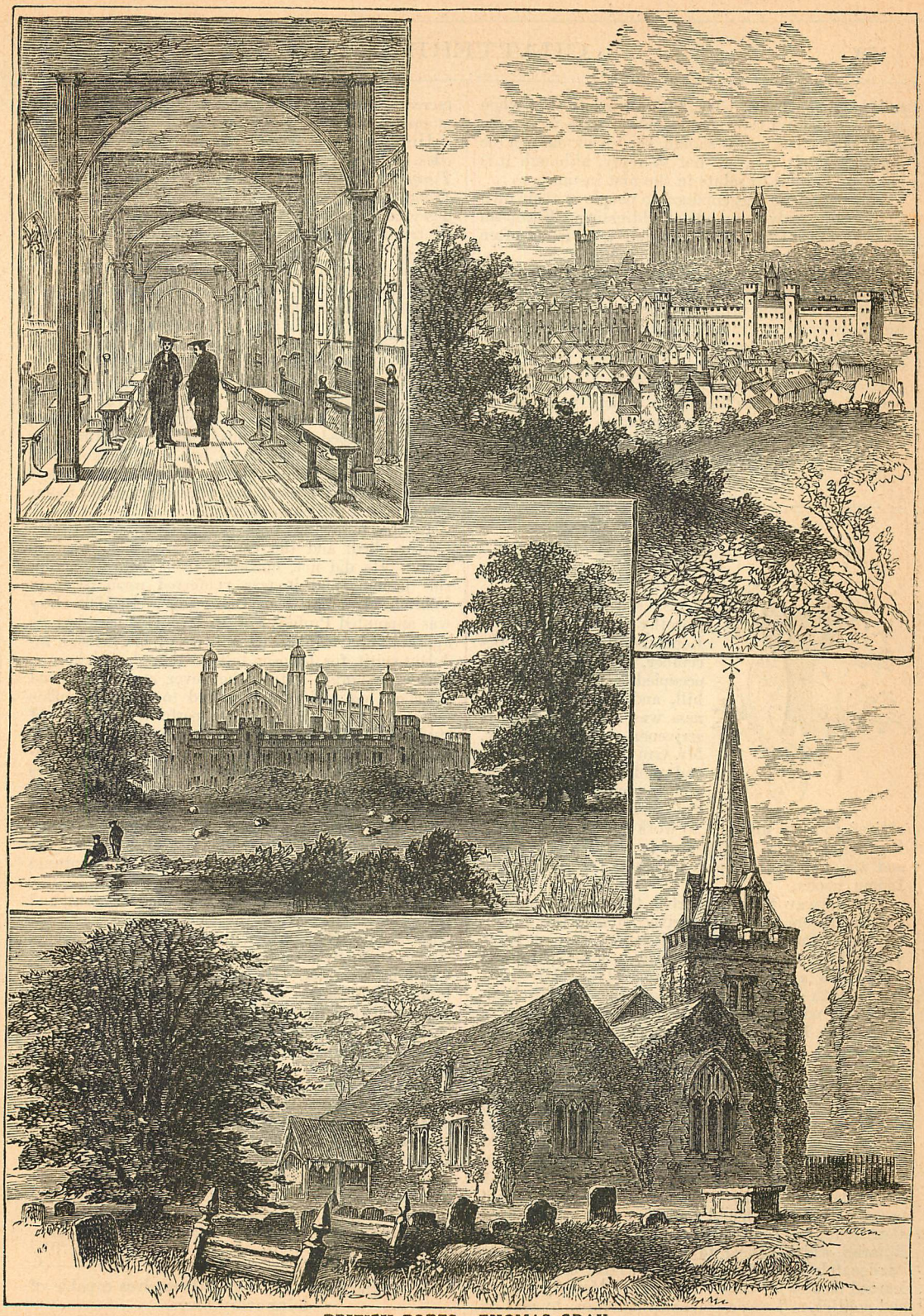
And nothing loth, Leo tore round and round the bucket, uttering the same formula. Jack followed, and after him the frightened Miles was forced to utter the same fantastic vow. Sir Florence flung down his hoe, and swore to accomplish his deed just as the flames had caught the walls, and the room was in a blaze. Rose screamed and made for the door with her crutch, Peter following, a little crestfallen. But before the rest of the Red Rose Knights had had time to stir the door was thrown open, and old Robarts appeared on the threshold. Behind him, to the amazement of the interrupted Chapter, stood Mr. Silver, and Sir Florence Gould's new tutor, Mr. Philip Parry. Words cannot express the consternation of the unlucky Knights, but old Robarts was worse, who saw his cottage being burnt down before his very eyes and knew himself utterly powerless to save it.

(*To be continued.*)

EGYPTIANS.

HERE is a janissary of the Pasha of Egypt's body-guard talking to a merchant. The janissary carries his official staff, and is armed with sword and pistols, but the merchant carries only his pipe and a scent-box in the scarf round his waist.

It is part of the religion of a Mahometan to be



BRITISH POETS.—THOMAS GRAY.

Eton School.

Eton.

Cambridge.

Stoke Pogis Church.

polite and courteous. The Koran teaches, that when two persons meet they should salute with 'Peace be with you.' The reply should be, 'And on you be peace also.' It is a sin not to reply, although it is not a sin to omit to salute in the first instance.

This politeness was confined to people of their own creed. Formerly the mode of addressing a European was 'Dog of a Christian!' but that term is not often used now.

A person riding must always salute one who is walking, and a person on foot must salute one who is sitting. In paying visits no one enters until he has sent in to obtain permission, and the visitor always sets himself at the lowest place until the host invites him to 'Come up higher.'

Eastern merchants are often rich men, and it is not a disgrace for the highest in society to engage in trade. Eastern history gives instances of the sons of kings becoming merchants, and travelling about with their goods. Cairo used to be the chief seat of traffic.

BRITISH POETS.

THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS, son of Philip and Dorothy Gray, was born in London on the 26th of December, 1716. His parents occupied a house in Cornhill, and his father's business was that of a money-scrivener. Unfortunately, Mr. Gray was an idle man, and violent in his temper, and in consequence of his bad conduct Mrs. Gray was obliged to leave him and to work for her own living. Her sister, Mary Antrobus, came to live with her, and the two ladies opened a shop for the sale of Indian goods.

In this way they supported themselves comfortably, and were enabled to give Thomas the advantage of a thoroughly good education, first at Eton, where Mrs. Gray's brother held a mastership, and afterwards at Peterhouse, Cambridge. His great friend, both at school and college, was Horace Walpole, and with him he visited France and Italy in 1738. At Florence, however, they quarrelled and parted, and, in spite of their previous long friendship, were not reconciled for three years. Gray returned to England in 1741, and in the same year his father died. Mrs. Gray and Miss Antrobus then gave up their business, and retired to Stoke Pogis in Buckinghamshire, where they lived for a time with a third sister, Mrs. Rogers. Gray had intended to become a lawyer, but his father having left him in poorer circumstances than he had expected, he decided not to enter a profession, and again took up his abode at Peterhouse, for the sake of studying in the beautiful libraries which belong to the University. He was passionately fond of books, and was one of the most learned men of his time. He studied history, science, and politics, and was a clever antiquarian; by way of recreation he read books of travel, and occasionally amused himself by writing poetry.

His poems were few in number, and were chiefly odes, of which the two finest are the *Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard;* but the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* is his best-known work, and is deservedly a favourite with every lover of English poetry. This beautiful poem was written at Stoke Pogis.

Miss Antrobus died in 1749, and in 1753 Mrs. Gray died also, and was buried in the same grave with her sister, near to the south-east window of Stoke Pogis Church.

In 1756 Gray left Peterhouse, and spent the remainder of his life at Pembroke Hall. Two or three young students at the former college, whose rooms were on the same staircase with his own, had annoyed him for some time by their riotous behaviour, which disturbed him in his studies. He therefore complained to the authorities, but they do not seem to have regarded the matter as seriously as the poet did, and for the sake of peace he quitted his rooms and removed to Pembroke Hall.

In the following year the poet-laureate, Colley Cibber, died, and the vacant post was offered to Gray. He did not, however, think well to accept this honour, and it was conferred upon William Whitehead, a native of Cambridge. In 1768 Gray was appointed Professor of Modern History; but he appears to have inherited a little of his father's indolent spirit, for Johnson tells us that though he was always designing lectures he never read them, and yet could not make up his mind to resign an office whose duties he was unable to perform. His love of study and retirement grew stronger as he grew older, and he seldom left Cambridge except in the vacations. Whilst his mother lived, these holiday-times were almost always spent with her, but after her death he made several excursions, going once to Scotland, where he formed an acquaintance with the Scottish poet Beattie. He also visited the Lake district in 1769, and Wales in the autumn of 1770.

His father and mother had both died of gout, and the poet suffered from the same disease. On the 30th of July, 1771, while dining in the college hall, he was suddenly attacked with gout in the stomach, which proved fatal. He was buried in his mother's tomb, and for many years no memorial of any kind marked his last resting-place.

At the death of the Viscountess Cobham, Mr. William Penn, a descendant of the celebrated Quaker, purchased the manor-house at Stoke Pogis, and the property attached to it. He rebuilt the manor-house, and being anxious to show honour to the dead poet, whose remains lay within the boundary of the park, he placed a tablet upon the church wall, and also erected a beautiful monument to his memory. This monument stands alone in a quiet corner of the park, and upon the four sides of its pedestal are carved an appropriate inscription and verses selected from the *Ode to Eton College* and from the *Elegy*.

H. L. T.

'THOSE who do nothing fancy themselves capable of doing everything.'

CELEBRATED AMERICANS.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, James Brooks, Horace Greeley, Hannibal Hamlin, John B. Henderson, James K. Moorhead, James H. Woodworth, Henry G. Raymond, Samuel A. Smith, Silas Wright, Sam Houston, Lewis Cass, Abraham Lincoln, and many others whose names have filled less conspicuous places in American political history, were hard-working farmer boys. They earned their bread by farm labour, and used their spare hours for study.

Benjamin F. Wade, only twelve years before he was elected to Congress, was employed with a spade and wheelbarrow on the Erie Canal. But his mind was at work as well as his hands, and, with the feeling that God had given him mental qualities that should be used to influence others, he struggled until his aspirations were realized.

A number of distinguished Congressmen were left orphans at an early age, and were obliged in youth to bear the burdens that belong to mature years. Among these we may mention Augustus C. Baldwin, Simon Cameron, Alexander H. Stephens, the lamented Senator Baker, who fell at Leesburg, Stephen A. Douglas, and the late President Garfield.

Vice-President Colfax was left an orphan in childhood, and when about eleven years of age he began to contribute towards his own support and the support of his mother by working in a store.

These eminent men worked with young hands as well as with young brains. There was no sunny, dreamy period in their lives, free from care, which answers our poetic conceptions of youth. The cares and responsibilities of life came upon them at once. They were schooled in realities.

About the year 1822, in the town of Farmington, New Hampshire, lived a very poor boy not far from ten years of age. His parents apprenticed him to a farmer, to serve until he attained his majority. He was a faithful, hard-working boy, with a well-balanced mind and an eager thirst for knowledge.

He was allowed to attend school at irregular intervals, but his school training, during an apprenticeship of eleven years, amounted only to twelve months.

No one, however, ever made better use of the opportunities for learning placed within his reach than this lad. You might have seen him reading by moonlight when no candle was allowed him.

Did he ever dream that he would one day read by the lights that throw their subdued rays over the apartments of the Capitol?

And how many volumes do you suppose he read in those hard years? Nearly one thousand.

Solid works they were, too,—history and biography, books of travel and of science; not sentimental novels such as dwarf the mind, deaden the energies, and lure to indolence and baser vices.

He served his apprenticeship to the farmer. He was still too poor to attend school; and having no one to assist him, his next sensible movement was to learn a trade. So, taking what few things he possessed on his back, he walked from Farmington, New Hampshire, to Natick, Massachusetts, where he hired himself to a shoemaker.

For two years he made shoes. Having earned a little money, although getting rather old for such a purpose, he was not ashamed to go back to New Hampshire to attend school.

That man became one of the most honoured of the Vice-Presidents of the United States.

THE PARROT.

—o—



OF all birds parrots are the most susceptible of being made tame and familiar. And towards their protectors they often show great attachment, courting their notices and caresses. They are decidedly the most intelligent of the feathered race, and are quick in learning to repeat words, sentences, and tunes. They mimic the voices of other animals, the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, and the crowing of poultry; and their memory is retentive and their ear accurate. They differ, however, in their qualifications, and some species are superior to others in the quick way in which they learn their lessons, the gray parrot of Africa being the best. In captivity the parrot lives long; instances are on record of some attaining the age of eighty or even one hundred years.

We translate from the French the following story of a parrot, which we believe is true:—

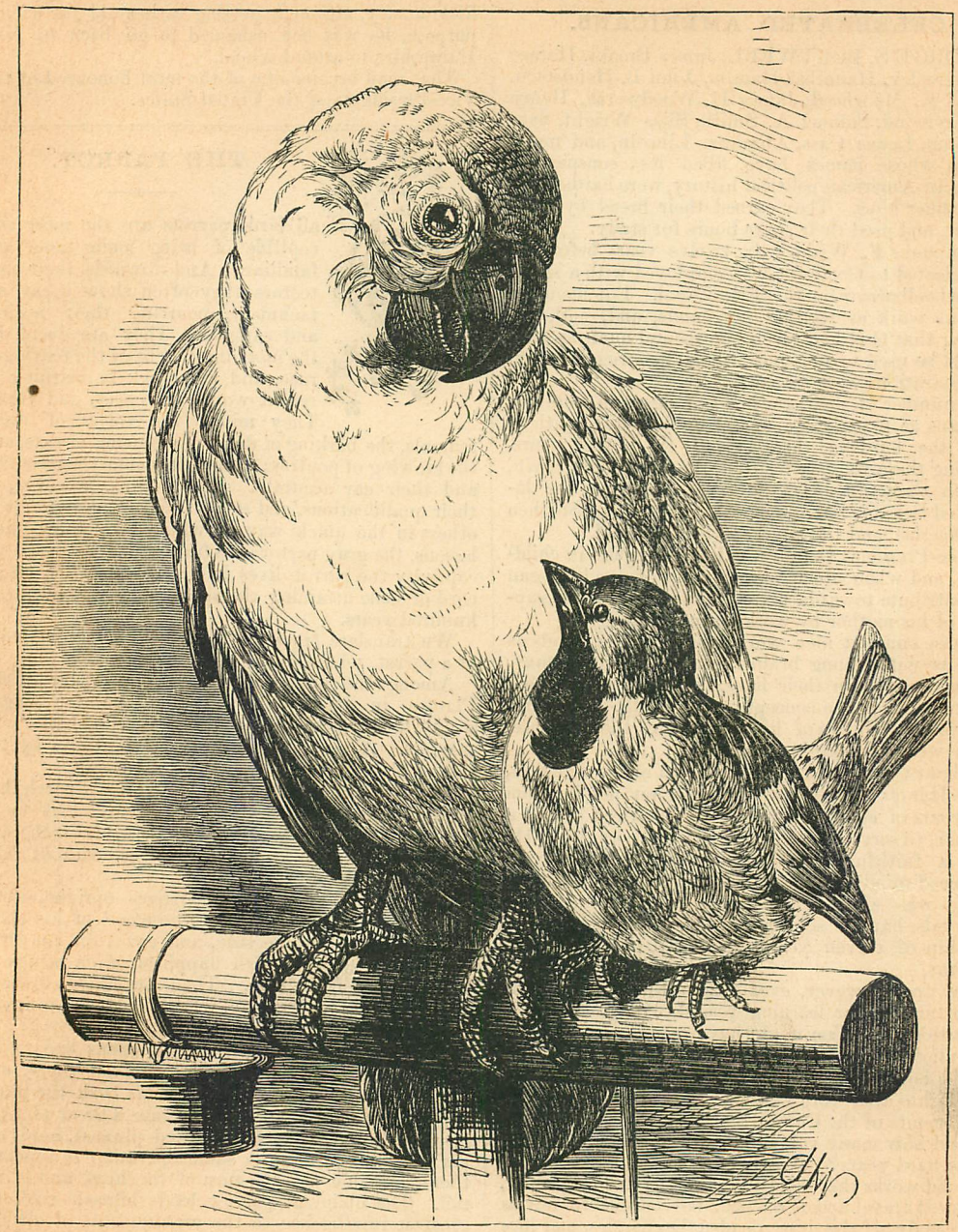
Among the numerous parrots of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris there is one who, for several weeks, has taken a great fancy for a little wild sparrow. Almost all day the little bird sits by the side of his excellent friend, the great parrot.

In the morning, as soon as the parrot's perch has been hung upon its pillar, the sparrow flies to it. The parrot, when he sees him, raises his unchained claw, and his little companion comes, without fear, and perches upon it.

Jacquot—that is the parrot's name—upright, silent, holding gravely the sparrow at the end of his claw, turns his head on one side, and gazes on the little bird, which answers with flappings of its wings to this sign of friendship. Then he slides carefully down towards his food-tin, where he seems to invite the sparrow to share his breakfast.

The repast finished, the parrot opens one of his wings. The sparrow comes to repose there, and rummages with repeated pecks of his beak the plumage of the parrot, who seems to take a great pleasure in it. Jacquot, thus cleaned and plumed, holds out his other wing; and the same operation is repeated there. Then comes the turn of the head and of the tail. The obliging sparrow lends himself with the greatest intelligence to the requirements of all this toilette, and when it is finished they both, sitting side by side, put their heads under their wings and take a nap.

For some days the parrot was seriously ill. The sparrow became doctor and nurse at the same time. Jacquot looked very sad: he did not eat, and trembled with fever. The sparrow vainly tried to cheer him up. He then flew out into the garden, and, searching among the plants, seemed to be seeking for



"Jacquot" and his Friend.

something. He is not slow in returning joyously to his invalid, holding in his beak some long blades of grass, which he presents to the parrot, who makes great efforts to swallow them, and manages to eat them. This having been repeated for three or four days, the parrot was cured.

Once when the sparrow was pecking about on the grass-plot which surrounds the parrot's perch, a great cat rushed upon him to devour him. At this sight Jacquot raised a terrible cry, and broke his chain to fly to the succour of his friend. The cat, terrified, rushed away, and the little bird was saved.

The parrot did not profit by the liberty he had just gained. He returned to his perch, where the sparrow came soon afterwards, to show him his gratitude.



In Mischief.

IN MISCHIEF.

A NICE little pussy cat, cheerful and gay,
From mother's safe guardianship wandered away;
In search of some fun, she went roaming about,
Now upstairs, now downstairs, now in, and now out.

She entered the library—no one was there,
Save books in abundance, a table and chair,
A pen, an ink-bottle, and paper so white;
Thought Puss to herself, 'Now, why shouldn't I write?

'I know I can do it quite well, if I try,
For very few cats are so clever as I;
Besides, I've watched master, he holds the pen—so,
And my paws are as good as his fingers, I know.

But now let me think!—shall I write a nice letter
To mother?—to cook?—No: a thousand times better!
To master himself I shall write, and you'll see,
He'll be proud of possessing a kitten like me!'

So down sat our pussy on master's own chair,
And commenced her new task with a satisfied air;
Thought she, 'That ink-bottle it bothers me quite,
It must come a bit nearer before I can write.'

With her soft little paws she then tossed it about,
Till it toppled quite over, the ink running out!
And oh, how the pretty white paper was blotted,
While the soft little paws were most grievously spotted!

Ah, naughty Miss Pussy, what mischief you do!
Ink-bottles were never intended for you;
When master comes home and sees what you have done
He won't much approve of his pussy cat's fun!

D. B.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

IN life's first years a hard-working orphan boy. In youth a canal boy, running over a tow-path. At eighteen studying to repair the defects of his early education. A teacher in a country school, making, by his own exertions, a preparation for college. A collegian, living in the most simple and inexpensive manner, and paying his own bills. A graduate from Williams College, receiving the highest honours of his class. A college professor. Before the age of thirty a member of the Ohio Legislature. A colonel. A brigadier-general. Made a major-general for heroic conduct on the battle-field. A member of the National House of Representatives. A senator in the National Senate. President of the United States. A departed statesman, whose lessons of life will be an eternal influence.

'Character is everything,' said Charles Sumner on his death-bed. The lesson of all this wonderful biography is just *that:* Garfield had character and a positive religious faith, and in each are the laws that govern success. Poverty cannot hinder such a youth from becoming a noble man. It is the soul that makes a man royal; and the jewels that crown a man a king come not from outward mines, but from what he is and aspires to be.

'Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

A SUDDEN OUTBREAK.

MIDNAPORE, in Lower Bengal, is a favourite station with Europeans residing in India. Although, of course, it is very hot, like other Indian stations, the great heat is tempered by an evening breeze from the sea, while the amount of foliage and shrubbery on the outskirts of the city is delightful to those who are wearied with the glare of an Indian summer sun. In the fruit season great numbers of monkeys frequent the trees in the neighbourhood, feeding on the abundant berries and other fruits.

It was in the year 1857, just previous to the outbreak of the terrible mutiny, that a friend of mine was stationed at Midnapore with his regiment, of which he was the surgeon. Among other duties, he had the medical care of all the prisoners in the jail, a large building and fully tenanted, as it was the only jail for a very extensive district. Every morning Dr. Fraser visited it as the very earliest of his duties, the prisoners were all examined and paraded, and those in the hospital attended to.

It was the month of June, and the heat was very great; but it was the season when rain might be expected to set in; as yet, however, there was no appearance of any change in the weather. Every one felt dull and oppressed; agitating rumours were afloat everywhere as to the rebellion; and the unsatisfactory condition of the whole native army, and a dim sense of coming evil and danger seemed to overshadow the hearts of all, when like a thunderbolt there fell upon the whole station the dread presence of a new and unexpected calamity. The doctor had visited the jail as usual one morning, and found all well. He was still standing talking to one of his two native assistants when a prisoner was led in, and placed before him, complaining of illness.

A short examination satisfied the doctor that it was cholera of the worst type, and although the man had been seized only within the last half hour, his condition was already almost hopeless. Before any arrangement could be made, another and another prisoner was attacked in a similar manner, and it became evident that the insidious disease had swooped down upon them at the worst season of the year, and in an unusually terrible manner.

It was by no means easy to make arrangements for this sudden outburst of disease, the infirmary attached to the jail only being intended for about a dozen patients, while there were no less than seven men laid prostrate in two hours, and one hundred and fifty prisoners altogether in the building.

So rapid was the course of the disease, that while they were still engaged in planning for the control of this terrible malady two men were already dead, and a third in a collapsed condition.

As the dreadful days wore on, and the sun still blazed down upon the devoted place, fervent were the prayers that went up to Heaven for rain, blessed rain! to cool the burning air, and dispel the fatal scourge. As yet the disease was confined to the jail, but how the residents trembled! It was impossible to fly from the place, the country was in too disturbed a condition, while the heat of that terrible month would have greatly added to the danger of attempting to travel. Still the heavens were as

brass above them, and in the jail matters were worse than ever. As one victim died, his empty bed was tenanted by another patient, mattresses were laid on the open ground surrounding the jail, and an awning hastily arranged overhead. It became impossible to conduct the burials with decency; one corpse after another was hurried away as soon as the last breath had passed from the body. At last they had recourse to cremation, and the dead were burned in one appalling heap.

Daily did the residents meet in the little church for prayer, mothers trembling for their children, as they knelt with tiny hands clasped in theirs; and oh! such earnest cries went up to Heaven for those dear little ones so unconscious of their danger.

It was three weeks since the outbreak, and they were thus gathered together one morning, when a sudden darkness filled the place. A terrific peal of thunder followed, and the rain was upon them in a sweeping, overwhelming, but welcome deluge! They felt that they were saved. And it was true; no other case occurred after the setting in of the rain, and those who were sick recovered; but in the jail, to which the disease had been entirely confined, one in three had perished. Out of the one hundred and fifty prisoners, forty-nine had died.

D. B. McKean.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

WHATSOE'ER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to Heaven.
Trifles make the life of man.
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth, and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong;
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul;
Love with eye, and ear, and touch!
That's the moral of the whole;
You can never love too much.
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are the worlds without a sun!

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it be but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might!
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

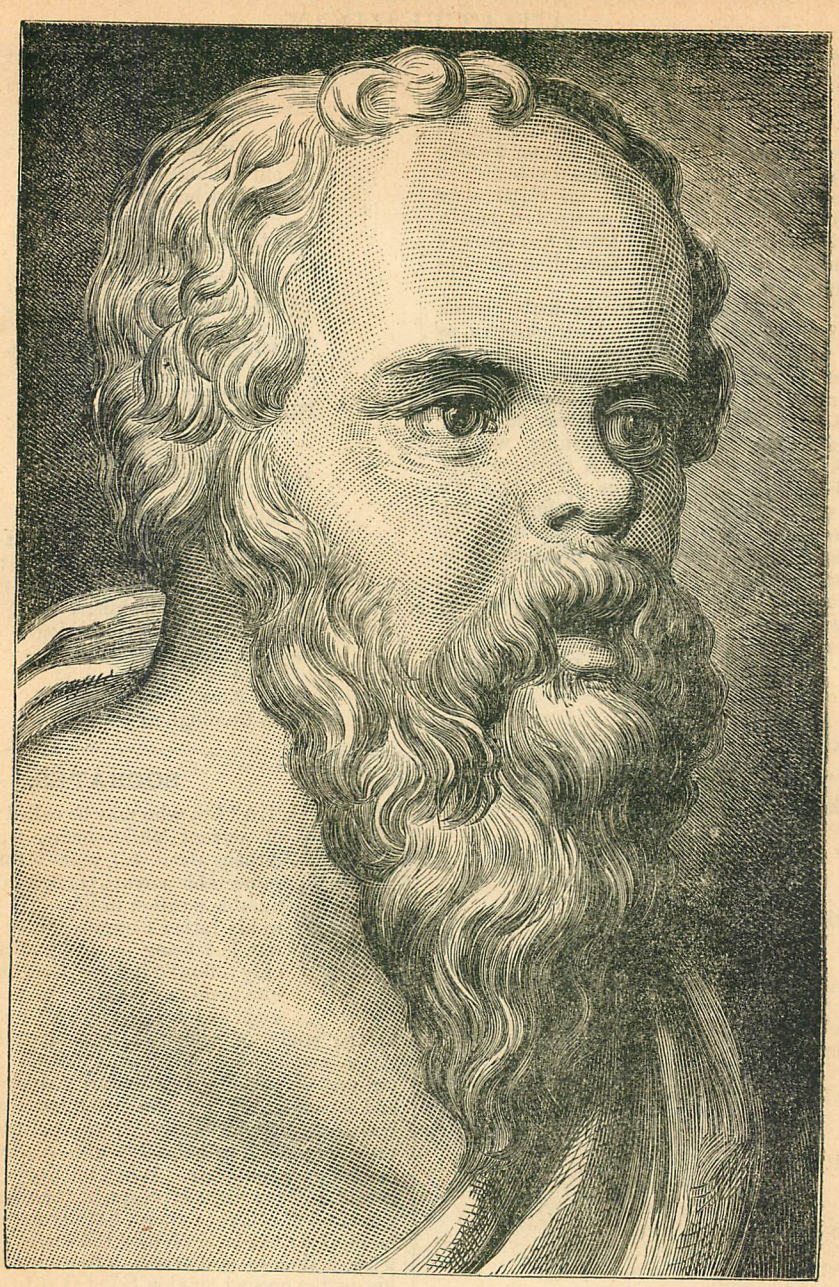
SOCRATES.



SOCRATES, who may be called the greatest of ancient philosophers, was born at Athens about 467 years before Christ, of respectable parents, though in a somewhat humble position in life. He was trained to his father's occupation of stone carving, but being naturally averse to it, he only followed it when necessity compelled him to do so. At times he laid it entirely aside and devoted himself to philosophy, to the study of which he was greatly inclined. After awhile some influential friends put him in the way of pursuing his favourite study at his ease and leisure. While young his thirst for knowledge was such, that he always frequented the society of those who could be helpful to him in acquiring information on all subjects. When he began to teach, he is said to have been so eloquent that he could lead the mind of others to approve or disapprove whatever he pleased; but he never used this talent for any other purpose than to lead others into the paths of virtue, his own expressed opinion being that to do right was the only road to happiness. He seems to have been continually teaching, not only at set hours and places, but while walking with friends, while at meals, in the camp, even in prison, so that he may be said to have made every place a school of virtue.

Like all his fellow-countrymen he engaged at times in military service, and was present at several battles, when his courage and endurance won for him the admiration of his friends.

He forbore to accept any office in the commonwealth (except in his later years, when he was made



Socrates.

senator), nor did he often interfere in political matters; but when he did so it was always on the side of justice and freedom, while he opposed tyranny and oppression with such zeal as to endanger his own life. But his services to his country and the great qualities of his mind did not secure him from envy and calumny.

He had many enemies, who at last prepared an indictment against him, in which he was charged with impiety, inasmuch as he did not worship the gods of the Athenians, and also with having corrupted the minds of the young with his doctrines. When the day of trial came he defended himself with dignity and courage, saying, that he considered himself a benefactor to his country instead of an evil-doer, that if his life were spared he would still pursue the same course, and that if condemned to die he did not fear death. Several of his friends spoke for him also; but the malice of his enemies prevailed, and he was condemned to death.



Socrates bidding farewell to his friends.

While in prison he was visited constantly by his friends, and they conferred together on various subjects after their usual manner. His conduct was calm and heroic, nor did he shrink even when the fatal cup of poison was presented to him.

The officer, whose painful duty it was to bring it, was overcome with emotion, and could scarcely refrain from tears, so much did he love and admire this man who was on account of his superior virtues condemned to die. Having said 'Farewell' to his friends, Socrates drank the poison, and quietly lay down to die. Not long after his death the Athenians regretted what they had done, some reverses that they met with having led them to suppose that these had been permitted as a punishment for the cruel fate of Socrates. They insisted on the chief instigators being put to death; but it was too late to recall the spirit of him who was the greatest glory of the age in which he lived, and of the land which gave him birth.

D. B. McKean.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 148.)

CHAP. XX.—THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

SIR FLORENCE was the first to break the silence: he burst into tears, and running forward, clung round the old gamekeeper, sobbing violently.

'Oh, Robarts—dear Robarts!—I didn't mean to do it—indeed I didn't! Don't look at me like that.'

'Heaven forbid that I should think Master Edward's son meant to do it!' said old Robarts, with solemn coldness. 'But it's ill done, Sir Florence, and it's into bad company your father's son is getting.'

And he looked pointedly at Leo and Peter.

'What's the use of standing there jawing,' said Peter, roughly, 'while the house is being burnt down about our ears? Is there no water anywhere? What are you standing there for, like a pack of fools?'

'John, Leopold, and Miles, go home!' commanded Mr. Silver.

The three boys stood aghast.

'But, father,' Jack ventured to say, 'the house is burning, and we can help to put it out.'

'We don't want your help,' said Mr. Silver: 'you are not worthy to give it. Only those who are obedient to lawful authority are noble enough to serve.'

'Jack, take Miles home directly!' went on Mr. Silver. 'Leopold, run as quick as you can to Farmer Constant, and bring him here with some men!'

'Come, Rose,' said Leo.

'No,' said Mr. Silver; 'Rose remains here.'

Poor Rose shrank away frightened and abashed, and Leo ran off. Peter, Robarts, and Florence, were already busily engaged filling everything they could lay their hands on with water, and Mr. Silver promptly followed their example, rather shortly desiring Mr. Parry, who was looking helpless and forlorn, to do the same.

Few people had ever seen the cold, shy curate, so energetic. But it was a work of difficulty, for Florence had so carefully stowed away everything that nothing was forthcoming but cups and saucers.

'Sir Florence, go home to your bed!' said old Robarts: 'this is no place and no work for you.'

'Are you too angry with me to let me help, Robarts?' said the boy, sorrowfully.

'Angry, Sir Florence? Heaven forbid! But it cuts me to the heart to see you here.'

'I will not go!' said Florence, stoutly.

Robarts said no more, and in a short time Farmer Constant and his men were at the gamekeeper's cottage. The first thing Farmer Constant did was to order Rose home under escort of one of the men.

'Go to your mother, hussy!' said he.

Rose looked up in his face.

'I have not done wrong, father,' said she.

'Hold your tongue!' said the farmer, fiercely. 'Pretty ways to begin with! A girl setting fire to a decent man's house along with a lot of boys, one as bad as the other! Baronets, too!' with a contemptuous glance at Sir Florence. 'Be off, I say!'

And poor Rose hung her head and limped away: but she did not cry—she seldom did.

Then, and not till then, did Farmer Constant look at the blazing house, and at the row of men, now orderly passing buckets from hand to hand.

'Did you ever try to stop the tide with sand?' said he, turning to old Robarts. 'Because, if you never did it before you are doing it now. Why, man, the walls are burning like tinder! Best get out your bits of sticks and have done with it. You'll never lay your head under yon roof again.'

The old gamekeeper folded his hands.

'The Lord's will be done!' he said, reverently: but the tears clouded his dim eyes. 'Master Edward loved it,' he murmured. 'He would not have touched the old place with a tip of his finger. Ah, well! new blood and new ways!'

Sir Florence heard the words, and all the passion of his Italian nature broke out in the vehemence of his remorse. He flung himself down on the ground, and sobbed as he had done the first evening Mr. Silver saw him. The clergyman looked on in grave disapproval; Farmer Constant with a grim smile.

'That's a likely chap,' he said, pointing at him with his finger: 'comes of foreign blood. His father were never like that—an honest English lad as ever stepped—but this one—a queer sort of mother he must have had, I'm thinking.'

'Now then, my men, look alive!'

'All the things are out,' said Peter. 'I've been in.'

'What, in the midst of the flames?' said Mr. Silver, looking alarmed.

'Yes,' said the boy, whose face was blackened and hair singed, and who had burns on both arms.

'You are a brave boy!' said Mr. Silver, admiringly. 'I should like to shake hands with you.'

'Yes, sir,' answered poor Peter, grinning with pain, 'when my arms are healed. They do smart.'

'Serve you right!' said his father.

'I know it does,' replied Peter. 'But accidents will happen. Now then, old Robarts, don't you go singeing your whiskers, as I did; all your sticks are out, old man: old friends are worth as much as new, sometimes.'

But Robarts was standing a little way off, gazing on the destruction of his loved home, and he was past reply. The tears were running down his cheeks.

'There is nothing more to be done,' said Farmer Constant, taking him kindly by the arm; 'the flames are beginning to die down. Come home with me, old man.'

But the gamekeeper refused to stir.

'I shall see it out! I shall see it out!' he said. 'It shall never be said that I was the first to forsake the old place.'

'The old place has forsaken you,' said Farmer Constant. 'Cheer up, it's only bricks and mortar. But come away, old Robarts.'

'Only bricks and mortar!' exclaimed the old man. 'Only the home where I brought my old woman when she was a sprightly lass, and where my merry Sall was born; and the place that Master Edward was fond of—ay, and where his son, the new baronet and my master, came to! He wasn't like my English lad; but I loved him for his father's sake—and his own, too. Where is he—in the burning house?'

'He's wandering,' said Farmer Constant to Mr. Silver. 'Poor old man! he has lived here nigh upon fifty year! It's hard upon him. And what those young rascals—ahem!—deserve, it would be hard to say, or not to say. My boy has caught it hot and strong already. If I might venture to advise——'

'Rest assured,' said Mr. Silver, coldly, 'that my sons' fault will not pass unpunished. You thought me too severe the other day, Mr. Constant.'

'I wasn't meaning you, or your sons either, parson,' said Farmer Constant, bluntly: 'it's that young gentleman yonder, who has set all Middlemere agog with his new-fangled foreign ways. Oh, your sons are safe enough, and so's mine.'

Mr. Silver looked round for Florence. The boy had risen from the ground, and was leaning against a tree, intently watching old Robarts. The flames had almost died down, but every now and then would leap up again almost as fiercely as before. The place was strewn all round with old Robarts' 'bits of sticks,' and the men were busy piling them into some degree of order.

As Mr. Silver looked towards the young baronet a lurid flame sprang up, and lit such a woe-begone, pale little face, that even the clergyman, who was disposed to be severe, relented a little, and spoke in a gentler tone than he otherwise would have used.

'Sir Florence,' he said, 'I have not yet introduced you to this gentleman, Mr. Parry. You meet under rather unfavourable circumstances, but let us hope that you will not be the worse friends for that.'

Sir Florence looked up, and bowed with the courtesy which he never forgot, but he said nothing, and did not even look at his tutor.

'And now, my dear boy,' went on Mr. Silver, 'go home with Mr. Parry; he will want to be shown his room, you know. I dare say you wonder to see him here, when it was to-morrow that he was expected; but the fact is, he mistook the day, and when Mrs. Silver and I arrived at his father's, where we were to dine this evening, we found him prepared to start, and I came back with him.'

Florence made no answer; he did not seem to have heard.

'Now, Sir Florence,' said Mr. Silver, 'you will go; will you not? You look tired and over-excited, and Mr. Parry is waiting to be shown his new home.'

'I am going to stay here to-night,' said Sir Florence, quietly.

'You cannot, young gentleman,' interposed Farmer Constant; 'the walls won't hold together long; and they are burning hot, as my Peter knows.'

Sir Florence looked at Farmer Constant. 'My name is Sir Florence Gould,' he said; 'please to address me by it.'

'Hoity-toity!' said the farmer, 'here's fine airs! after having burnt down an honest man's house for a mischievous freak! I can tell you, young gentleman—Sir Florence Gould though you may be—if you were my boy——'

'Be silent!' exclaimed Florence, starting forward, his small figure quivering with anger. He shouted out some words in Italian, which would have made Maddalena shake in her shoes; but at which Farmer Constant only stared blankly. He shrugged his shoulders and turned on his heel.

'Wish you joy!' he said, nodding to Mr. Parry. 'Good evening, Mr. Silver, sir; time's precious, and I must be off. Where's my rascal? Oh, there! You'll have to knock up Green on your way home, to get some stuff for your arms. They must be pretty bad; but you're a cool hand, I'll say that much for you. Be off, as fast as you like.'

And Peter, who, though sick with the pain of his burns, had remained at his post, was glad to obey.

'Sir Florence,' said Mr. Silver, 'you must go home, and to bed. Do you hear? Parry, you are answerable for him now.'

And Mr. Parry, evidently much alarmed at this appeal, meekly added, 'If you please, Sir Florence!'

Florence looked up, with a little wonder, as he heard the mouse-like voice, scanning Mr. Parry for the first time very closely as he did so. Then he smiled gravely, and spoke with the air which sat so strangely on his childlike form,—

'Pray, pardon me, Mr. Parry, for not receiving you better; or going home with you to-night. I must stay here. But if Mr. Silver will be kind enough——' turning to the clergyman.

'But, Sir Florence——' began Mr. Silver, amazed; and Mr. Parry, hastily taking on himself his new duties, added, 'You really ought, you know——' and stopped abruptly, as Florence looked at him with his great black eyes.

'I mean to stay here,' said Florence, and, in spite of himself, Mr. Silver turned towards the house with Mr. Parry.

'He is a strange boy,' said the clergyman, thoughtfully. 'I can't make him out exactly; so, as you see, I do not treat him as I would another child.'

'He seems headstrong,' said Mr. Parry.

'Yes,' said Mr. Silver; 'but he must be led, not driven.'

In the meantime, the boy had drawn close to old Robarts, who had sat down on a kitchen chair, staring at the ruins of his home, and slid his hand into the gamekeeper's horny one. The old man started, and looked round.

'Is it Master Edward?' he said. 'No—Sir Florence,' and he tried to rise, but Florence held him down.

'Oh, Robarts! don't look at me like that. Do you want to break my heart? I didn't mean it—indeed, indeed, I didn't. Do, do forgive me!'

'Break your heart, my lamb!' said the gamekeeper, tenderly. 'Heaven forbid!'

'Then say you forgive me.'

'Forgive you! Forgive my master's son! I, old Robarts, tottering with one foot in the grave, to mind bricks and mortar, when Master Edward is dead, and his son is asking to be forgiven? It's me that ought to be forgiven, Sir Florence.'

'Oh, Robarts! dear Robarts!' exclaimed Sir Florence, bursting into tears.

'There, there!' said the old man, soothing him tenderly; 'never shed a tear for a boy's trick. Perhaps it was thoughtless. And now, Sir Florence, come with me. I was nigh forgetting—there is still something to be saved, something I've kept there many years.'

And old Robarts rose, and taking the boy by the hand, led him towards the smoking ruins.

(To be continued.)



"Oh! Robarts, don't look at me like that."



"Hurrah for the Soldiers! there they go!"

THE SOLDIER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

HURRAH for the soldiers! there they go!
A soldier's daughter am I, you know.
I love to hear the tramp of their feet,
To see them march up the winding street;
Though I feel half sad when they're gone by.
We love the soldiers—mother and I.

Father has left us for many a day,
He's over the seas, and far away.
When will he come? Oh! why did he go?
'Hush, child!' says mother; 'how can I know
Whether he'll live or whether he'll die?'
We love the soldiers—mother and I.

Father will always remember me,
I used at night to sit on his knee,
And play with his medals, and stroke his face;
But now I sit in his empty place.
His empty chair makes poor mother cry;
We love the soldiers—mother and I.

Baby can't care for him; how should she?
She's never seen nor kissed him like me.
Father was hundreds of miles away
When God gave baby to mother one day.
Now she can run, she'll talk by-and-by;
We love the soldiers—mother and I.

Mother is teaching her 'Daddy!' to say,
She kisses his picture every day;
Yet she will know him never the more
When he walks in at the open door.
She'll think he's a stranger, then she'll cry.
'Tis we love soldiers—mother and I.

Each morn and eve I say when I pray,
'Oh, hasten, dear God, the happy day
That will bring my father back to me!'
The day of my life that day will be
Joy for us all, though baby is shy.
We love the soldiers—mother and I. A*.

THE STORY OF ADMIRAL BOWLING,

AS TOLD BY ONE OF HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

WELL, first of all, he wasn't an admiral, and his name wasn't Bowling. His real name was Tom Bowles, and he was an old sailor, but all our fellows called him 'The Admiral,' and 'Admiral Bowling,' after Tom Bowling in the song, you know,—

'Here a sheer-hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of the crew!
No more he'll hear the tempests howling,
For Death has brought him to.'

You should hear old Smith (he's one of our seniors and has got a voice like a nightingale) sing it, he would bring tears into your eyes. I know Thompson minor's little sister cried out loud when she heard him at the concert last breaking-up; but then she was a great friend of the poor old Admiral's, so there was some excuse. But I am going on too fast, and must try back a bit. 'Let us return to our sheep,' as M. Despagne, our French master, says when he thinks he is talking really good English.

The Admiral had been all round the world I don't know how many times, and had brought back no end of curiosities from all sorts of foreign countries, and lots of yarns about his adventures; and all quite true too. You should have seen his room—his cabin he liked to call it; shells of every colour, stuffed birds and fishes, corals, sea-weeds, and heaps of odds and ends picked up in all the foreign cities he had visited; but the finest thing in the whole collection was a stuffed shark: that was the shark which bit off the Admiral's leg, which was the reason of his leaving the service and getting his pension. We were never tired of hearing him tell the story.

It was in the latitude and longitude something, I forget what, about a hundred each way I think; the wind was blowing half a gale from the sou' sou' west, and the ship was running about five knots an hour. Just at six bells the man on watch sang out 'Man overboard!' It was dark, and they couldn't see anything; but they heard the man's voice: he was the purser, and couldn't swim very well; so a boat was let down, and they soon got up to him. But, as they were pulling the old purser into the boat, the Admiral somehow was capsized and fell into the sea, and just as he was climbing up again the shark seized his foot and bit it right off. But the Admiral's boot stuck in the shark's throat and choked him, and next morning they saw him floating behind the ship, 'as dead,' the Admiral said, 'as a pickled herring.' All quite true, mind.

That was the great thing about his yarns, which made them ever so much more interesting than Marryat and Kingston, and all those fellows: you could believe every word he said. He didn't tell you crammers about mermaids and sea-serpents and such things, although he quite believed they were to be seen, only it hadn't been his luck to meet with them in any of his voyages.

Well, the shark hung from a beam in the ceiling of the cabin, with the boot in his mouth to show how he came by his death. Jones major, who is a great poet, and always reading Shakespeare and Tennyson, and spouting them to any of the little fellows he can get to listen to him, wrote some verses about it; I can't remember them all, but they began,—

'There was an old Admiral Bowling,
Whose leg was snapped off by a shark,
When loudly the tempest was howling,
And the night was uncommonly dark.'

Brown minor, who is helping me to write this, says it isn't a fair rhyme, and is copied from the song; but I don't think it is any the worse for that. The last verse was,—

'But Fate and the Furies came quick,
For the Admiral's double-soled boot
In the mouth of the monster did stick,
And his teeth they couldn't get through't.'

That's original, anyhow, I should rather think. But I must tell you some more about the Admiral. We fellows used to go and see him at his cabin on half-holidays, and buy boats, all correctly rigged, which he made beautifully. What talks we had, and how we listened to his yarns! But you should have seen him on Sundays, when he came into church with his medals on, and his wooden leg going stump,

stump on the stones, and his gold-headed cane in his hand: he was grand then, rather! There was a story about that cane: once it had belonged to Nelson himself, and then to the captain of one of our Admiral's ships, and the captain gave it to him as a reward for his plucky conduct in boarding a slave-ship and knocking the rascally Portuguese slaver into the sea just as he was going to run his sword into the captain's body.

Well, I could write miles about the Admiral; but I am coming to the end of my paper, and I want to tell you something about his death. He was ill for a long time, and we fellows went to see him very often, and old Smith used to sing all his best songs to him. He quite broke the first time, because he saw the Admiral's wooden leg standing upright in the corner alongside of Lord Nelson's cane, and the thought came into his head that the poor old Admiral would never use either of them again. When he got worse he didn't care for much except having the Bible read to him, and Thompson minor's little sister (I've told you about her before), used to sing hymns to him, and tell him stories about the angels.

The Saturday before he died he sent for us all to see him. He was very weak, and couldn't say much to us; but he sat up in his bed, and looked at us all in his kind old way; and then he said, 'Good-bye, my boys, God bless you all; be honest and brave, and pray that you and old Admiral Bowling may meet again in Heaven.'

Then we all said good-bye to him, and, though our fellows wouldn't generally allow that they knew how to cry, I am sure there were tears in all our eyes as we left his little cabin. All the school went to the Admiral's funeral, and we stood round the grave, and sang the hymn,—

'On the waters dark and drear.'

It was his great wish we should do so. That's all I have to say now about Admiral Bowling.

E. H. M.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

'I HELPED Lincoln build the first flat-boat ever made in Springfield,' said Mr. Ross. 'It would have made you laugh to have seen him then. He worked for fifteen dollars per month. He used to wear a big hat and blue jean pantaloons. He was very tall,—over six feet high,—and his pantaloons were generally too short, and he strapped them to his brogans to keep them down.

'I knew there was something in him even then. Why, let me tell you,—

'When Lincoln first came to Salem, he used to walk twenty miles to borrow law-books to read. Stewart and Everett were lawyers here then. Lincoln would come up from Salem to borrow a book, and one might have seen him reading it along the way as he returned. When he got tired he would sit down on a log and rest and study. The lawyers here liked him, and—why, the first thing I knew, Stewart and Everett had taken him into the firm. He never would undertake a case in which he did not believe. He practised no tricks in court. You could not turn him aside from principle—'twas no use. Everybody believed what Abraham Lincoln said was the exact truth, and so he became known as "Honest Abe."

'He never spoke ill of any one. How I have heard him abused in the courts and on the political platform! But he would never return it: he never spoke evil of any one.

'He gave me his dog when he went away, and the people here came to think so much of him at last that they used to come to my house just to see his dog.

'If ever a man was loved in his own town it was Lincoln. It was not his genius, but his honesty of purpose and his great, good heart, that made him what he was to his neighbours, to the public, and to the cause of the slave. It does not seem strange that when a great emancipation was needed to direct national affairs, God, Who sees the human heart, should have called him from the prairies to this service, and should have made him one of the imperial wonder-workers of the world, and crowned him at last as the supreme benefactor of the most prosperous nation beneath the sun.'

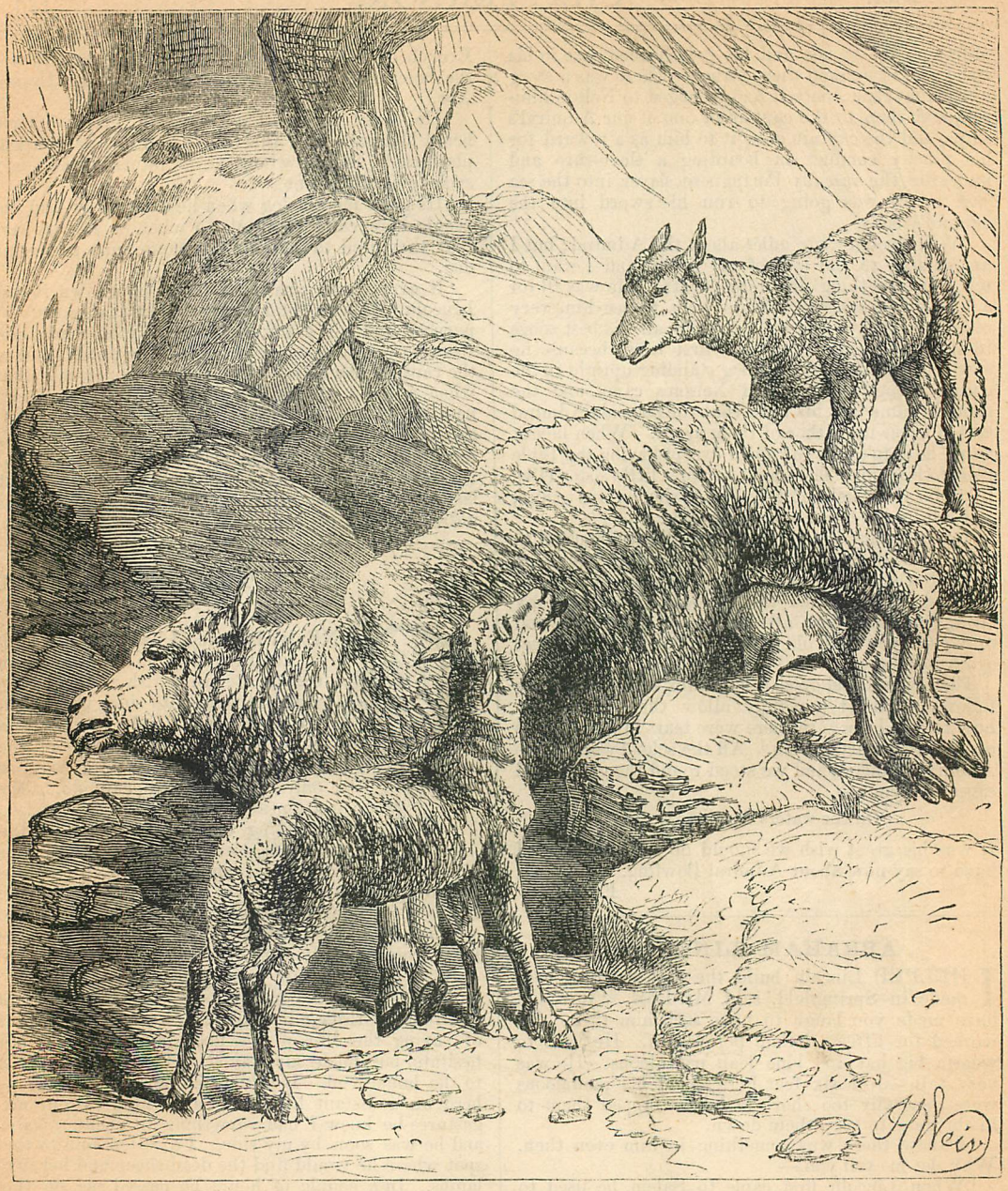
SAVE THE POOR LAMBS.

ONE day in spring I had ascended high up amongst the hills beside a stream called the Breamish; the steep, rocky hills on both sides were thick with sheep and lambs frisking and gamboling in the bright rays of the morning sun, in such a way as only young lambs can do. My attention was attracted by two standing close to the edge of the stream, bleating in the most piteous manner; and there, with her lips touching the water, and eyes glazed in death, lay the mother of those two helpless lambs. It was sad to see the hopeless efforts they made to draw nourishment from the body of their mother.

At a glance I saw from the 'brand' upon the mother's back that I would have to retrace my steps a distance of three miles before I could find the means of saving the life of the poor lambs. I did not hesitate, but made my way straight across the hills to the homestead. Before reaching it I saw a shepherd on a distant hill, and hailed him. From my gestures he knew I had something to communicate, and he was soon by my side. I directed him to the spot where he would find the dead sheep and her two lambs. In a couple of hours he passed me on the banks of the stream with the lambs in his bosom, for the shepherd's plaid is made in such a way that the double ends fall over the shoulders, and hang down upon the breast like a bag with the side open.

The poor lambs were saved, and I relate their future history as it was told to me.

On my next fishing excursion to the Cheviots I met the shepherd to whom I had given the lambs I had found with the dead mother, and I said to him, 'Well, shepherd, how do the two motherless lambs get on?'



The Motherless Lambs.

'Gey weel, sir,' he said, in his north-country speech. 'Walk this way, and I'll let you ha' a look at one o' them.'

We made our way to a sheep-cot close by, built of turf, and surrounded by hurdles lined with straw and fern. The inside was divided into little pens; and in one of these I beheld a little four-footed creature clothed in the skin of a dead lamb. The shepherd said, 'That is the only way to make a ewe take to a lamb that is not her own: it is in the smell, sir. Ye canna cheat them in any other way than by covering them with the skin of their ain dead lamb.'

As the shepherd said this, a motherly-looking ewe came from the cot; the little lamb made a spring towards her, and partly disappeared beneath the fleece of her foster-mother, who gave a bleat of welcome to her adopted lamb.

'But, shepherd,' I said, 'there is only one of the lambs here.'

'Aye, sir, true, sir; but you see that ewe had only



The adopted Lamb.

one lamb of her own, and so we have been obliged to feed the other one by the bottle: but I hear it is getting troublesome about the house, never out o' the kitchen, and seldom out of mischief; it has its nose in every dish it sees. But lambs brought up in this way never do ony good; they get spoiled when they are young.'

The shepherd's words came true in the case of these two motherless lambs, for one of them has grown a fine useful sheep, and may now be seen upon the Cheviots; the other lamb, through no fault of its own, was spoiled, pampered, and reared in a way wholly unsuited to its nature: the result was, that 'the pet lamb' had to be carried off one fine morning in the butcher's cart.

Now, my young friends, I have told you the story of my two motherless lambs, and I trust that you may find some instruction in their history, for it resembles in several points the lives of those around us.

J. T.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from p.* 159.)

CHAPTER XXI.
A BREEZE AT THE FARM.

THE days that followed this first disastrous Chapter of the Red Rose Knights were awful indeed. Peter was confined to the farm with his burnt arms and hands, and Rose nursed him very often with red and swollen eyes. Peter himself, though silent, did not seem to be very much cast down; nor were the stormy admonitions he received from his father very impressive, to judge from the calmness with which he received them. Peter knew he had been up to mischief, and he was sincerely sorry for old Robarts' misfortune; but from his station in life he was naturally less kept in than gentlemen's sons, and neither he nor his father were likely to think much of a boyish escapade at night. Farmer Constant was only enraged because of the result of the affair. So Peter consoled himself with inventing all sorts of new tricks for Match'em, who, having been burnt out of house and home, had been, by an unheard-of concession on Farmer Constant's part, allowed to become a permanent inhabitant of the farm. That is, he resided in Peter's own room, and was a never-ending delight to Peter and Rose both, when the latter could get away from her mother. Match'em had developed wonderfully since the scrubby days when he had been rescued from an ignominious fate. He was by no means a handsome dog, but there was a sleek impudence about him which was quite captivating. He was uncommonly clever, too, and had showed a strong aptitude for tricks of all kinds. Some of these were not desirable, as when he very nearly forfeited his life, on the first day of his residence at the farm, at the hands of an infuriated maid-servant with a rolling-pin. On this occasion he scampered off and escaped scot free, with a large piece of beef in his mouth, and the most wicked laugh in his yellowish-brown eyes that ever dog wore. He hid himself under Peter's bed, whence all efforts were powerless to dislodge him until he had devoured the beef; after which he came out looking languid but innocent, and after going through all his tricks one after another, lay down and slept for a whole day.

After that little escapade, Match'em became a most accomplished thief; all the more admirable, as it was quite impossible to trace his guilt home to him—he managed it so cleverly. Generally speaking, when he was observed to be looking particularly pensive and abstracted, more as if he were writing poetry (doggerel rhyme, for instance) than contemplating dinner, past, present, or to come, Mrs. Constant was pretty sure to miss something out of her larder, but she could seldom trace it home to Match'em.

Match'em, as it happened, had particularly strong white teeth, and these proved quite as good arguments as any Peter could use to preserve himself from molestation. Altogether, there is no denying that Match'em proved an immense solace to Peter in his share of the general misfortune, and even in some degree to poor Rose. This was a more difficult matter, for Farmer Constant was really angry with Rose, and it was the first time in his life he had ever been so. Every evening Rose was in the habit of lighting his pipe for him in the rose-covered porch of the farm, and lingering beside him to hear and tell all the domestic news of the day that was just over. She could not go with him on his rounds, to see that everything was safe for the night; and it was just the one little crook in her crippled lot that she could not—for no other reason did she ever lament it; but he seldom failed to bring her back some little token of where he had been: a handful of wild flowers gathered in the hedge, a spray of wild berries of some kind, a bunch of wheat-ears, or perhaps a curious field animal of some sort, or a bird's egg. Something to show that he thought, in his rough way, of his merry-faced cripple daughter. But now all this was changed. Farmer Constant smoked his pipe every night, but lit it for himself, and went his rounds, but brought back no trophy; and what was worse still, did not even say good-night to Rose, but passed her in the porch as if she were not there.

At first this made Rose, who had a good deal of spirit and not a little obstinacy, rather angry; she thought herself unjustly treated: it was only a bit of fun to please the little baronet, who looked so delicate and lonely: where was the harm? But she could not be angry long. What daughter can who loves her father and is under his displeasure, whether it be just or unjust? Then she was hurt; for why would he not listen to her defence of herself? Mrs. Constant, too, was trying; she did not scold Rose, but she went about looking very much as if there were a death in the house, and spoke to Rose in an undertone, and very mournfully. Now Rose, who was much given to laughing and singing, did not at all like this.

As for the old grandmother, she was just then undergoing a more than usually sharp attack of rheumatics, and whether it was this or Rose's misdemeanour, certain it is that her granddaughter, spirited as she was, was almost afraid to come near her. Old Mrs. Constant kept a slipper beside her bed, on purpose to beat about poor Rose's ears whenever she came beside her bed, accompanying the slipper with such expressions as, 'Bold-faced hussy!' 'Impudent wench!' and the like. Altogether, Rose had a somewhat rough time of it, but she did not mean it to go on; so, after taking counsel with Peter, she planted herself one evening directly in her father's way.

'Father,' she said, boldly, 'may I light your pipe for you?'

Farmer Constant removed his lighted pipe from his lips, stared at Rose, and replaced it without a word.

'May I, father dear?' said Rose.

'Get out!' growled her father; 'don't you see it's lit, stupid?'

This was a great concession, and made Rose quite cheerful; he had actually spoken to her.

'What a lovely evening! isn't it, father? Are you going your rounds directly?'

'What's that to you?' said Farmer Constant, forgetting this time to hold his peace.

'A great deal,' said Rose, looking straight into her father's face; 'do you think I don't care what you do, father?'

Farmer Constant moved uneasily, and turned his eyes away from Rose. She saw her advantage, and went on,—

'You have brought me nothing these ever so many evenings past, father; how is that? You always used to say, if you had had a daughter with sound limbs she should have raced all over the place for you, but that there was nothing too good for your cripple.'

Farmer Constant snatched his pipe out of his mouth and flung it away from him with such force that it broke into fifty pieces.

'Well, if you don't beat all for impudence!' he roared. 'Get out of that, you bold piece!—daring to look me in the face after all that's come and gone! Get out, I say, or I'll make you——'

'What's come and gone?' said Rose, standing her ground.

Farmer Constant was speechless and purple with rage; he stamped and pointed his finger, to show where Rose was to go.

'I'm going, father,' said Rose; 'you need not be so angry. But I'm not afraid, and I tell you that if you let me go away from this without letting me say a single word for myself, I'll never be your own little cripple daughter again. I shall obey you, but nothing will ever make me love you—no, not if you kill me!'

And Rose reached out her hand for her crutch, but her father snatched it up, and bade her stay where she was.

'You bold hussy!' he exclaimed. 'How dare you speak to your own father in that manner?'

'Because he is my own father,' said Rose—and looking up with tears in her eyes, she ventured to put her hand on his arm—'my own, own father, who is too kind not to listen to me when I have something to say. Father, punish me as much as you like, but hear me first.'

'Then speak, and look sharp about it!' said Farmer Constant, gruffly. 'Women must always clack!'

'I never made a vow not to tell,' said Rose; 'so I'll tell you, father. But they will be mad! But what's the use of being a Red Rose myself if I don't do as I like? Listen, father: it was only a bit of a new game that we had when Master Leo was sick here, and carried it on to please him and Sir Florence. It was a pity for the little gentleman to be so lonely like; and I've heard you say so yourself, father, when you allowed him to come so often.'

Farmer Constant grunted, and Rose told him the whole history of the Red Rose Knights, their Chapter, and the difficulty they had to elude Mr. Silver. Farmer Constant rather chuckled at this, for, as his daughter saw by his face, he thought the clergyman much too strict with his boys, and had himself taken rather a fancy to Leo. He was also secretly gratified at the honour done to his Rose by Sir Florence Gould and the others, though he kept this feeling to himself.

'A pack of fools' doings!' he grumbled, after Rose had finished. 'And you to be mixed up in such nonsense! I don't know but what you don't deserve to be shut up and fed on bread and water!'

'It was only a game, father,' pleaded Rose.

'Game! ay, and a very nice little game, too! I tell you what, miss, if you take to such games as going into the woods at nine o'clock at night with a parcel of boys, and getting mixed up in all their precious mischief, you'll find I can have my little games as well as you, and you won't be pleased with 'em either.'

'Peter was there,' Rose said, after a pause.

'Peter! Ay, I warrant you, wherever mischief is that boy will be.'

Rose was silent, and the tears began to steal down her cheeks. But her father had now said his say, and was beginning to relent. He rather liked the way in which Rose had stood up to him at first, and yielded afterwards; and was much more relieved than he chose to show at the ice having been broken between himself and his child.

'What are you waiting for?' he said at length, finding that Rose did not speak again.

'For a word of kindness from you, father!' she said, in her undaunted manner, though her blue eyes were swimming.

Farmer Constant opened his arms, and Rose was within them in a moment with her head on his breast. Farmer Constant gave her two or three good hugs, and then pushed her away.

'There, go to your mother; and next time you want to play rigs with baronets and such-like come to me first.'

'But you won't tell, father?' said Rose, holding up her finger.

He shook his fist at her, and she went into the house with a radiant face.

The next time her mother heaved one of her great sighs Farmer Constant interfered.

'There, good wife, don't blow us away with your sighs. The girl will do well enough, if it's Rose you're so bad about. She's told me all about it, and we've agreed to let bygones be bygones. Mind that, granny,' raising his voice as he addressed his old mother, who had partially recovered, and now occupied her usual place in the chimney-corner.

Old Mrs. Constant grunted, and looked somewhat fiercely at Rose. Peter was her favourite. She could not get over the fact of Rose being a cripple; and, even as it was, was fond of lamenting that the boy had not the fair rosy complexion and laughing blue eyes of the girl.

'It's not fair!' grumbled the old lady. 'What does a miserable lamester want with a fair face? Now, there's the lad Peter, as straight as a poplar, but cruel ugly in the face.'

This conclusion always made Rose laugh, which was sure to irritate her grandmother.

'What are you *kickering* at?' the old lady would sharply inquire. 'You've nothing to be proud of. Oh, yes, you have light hair, and rosy cheeks, and blue eyes, and a skin like snow; but that's not your doing, it was your grandmother's before you. There must be a drop of bad blood in you somewhere, to have brought out those lame legs. Ugh! Now if Peter had your face, there would have been one handsome child in the family. But it's all of a piece—the world's crooked, and nothing will ever put it straight. Give me my knitting, Rose. Come here and kiss me, child. I believe it's not your fault.'

(*To be continued.*)



Old Mrs. Constant kept a slipper beside her bed.



Jack reciting his Poetry.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 167.)

CHAP. XXII.—MACHINATIONS.

IN those days Jack Silver had taken to writing verses; it was the only way he had of consoling himself for the terrible rigour of the law which had been incurred by him and Leo.

Miles was this time exempted from punishment, but not until after he had been sent for to his father's study, and there shut up with him for full twenty minutes. This was a terrible event for poor Miles. Hitherto all his reproofs and punishments had been administered by his mother, and had often called showers of tears and fits of repentance, always ending in as many kisses as his round fat cheeks could conveniently carry. But he had never in his short life had more than a stern 'Go to bed, Miles!' from his father, and he dreaded this first penal visit to the study.

Jack and Leo were naughty enough to chuckle with delight as poor Miles, far too frightened to cry, was being half dragged down the stairs by his mother. Mrs. Silver was almost as much alarmed as he was himself, and had tried to beg him off, but without success. She was crying, as Leo announced in a whisper to Jack. Leo was irrepressible on this occasion—he seemed to have grown quite reckless.

'Hallo, Miles, old fellow!' he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the child's terrified face. 'You'd best go in and get it over; you'll not have more than the skin taken off. Go in and win, my boy.'

'Be silent, Leo!' said Mrs. Silver. 'How dare you talk of your father to your brother in this way! Come, Miles dear, father will only say a few words to you; he is not going to punish you.'

But poor Miles struggled violently.

'I say, I'll take him in, mother,' said Leo, starting forward. 'You let him go, and let Jack take his head and me his heels, and we'll have him in in next to no time, ready trussed for the sacrifice!'

Miles roared, and then occurred an event utterly unprecedented in the annals of the White Cottage. Mrs. Silver slapped Leo on the cheek! Then she burst out crying, and pushing Miles into the study she went away and shut herself up in her bedroom.

'Leo,' said Jack, 'if I had provoked mother to hit me, I'd feel the biggest scoundrel that ever was born.'

'As if I cared for mother's little soft hand!' said Leo, trying to laugh. But his face was scarlet, and there were tears in his eyes. He turned on his heel, and nobody saw him again that day. It was left to Jack to make all the inquiries of Miles when he came out of his father's study, looking rather pale, frightened, and sulky.

Nothing definite was, however, discovered, except that father had used a great many big words, and played with a ruler all the time.

'What did you do?' said Jack. 'Did you speak?'

'No,' said Miles. 'I counted the buttons on father's coat, from the top to the bottom, and then, when I had finished them, I began at the bottom, and counted up to the top. I did that six times running, Jack, and I had just finished the last button for the sixth time when father told me I might go away. Wasn't it funny?'

'You are a rum little chap,' said Jack.

Jack and Leo received no talking; but they had to do double lessons every day, were fed upon bread and water at a side-table, and only allowed to go out for twenty minutes at a time, three times a-day. And this daily exercise was performed under the wing of their father, who marched them round and round the damp garden, while he was studying, and not only did not address a single word to them, but did not even allow them to speak to each other. Of course they did, in whispers; and Leo made faces at which Jack could not help laughing: but it was very dreary. I am afraid neither of the two boys was deeply impressed with the enormity of their crime, and to neither had it occurred to reveal the secret of the Red Rose Knighthood.

'We were doing no harm,' was all that could be got out of them. Jack further added that he was sorry—a concession which Leo could not be got to make—and then resigned himself to his fate.

It was in these melancholy circumstances that from reading poetry Jack took to writing it, and, as usual in such circumstances, looked upon himself as destined to be one of the great ones of the earth. At all times and seasons he was to be seen with pencil and paper, very dusty, untidy, and out-at-elbows, jotting down his rhymes.

'I say, Leo, don't bother!' said Jack, one day to Leo, who had burst into the room, having just completed his extra tasks for the day, with an exclamation of rage which Jack did not even hear. 'I've just done it! Do leave me alone, there's a good fellow.'

'I just wish I had him under the pump,' said Leo, savagely. 'Wouldn't I duck him just!'

'All right,' said Jack, abstractedly.

'And you, too,' said Leo, 'with that bosh of yours, you raving lunatic!'

'By-the-by,' said Jack, 'who was it I heard you devoting to the pump, a few minutes ago? Not father, I hope; that would be coming a little too strong.'

'No,' said Leo, sullenly, 'I don't want to say anything about father at all. It's that frog, that newt, that eft, up there.'

'Do you mean Miles's pet frog?' said Jack, looking puzzled: 'isn't he dead? or if not he ought to be.'

'What a muff you are, Jack!' said he. 'I quite feel for you. Take a friend's advice, and throw those ridiculous verses into the pond.'

'You needn't chaff,' said Jack, rather ruffled, 'because a fellow chooses to amuse himself in a rational manner, instead of stamping, and raving, and abusing his relations, like a maniac!'

'I don't abuse my relations,' said Leo. 'It's that damp slippy animal up at the Hall that's at the bottom of it all. Oh, won't I do for him? see if I don't!'

'Who do you mean?' said Jack.

'Why,' exclaimed Leo, turning quite fiercely on his brother, 'do you think Flo Gould would never have come near us all this time if it hadn't been for that

white-haired, pink-eyed Parry? Ugh! how I detest him! Do you think Flo would have cared a straw for us being in punishment? Do you think he'd have left us in the lurch in this shabby manner, if it hadn't been for that water-spider?'

'That water-spider, as you call him,' said Jack, laughing, 'does not look as if he could say Bo! to a goose, let alone to Sir Florence Gould.'

'That's all you know about it,' said Leo. 'Mark my words, that fellow is up to no good. I'll watch him! I'll soon find out his little game! You just see if he doesn't get Flo under his thumb in next to no time, if he hasn't done it already, which I am pretty sure of.'

'There you go, working yourself up into a state of mind!' said Jack; 'all because you happen to have taken a dislike to a poor tutor! What business is it of ours, I should like to know?'

'What business,' exclaimed Leo, 'when Flo forgets all about us, and all our fun is gone? Fine vows of brotherhood, indeed! I really did think we were going to have some larks at last. The Red Rose Knights were a capital invention! Never mind—I've my deed yet; and we shall see what we shall see. You'd best look to yourself, Mr. Tutor!'

'Don't you go and make an ass of yourself,' said Jack.

But Leo was striding up and down the room, working himself up into a regular passion.

'It's too bad,' he exclaimed, 'shut up and kept in like this! All for a bit of fun. And then Flo to keep away! And I suppose we shall never be at the Hall now; and if we are we shall be bored with that eel.' Leo was quite ingenious in the discovery of moist and clammy appellations for poor Mr. Parry. 'I hate him! He makes me sick, and it was enough to make any one sick to see the way he looked out of his cod's eyes at us when poor old Robarts' house was burning. Don't tell me he isn't deep!'

'I'm not going to tell you anything about him,' said Jack. 'Don't alarm yourself.'

'If he hasn't got something on his conscience,' went on Leo, 'my name isn't Leo Silver! Robbed a bank, most likely; or murdered a baby. Looks like it. See if I don't find him out! Let me alone for that!'

'I wish you'd let me alone,' said Jack.

'Depend upon it he'll murder Flo in his bed,' said Leo, coming to an abrupt standstill before Jack.

Jack laid back his head and roared with laughter. Leo stood frowning at him.

'I say, what a fellow you are!' said Jack; 'you'd make a cat laugh. Can't you let Mr. Parry alone? He never did you any harm.'

'I can't bear the sight or thought of him,' said Leo. 'I shan't rest until he's out of my way. There's father calling—he'll blow you up for laughing, Jack. It's time to go out. Bother! I wish I could cut the whole concern!'

Leo had taken a great dislike to Mr. Parry. He chose to imagine that he was at the bottom of Flo's absence for so many days from the White Cottage. He had resolved that his deed as a Red Cross Knight should be the banishment of Mr. Parry from Gould Hall. It was not only a foolish but a very wicked resolve, for Leo knew nothing whatever about the tutor, and had no grounds to go upon for his dislike. But, like all unreasonable people, he did not stop to think. He was exasperated at present by the position of affairs at home—sullen, sore, and rebellious—and he chose to visit all this upon the head of an unoffending stranger.

Mr. Philip Parry would have been much surprised could he have known of the violent dislike entertained for him by Leo Silver. In spite of his shyness and awkward manners, he was gifted with an uneasy self-love, which was always considering itself slighted.

He was the eldest of a large family, and, meek as he was, his word had always been law to his young brothers. No one in the family circle dreamt of laughing at his shy peculiarities; and as they had always been too poor to mix in society, he had had no opportunity of getting them rubbed off. The consequence was, that though he was bashful, awkward, and mouse-like, to the last degree, when with strangers, Leo was not so far wrong in his judgment after all. He was not a bully, but he had a fretful, nagging way, of gaining his point, which was even more uncomfortable. His perpetual consciousness of his own importance, joined to an uneasy sense of infirmity in the presence of others, made him pleasant neither to look at nor to talk with. Nevertheless, Leo's extravagant notions of his having a guilty conscience were quite unfounded. Philip Parry had never wronged a fly in his life.

But for all that, no two greater opposites could have been brought together than Mr. Parry the tutor, and Sir Florence Gould the pupil, when they met at breakfast on the morning after the ill-fated first Chapter of the Red Rose Knights.

CHAP. XXIII.—MASTER AND PUPIL.

YOUNG Sir Florence walked up to the head of the table as usual, and Reynolds, outwardly solemn but inwardly on the look-out for whatever might happen, placed himself behind his chair. Mr. Parry, who had come down a few minutes before, and was standing at the open French window, turned round, and stood irresolute.

'What a strange thing for a little boy like that,' so ran his thoughts, 'to assume such airs!'

Florence was in one of his gravest and most dignified moods: he stood and waited.

'Breakfast is served, Sir Florence,' observed Reynolds.

Sir Florence looked at Mr. Parry, and Mr. Parry looked at him.

'Will you come to the table, Mr. Parry?' said Florence, in his most old-fashioned manner.

Mr. Parry approached and stood beside Florence, looking rather awkward. He was inwardly fuming at the coolness with which his pupil took the head of the table, but he did not at all know how he should proceed to assert himself.

Florence pointed to the bottom of the table.

'There is a chair, Mr. Parry: will you not sit down?'

Reynolds covered his mouth with his hand to hide a smile, and Mr. Parry walked round the table and sat down. He looked into his plate and was dumb; and Sir Florence Gould's place at the head of the



table was never disputed by his tutor. But he felt it necessary to assert himself in some way; so, after turning over the subject in his own mind, he resolved to question his pupil as to the events of the past night.

'When did you come home, last night, Sir Florence?' he inquired. 'I suppose you were somewhat late?'

'I did not come home till this morning,' said Florence, briefly.

'Indeed! That was very wrong! Where did you sleep?'

'Nowhere,' said Florence.

'Nowhere!' echoed Mr. Parry, in genuine amazement. 'You don't mean to say you were wandering about the woods all night by yourself?'

(To be continued.)

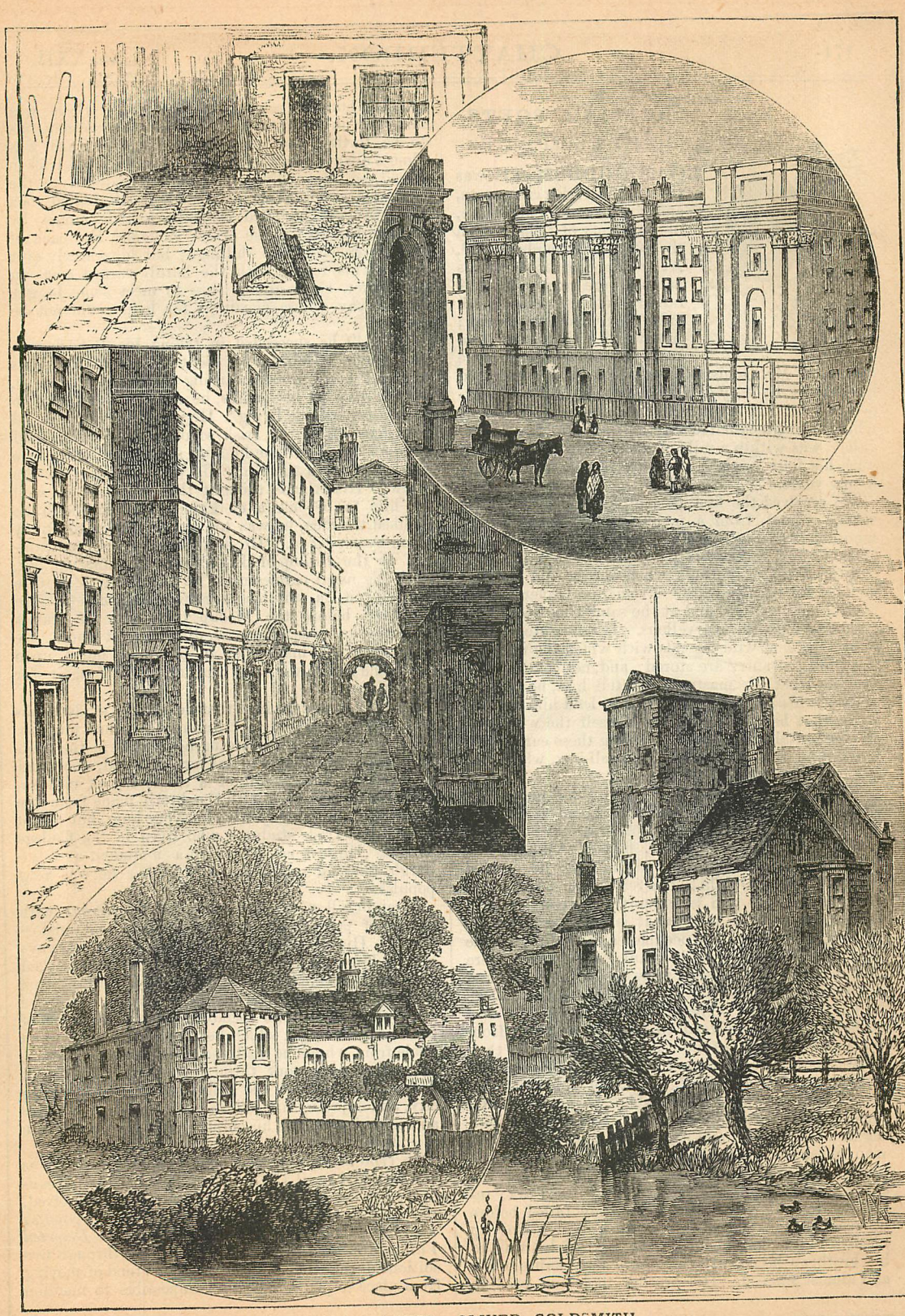
MISCHIEVOUS TOM.

WHEN Tom begins to wash himself,
The mess he makes is frightful!
And yet the naughty boy declares
That messing is delightful.

He'll fill that basin to the brim,
Till water trickles under,
Or else the water-jug itself
Is sure to break asunder.

I'm sure he's up to something now,
He smiles and looks so cunning.
O Tom! you are a dreadful boy
For mischief and for funning.

D. B. McKean.



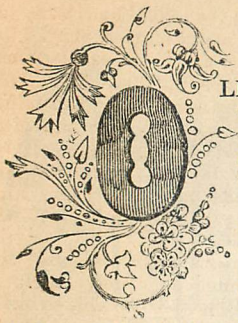
BRITISH POETS.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Tomb In Temple.
Inner Temple.
Copenhagen House.

Trinity College, Dublin.
Canonbury House.

BRITISH POETS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was born at Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, on the 10th of November, 1728. At the time of his birth his parents were very poor. His father's curacy was worth only forty pounds a-year; but when Oliver was two years old his mother's uncle died, and Mr. Goldsmith was appointed to succeed him in the Rectory of Kilkenny. He did not, however, live at Kilkenny, but at a village called Lissoy, which, though situated on the opposite side of the valley, was within a mile of his church. Here Oliver, with his four brothers and three sisters, spent many happy years.

He received the first part of his education at the village school, from a man named Thomas Byrne, who had served as a soldier in Spain in the reign of Queen Anne, and who used to amuse his pupils with stories of his adventures whenever he did not feel inclined for regular work. From him Oliver learned reading and writing, and at the same time acquired a great taste for the marvellous. He delighted in the fairy tales and wild legends with which the minds of the Irish peasantry are stored; and, not content with hearing what his master could tell him, he used to persuade his cottage neighbours to lend him any old books that he might read for himself the wonderful stories contained in them. During these early years Oliver had a severe attack of small-pox, which, sad to say, disfigured him for life.

After a time he went to live with his uncle, Mr. John Goldsmith, and attended a school at Elphin; but as he began to show signs of great talent he was placed under better masters, first at Athlone, and then at Edgeworthstown, and in 1745 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. His relations not being rich enough to allow him to enter the University as a regular student, he held what is called a sizarship. The sizars of those days occupied a most disagreeable position. They had to do many duties which were considered degrading, such as sweeping the courts and carrying the dishes from the kitchens to the college hall at meal-times. Their sleeveless gowns of coarse stuff and red caps served to distinguish them from their more fortunate fellow-students, by whom they were usually treated with the greatest contempt and unkindness. To a man of talent like Goldsmith this sort of life was almost intolerable. He grew idle and reckless, earned for himself a bad reputation by joining in a college riot, and helping to duck the bailiffs who tried to quell the disturbance; and, finally, having quarrelled with his tutor, he quitted the college, sold his books, and started for Cork, intending to emigrate. But his money failed before he reached the end of his journey, and giving up his first wild plan, he made the best of his way to his brother's home, arriving there only half-clothed and almost starved. His brother took him back to Dublin, but the remainder of his life there was miserable in the extreme. He was far too generous to be thrifty, and what little money he had was almost always spent in helping some poverty-stricken friend, so that Oliver himself was reduced to the utmost straits. After his father's death, which took place in 1747, he tried to make a little money by writing ballads for the street singers. For each of these he received five shillings; but he scarcely ever reached his rooms with the hardly earned coins in his pocket, being almost sure to meet some beggar on the way, whose pleadings for help could not be resisted.

In 1749 he succeeded in taking his B.A. degree, and, leaving Dublin, he spent the next two years amongst his relations, causing them much anxiety, for, in spite of his genius, he did not seem able to earn a respectable living. He was kind-hearted and open-handed, as the Irish so often are, but he had none of the forethought and steadiness which are needed when a man has his way to make in the world. His friends thought that it would be well for him to become a clergyman, and although he disliked the idea, he was too good-natured to annoy them by saying so. He accordingly presented himself to the Bishop of Elphin for examination, but, with his usual carelessness, he neglected to provide himself with a suitable dress for the occasion. He appeared before the Bishop in a pair of scarlet breeches, and was, of course, dismissed at once. He then spent all his money in buying a horse, upon which he rode away, and was not heard of again for some time.

In 1752 it was decided that he should study medicine, and he was sent to Edinburgh for that purpose. He lived at first at a boarding-house, where the landlady, being of an economical turn of mind, contrived to make six dinners out of a single leg of mutton, finishing up the week with the broth made from the bone. He did not stay with her very long, but joined some other Irish students who lived in the College Wynd. He won no distinction as a student at Edinburgh, but as a singer and story-teller he was very popular.

I might fill a whole number of *Chatterbox* with stories of poor Goldsmith's adventures and misfortunes. His thoughtless good-nature was always getting him into trouble, and though he never lacked friends, he was often in want of food, clothing, and shelter. On leaving Edinburgh he studied in Leyden for a year; then, after spending all but a guinea of his money in tulips, which he sent as a present to an uncle from whom he had received many kindnesses, he started on a tour through Europe. He visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, walking from city to city, and enjoying himself in spite of the hardships and privations which his empty pockets compelled him to endure.

In 1756 he came to England, and struggled on as best he could until 1764, when he published his beautiful poem the *Traveller*. This was favourably received, and was followed in 1766 by a prose work, the popular *Vicar of Wakefield*. His finest poem, the *Deserted Village*, appeared in May, 1769, and ran through five editions during the summer. He was fond of moving from place to place, and it is impossible to mention

here all the houses in and about London in which he resided. He stayed for some time at Canonbury House, Islington, and it is said that the *Deserted Village* was written there. In 1768 he received five hundred guineas for a comedy, the *Good-natured Man*, and on the strength of this he took rooms in the Temple, and furnished them handsomely. There he spent the remainder of his life, surrounded by many friends, amongst whom were Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds.

But he was constantly overburdened with debt and hard work, and at length his hopeful spirit gave way. He fell into a low fever at the latter end of March, 1774, and died on the 4th of April, after nine days' illness. His life had been one long struggle with poverty and misfortune, and at the time of his death he owed no less than two thousand pounds. But this is not surprising when we remember that he was 'ready, at the first cry of distress, to give away that which he had bitterly toiled for, and which had been grudgingly paid;' and that he 'made all that were in suffering his family, and helped them even when he needed help himself.' His body lies in the burial-ground of the Temple, and there is a tablet to his honour in Westminster Abbey.

A comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the *Histories of England*, *Greece*, and *Rome*, were amongst his successful works; and he also wrote a *History of Animated Nature*.

H. L. T.

INNOCENT MEN PUNISHED.

TWO men, named Johnson and Clowes, have been released from prison after a confinement of nearly two years. A neighbour of theirs, named Brooks, accused them of ill-treating him one winter night in December, 1879. Brooks was believed to have made a true charge, both by the judge and jury, at the Stafford assizes, and the two men were condemned to ten years' imprisonment. A little while ago Brooks was taken very ill, and, on his death-bed, he confessed how he had wronged Johnson and Clowes. He said he could not die in peace without repairing, as far as possible, the grievous injury he had done them. His confession was written down, and signed, and sent to the Home Secretary, who ordered the prisoners to be set at liberty.

They had suffered much, and they seemed greatly changed by their prison life. The iron had entered into their soul. Johnson's father died of a broken heart because of this trouble; and Johnson himself says, 'Many a night I have nearly burst my eyes out with crying about it.' The chaplain in Pentonville was very kind to him, and gave him some comfort and hope; and he always tried, by behaving well, to please the prison officers.

In reading this story we cannot help thinking of Joseph, who was put into prison unjustly, and restored to liberty a long time after by God's good providence. It is sad to think there may be many innocent men in prison to-day. Let us remember 'all prisoners and captives' in our prayers, for, whether innocent or guilty, it is a sad thing to be shut up within four walls, and not able to see the green fields and scarcely the blue sky.

LEARN TO SWIM.

IN the year 1879, no less than 3690 lives were lost by drowning in the inland waters of the United Kingdom. By inland waters are meant canals, ponds, rivers, docks, wells, quarries, ditches, &c. How many more were drowned by sea-bathing, and falling into the sea, cannot be known, as bodies are often washed far away, and never seen any more. If ten travellers were killed, every day, on the railway and road, we should feel alarmed at it, but very little notice seems taken of the ten, and upwards, who were daily drowned in 1879.

Many of those dead persons might be alive this day, were the art of swimming as widely taught as the arts of reading and writing. To be able to strike out a few strokes is often enough to bring a boy to the bank, and so to save a life. Therefore, let every one learn how to swim.

JOCK.

—o—

YOU know that dogs, as a rule, do not like cats, but will even kill them if they can. Still, I do not see why a dog should not be taught to be kind even to a cat; and I will tell you why I think so. In a house near mine was a dog called Jock, a merry little fellow, full of life and fun; but the sight of a cat was sure to put him into a rage, and I fear more than one poor puss has been killed by him.

Well, one day a lady who lived near sent a pretty little cat to the house where Jock lived.

'Poor Puss! she will not have a long life,' said the maid. 'Jock will kill her as soon as he can get her.'

And so they all thought; and a sad fright the little girl of the house was in, for she felt quite fond of Puss, she was so soft and gentle, and she did so long to have her to pet and play with.

But the day after Puss came, the master of the house told the maid to bring Jock and the new cat to him. He took the cat on his knee, and bid Jock sit down a little way off. He then began to stroke and pat the cat, and at the same time he said to Jock, 'Now, Jock, mind! this is a good cat—a very good cat, indeed! and you must never touch her.'

He then put the cat down on the floor close to Jock, who sat quite still and did not touch her. All that day there was peace, and the next day Jock went up to the cat and began to lick her; but I am sorry to say Puss made a bad return for his show of love, for she spat at him.

But Jock did not forget what his master had said to him; not once did he try to hurt the little thing. Very soon after they used to be seen walking into the room side by side, or lying on the same rug; and I heard that they were ever after the greatest friends.

It would be well if every child were as quick to obey as Jock was.

M. H. F. D.



Puss and Jock.



Death of Tallook.

TALLOOK.

TALLOOK was an Innuit boy. We saw him first at Nain, afterwards at Okkak, during our sojourn on the Labrador, and I have a story to tell of this brave half-savage young 'Husky,'—a story of an exploit which cost him his life, though it saved the lives of the crew of the Norwegian schooner *Brunhilda*, which was wrecked on that stormy coast.

Tallook would have passed for a handsome young fellow anywhere. He had come from Okkak in a small fishing-vessel with the Moravian pastor, Mr. Ebersen, and ten or twelve more of the mission Esquimaux. They had salmon to sell.

Seeing us in the roadstead, they came alongside, and Mr. Ebersen, a quaint but very pleasant man, with a noticeable, patient, mild face, came aboard the steamer. It was then I espied Tallook. The lad was just swinging off the jetty, and he looked as lithe and strong as a young Polar bear. I asked Mr. Ebersen his name.

'His mission name is Thomas,' he replied; 'but his wild name is Tallook, which means "Bear-cub." I christened him Thomas, because it sounded something like Tallook.'

'He wasn't born at Okkak, then?' said Brett.

'No; he is from the "hill folk." He was brought into the mission when a mere child. A company of our people had gone out with weapons to drive off a party of "hill folk." There was a brief fight, and our men captured this little fellow.'

'And so you have brought him up in the way he should go?' said my friend.

'We have tried to teach him what we could,' replied the good Moravian.

'Does he learn readily?' I asked.

'Does he make a tolerable Christian?' questioned my rather irreverent friend.

Mr. Ebersen assured us that the boy learned quite too quickly in his way. That was the difficulty. He forgot just as quickly. 'The only text I have been able to make him bear in mind,' said he, 'is the Golden Rule, and that I had to first shorten and put into the Innuit tongue. In Innuit it is *Car car-mook agartook, meo-bunga*, or "What I want you do me, I do you."'

'Good!' said Brett. 'That is doctrine enough for one man,—for one "Husky," at least. In fact, I'm not sure if it isn't quite enough for a white man.'

The missionary smiled in his patient way.

'But does the little fellow practise that rule?' Brett asked, laughing. 'We find some difficulty in doing it in our country.'

'As much, or more, than any convert we have ever made,' replied the pastor. 'He keeps it in mind, and seems to act on it. I was amused one day. Three or four boys were at play on the flat at low water. They were throwing at each other a little dead seal cub, which had been washed ashore, and at length they grew angry. Tallook caught it at last, and had a good chance to slap the face of one of the others with it; but he turned aside suddenly, threw the slimy thing away out on the flat, and walked off. When I asked him why he had not pelted Jan with it, his eyes snapped, then brightened, and he said, "Me think me no like that in my face."'

'Good boy!' exclaimed Brett. 'Really, Mr. Ebersen, if you can make savages talk and act like that, you're not staying away up here in this desolate place for nothing, after all.'

Afterwards, at Okkak, we saw more of Tallook. Mr. Ebersen thought that he was then fifteen or sixteen years old. He lacked just an inch of being five feet tall, and I should think he might have weighed a hundred and thirty pounds. He was plump, thick, and his flesh as hard as wood. He seemed, indeed, to be nearly all muscle.

Though swarthy, his skin had a rich tint, the tint of health, and his black hair shone like a sable's.

All Innuits are slant-eyed, and often their eyes seem half-hidden behind their fat full cheeks. But this boy's eyes were well opened, and they sparkled like black beads. Every motion, too, showed that he was full and boiling over with animal life and spirits.

He went with us on several excursions into the interior after birds. One day a gun slid off a ledge into a deep tarn of ice-cold water. At least, there was ice floating in the water. Without an instant's hesitation, Tallook dived off the ledge and brought up the gun. Then he dived twice more for the pure love of the thing, for he could swim like an otter.

We took a great liking to him. Often during the next month or two we used to speak of him, and wonder how he fared. At last I wrote to Mr. Ebersen, to ask what had become of 'our Tallook.'

It was nearly four months before we received Mr. Ebersen's reply, and learned the sad story of the lad's untimely death,—which I append, with a few alterations, in the good Moravian's English.

Late in December, in the fall of 1875, two years after we were at Labrador, and when the coldest and severest storms of the whole year were sweeping that bleak peninsula, the sun scarcely showing itself over the southern peaks, there staggered into Okkak one night a sailor, half dead with cold, and emaciated with famine.

He was, in Mr. Ebersen's queer phrase, 'muggy-pated,' stupefied and deranged from his wanderings in the winter night, and it was not till the next day that he was able to tell who he was, and how he came there.

Some six weeks before, a Norse fishing-vessel, the *Brunhilda*, which had been on the coast of Greenland too late in the season, and was bearing southward to avoid the ice, was wrecked on the outstanding ledges, a little below Cape Chudleigh. The master had lost his reckoning, and his vessel was driven on the reefs in the storm.

The crew, consisting of the captain, whose name was Hannen, his two boys and four sailors, barely succeeded in landing, when, having neither food nor shelter, they set off southward overland, hoping to reach some of the settlements down the coast. As the distance was not above two hundred miles, this would not seem to be a difficult undertaking.

But the country to be traversed was a frightful jumble of crags, and barren, flinty mountains, while long, tortuous inlets, or fiords, walled by sheer and

naked precipices, indent the coast, so that they were able to make but a few miles each day. Their food, too, was only what they chanced to kill or catch as they plodded along.

During the second week of their wanderings Captain Hannen was utterly crippled by rheumatism, from exposure to the storms and cold of the rapidly-advancing season.

But they still made their way onward at a snail's pace till the fearful snow-gales began to come and fill the hollows with snow. After that they lived for ten days in a sheltered place under the cliffs, at the head of an inlet, where a small river came in from the interior, and had lodged masses of drift-wood on the rocks.

A little way up this river from the inlet they found a number of aquatic animals living in water-houses—probably beaver—and by breaking up these houses they captured several of the animals, and thus obtained a supply of food that lasted some days. When that was gone, one of the sailors, named Tomsen, and Drode Hannen, the captain's oldest boy, set off together in a last effort to find the settlements.

Then followed Mr. Ebersen's account of the wanderings of these two in the storms and darkness, till the boy at length fell into a deep drift and froze to death. After that, in great suffering, Tomsen struggled on, till he, at last by mere chance, crept exhausted into Okkak.

The Innuits at the mission knew the place where the crew of the *Brunhilda* were, by Tomsen's description of it. It was Targut Inlet, where the Targut River comes in, and distant from the mission about seventy miles.

'I felt that we must do something for these our poor fellow-beings,' wrote Mr. Ebersen; 'but it was now December, and the snow-gales were unusually severe. My own health was too weak. I went among my people and asked them each separately.

'Tallook told me he would go at once, as I felt sure he would. I had relied on him, and he was the only one of the Innuits whom I could trust with the spirits which I judged it necessary to send.

'But most of the others were unwilling to go—partly on account of the cold and danger, and partly because the Yule Festival was at hand, of which they make great account. But at length Joseph Hoeder consented to go with Tallook.'

A sledge and team of three dogs were prepared. On the sledge was packed a hundred and fifty pounds of bread and meat, together with six woollen blankets, several flasks of rum, and some other articles.

Mr. Ebersen says that Tallook's last words to him that morning were, 'You no make worry. No make fuss. Me fetch 'um in. You make 'um good Christmas.'

They set off over the high snowy ridges which wall in the mission, Tallook leading the way, and Joe following after the dog-team.

It was calm that forenoon, though very frosty: but the wind rose as the day advanced. Before they had been gone ten hours, the thermometer at the mission had fallen to thirty-five degrees below zero, and a hurricane was raging, driving the snow into fine dust, which nevertheless cut the face like burning sand.

Next morning it was found that Joe had come back. It is no great wonder. No man, he assured the pastor, with tears in his eyes, could live in the hills, or cross the tempest-swept crests of the ridges over which their course lay. He had entreated Tallook to turn back, for even the hardy dogs cowered and howled, and could only be lashed to face the terrific force of the snow-laden wind. Joe's story is that Tallook was willing for him to go back, and that he urged him to do so.

But Tallook had gone on himself. The gale continued, and before three o'clock next afternoon the mercury was down to forty degrees below.

The sky assumed a terrible appearance. Bits of ice were showered and swept along by the wind.

The floe broke up in the inlet, from the lift of the seas without, and the ice-cakes went crashing one against another with a noise like muffled thunder; while far above the gray haze the auroras 'shuddered,' flashing, and paling, and darkening.

'Never had I witnessed such a scene,' writes Mr. Ebersen. 'Three white bears,' he adds, with a significance not so clear to us, 'were killed next forenoon close by the Mission church. The unusual severity of the weather had probably driven them down from the hills.

'Imagine, if you can,' continues the pastor, 'how anxious I was about him' (Tallook).

And I have tried to imagine, not the good pastor's natural anxiety, but Tallook going on alone amid the roar of the tempest, the dark air full of snow, and in his ears the distant thunder of the icy sea; winding his way, while his very life-blood was congealing, amongst the snowy rocks by the shudder-light of the pale-flashing auroras, and struggling through the ever deepening drifts!

And all for what?

To carry relief to sailors of a different nation and race, whom he had never seen nor known.

Ten days passed. New-year's Day had come.

'I hardly expected that Tallook would come back in less time,' wrote Mr. Ebersen, 'and I had my fears, though the gales had abated, and the weather was warmer again.

'Two days more dragged by.

'But on the afternoon of the thirteenth day the dog-team came back, and with it Captain Hannen, his second son Clofe, and the three sailors. The team had been seen coming down the side of Whale Head, and a number of our people had gone across to meet it.

'"Where is Tallook?" was my first question.

'"Tallook is dead, sir."

'It was the reply I had feared, and one of grief and pain to me, which I can scarcely describe.

'Captain Hannen's statement to me was in substance thus:—

'"At about eleven o'clock on the third morning of the great gale, as it was nearing sunrise, one of the sailors, who had gone out of the cavern to the drift heaps for wood for our fire, heard a dog bark and howl at no very great distance up the river. Thinking it might be an Esquimaux team, this sailor and one of the others, who still had a little strength left, went hastily up the river on the ice, shouting as they hobbled forward.



Sailors leaving the Frozen-up Ship.

'"Less than half a mile above they saw the three dogs, emaciated and shivering in the lee of a crag which overhung the frozen stream. They had been unhitched from the sledge, which lay in the snow close at hand, while partially behind a boulder, off which he seemed to have slid, was the dead body of a young Esquimaux frozen and stiff.

'"In his rigid fingers he still clasped a knife, with which he seemed to have been trying to open a case of meat, probably to feed the dogs. The hungry creatures had torn open the sacking, and gnawed nearly all the cases, but had not been able to break them open."

'Captain H—— at once concluded that Tomsen had reached some settlement, and that this sledge was coming to their relief. And although Tallook had come so near, yet in the storm and darkness he had missed finding them.

'The captain says they could not have held out two days longer, and it was four days before they had so far recruited their strength with the supplies as to be able to set off. Then, as the dogs knew the way home, they had only to let them go and follow them.'

And so this young hero sacrificed his own life to save these men of a different race and nation. Surely there died that night, amid the stormy crags of the Targut, not merely a half-savage Esquimaux, but a brother of us all.

And I have wondered whether the magic, oft-repeated words, '*Car, car-mook agartook, meo-bunga*,' solaced him at last when death drew near,—wondered, too, at the marvellous power of those words uttered by the Christ, which, across the gulf of centuries and the breadth of continents, can still inspire even a savage to deeds of more than human heroism.



INDIAN SWEEPER-GIRL.

THE Indian sweeper-girl, or Mehteranee, who is shown in the picture, with her cane brush in one hand and her basket in the other, does the lowest kind of work in the houses and about the streets. In India there are among the natives many castes, as they are called. The Brahmins are the highest 'caste,' and Mehter is the lowest, and there are many between. The people of each of these castes look down on those of the castes below them—and the poor Mehter folk are despised and ill-treated by the natives of other castes. They will take nothing direct from their hands, nor allow them even to touch their clothes. From the Mehter caste come the Scavengers, the carriers of dead bodies, the keepers of dogs, fowls, and other animals, which are held to be unclean by the natives. In all households it is needful to have such

a sweeper-girl as is in the picture, or one of her caste, to act as servant to the other servants, who are prevented by their foolish notions of caste from doing many parts of their work.

It is to this despised Mehter caste that most of the ayahs or nurses belong who have the care of English children in India, and they often prove themselves patient, faithful, and loving, when they are treated with Christian kindness. In the terrible Indian Mutiny many children of English parents were saved from the cruel Sepoy soldiers by their Mehteranee nurses hiding them, or carrying them to some place of safety at the risk of their own lives.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 172.)

'NO; I was busy with old Robarts.'

'The old man whose house was set on fire? By-the-by, I should like to know how the accident happened. Mr. Silver did not inform me.'

'Did he not?' said Florence, innocently. 'But, you see, he didn't know.'

Mr. Parry looked up quickly, with an uneasy consciousness that his new pupil was laughing at him. Florence, however, looked straight into Mr. Parry's blinking blue eyes with his own grave dark ones.

'Old Robarts is the gamekeeper, is he not?' he inquired, after a pause.

'Yes,' answered Florence.

'I hope, my dear—Sir Florence,' said Mr. Parry, fidgeting and looking down at his plate, 'that you are not addicted to low company?'

'I don't know much English,' said Florence: 'what does "addicted" mean?'

'Given to,' said Mr. Parry, feeling a little more at his ease, now that he was reminded that his pupil was but an ignorant child after all; 'inclined for. You will have to make the English language a serious study, my dear Sir Florence.'

'And "low company," what does that mean?' said Sir Florence.

'It means people below your own rank in life, who will teach you bad things and bad language, and who are generally bad themselves: people like grooms and gamekeepers—old Robarts, for instance, who is not fit company for you.'

'I don't think you know the English language very well,' he said, 'if you call old Robarts low company and not fit for me.'

'Sir Florence!' said Mr. Parry, reddening and bristling, 'do you know who you are speaking to?'

'Yes,' answered Florence: 'but I don't think you do.'

Mr. Parry stared in helpless amazement. He was too much astonished even to be angry.

'Am I rude?' said Florence. 'I don't mean to be. But I am master here, Mr. Parry, and choose my own company.'

'You—you—master here?' ejaculated poor Mr. Parry.

'Why, who else should be?' said Florence, smiling. 'Didn't you know that I am Sir Florence Gould, and that this place belongs to me, and that my dear dead father sent me here that I might learn to be a man in my very own home?'

'And did he say that you were to have your own way in everything, and despise your tutor—and—and spend all night out of doors with grooms and horse-boys? He must have been——'

Florence rose calmly from his seat.

'This is your first day, and you don't know any better,' he said, looking into his tutor's angry face. 'Reynolds will attend to you. Good morning.' And he marched out of the room, leaving Mr. Parry dumbfoundered and Reynolds in fits of laughter behind the curtains.

Mr. Parry, however, was now fully roused. His pupil had wounded his self-love, and, as he considered, insulted his authority; and he was not disposed to forgive such an offence. With ordinary little boys Mr. Parry would have known very well how to deal, but with such a boy as Florence Gould he was completely at sea, and the pair were as likely as any master and pupil in England to make each other intensely miserable. Mr. Parry walked up and down the library fuming and fretting, and ended by taking a sort of feeble spite against his pupil, and resolving to gratify it by every means in his power. This noble resolution taken, he spent another half-an-hour in making up his mind what was next to be done; finally, he rang the bell, and Reynolds appeared.

'If you please, Reynolds,' said Mr. Parry, in a nervous tone, 'will you let Sir Florence know that I am waiting for him? I mean, will you inquire whether he intends to do any—in short, that it is time for his studies to begin?'

'Certainly, sir; I will inform him,' said Reynolds, with the utmost gravity.

He left the room, and almost immediately afterwards Florence appeared, and seated himself without speaking at a corner of the table. Mr. Parry felt more at a loss than he could have conceived possible, considering that he had taught all his young brothers, one after the other. But then they did not come to their lessons with such a dignified air, and discompose their master by fixing him with such great black eyes. They were a frowsy set of little white-haired, bleareyed schoolboys, armed with dog's-eared books and greasy slates, and more given to tears and trembling than to self-assertion.

Mr. Parry had always felt far above his audience on these occasions; but what could he do with a young baronet who took the head of the table as a matter of course, chose his own company, marched out of the room when offended, all without a trace of temper or rudeness, and yet did not know what 'addicted' meant?

Mr. Parry looked at his pupil expecting some apology, but none was forthcoming. He did not know what to say himself, and resolved to wait till more sure of his ground. He assumed, however, as well as he could, an air of cold displeasure; but he was not naturally impressive, and Florence looked at him with calm curiosity.

'What have you studied, Sir Florence?' said Mr. Parry.

'History and Italian poetry,' said the boy.

'And what else?'

'Nothing,' said Florence, with an air of astonishment. 'Is there much more?'

'A very great deal,' said Mr. Parry, impressively; 'so much that, with such ignorance as you display, I scarcely know where to begin.'

'Do you know Italian poetry?' asked Florence.

'No,' said Mr. Parry, reddening; 'I do not profess to teach Italian. A good, solid, gentlemanly English and classical education is what I impart, and not useless accomplishments.'

'Funny!' said Florence. 'In Italy, Italian is not called a useless accomplishment. Is English a useless accomplishment?'

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Parry. 'My first endeavour will be to drill you thoroughly in the principles of English grammar. I suppose you have not, as yet, studied——'

'Then if I ever go back to Italy,' broke in Florence, following out his own train of thought without regard to those of his tutor, 'English will be a useless accomplishment; won't it?'

'Be so good as to attend to me,' said Mr. Parry, in the icy tone with which he had been accustomed to recall the wandering thoughts of his white-haired brothers, and which had always impressed them with the deepest awe. 'You have not studied grammar, you say?'

Florence shook his head. 'I don't know what it means,' he said, frankly.

'Nor arithmetic? nor Euclid?' Mr. Parry went on.

'I can sing a little,' said poor Florence, beginning to hang his head.

'Possibly,' went on Mr. Parry, becoming slightly ironical, 'you cannot write or spell?'

Florence blushed. 'I am afraid I can't write well,' he said. 'You see, I had nobody to write letters to.'

'But did you not write copies?' said Mr. Parry.

'I learnt more Italian than English,' said Florence; which meant that he did not understand.

'Mr. Thornton should have told me,' said Mr. Parry. 'I am not a nursery governess. I consider it almost an insult to be asked to teach the first elements.'

'Please don't be angry,' said Florence, to whom all this was Greek. 'I don't like to see a gentleman vexed in my own house; father never did. I am sure Mr. Thornton would be sorry if he knew. I will do whatever you tell me.'

Mr. Parry looked at his pupil, and scowled as well as he could with his weak red eyebrows. He was not generous enough to accept the childish apology, but he believed his pupil was either making game of him or going to 'knock under.'

'It is the mention of Mr. Thornton,' he said to himself. 'I see how my young gentleman is to be managed.'

He threw back his head, therefore, with a gesture of arrogance, and said, in a tone which was meant to be dignified, but was only peevish,—

'You talk with extreme foolishness, Sir Florence; be so good as to take your slate—we can begin with an English dictation.'

'I haven't any slate,' said Florence, 'and I don't know what "dictation" means.'

'Take a piece of paper, then,' said the tutor, impatiently, 'and write down what I tell you.'

Florence looked round the room, and then he rose and brought a carved ebony writing-desk, and taking out a sheet of paper with a monogram in blue and gold at the top, he prepared to begin 'lessons.'

Mr. Parry looked on in amazement, remembering the greasy slates and squeaky slate-pencils to which he had been accustomed; but coming to the conclusion that baronets always carried on their studies in this luxurious fashion, he thought it best to take no notice.

Mr. Thornton had told him to get what books he chose for the instruction of his pupil, and he now opened one of these, a treatise on English grammar, and read out the first line in as pompous a tone as his very weak and shrill voice could manage. Florence remained, pen in hand, staring at him with wide-open eyes.

'Go on,' said Mr. Parry.

'I haven't the book,' returned Florence.

'Write it down,' said Mr. Parry.

Florence opened his eyes still wider. 'Why?' he asked.

'Because I tell you,' said Mr. Parry, sternly.

'How very silly!' exclaimed Florence; 'but I'll do it if you like. Say it again, please.'

Mr. Parry repeated the sentence, and Florence, who hardly understood a single word, wrote down the sound, as well as he could, in a tolerably good text hand. Mr. Parry went on to the next sentence, and poor Florence soon found that writing an English dictation was no joke. His hand ached with the unwonted exertion of writing. He grew hot and miserable, and finally he lost patience and laid down the pen.

'I shan't write any more!' he said.

'You must,' said Mr. Parry; 'the lesson is not yet finished.'

'But why?' said Florence. 'I don't like it.'

'Very few little boys do like lessons,' rejoined Mr. Parry; 'but that is the very reason they must be made to do them.'

'But it's so silly,' said Florence. 'I never did such silly things with father.'

'That's only because you don't understand,' said Mr. Parry.

'Writing it down doesn't make me understand,' said Florence. 'I want to go and see how old Robarts likes his room downstairs. He sleeps here now, you know.'

'Have the goodness to proceed with your dictation,' said Mr. Parry.

'Of course, if you wish it,' said Florence, politely, and with a sigh.

The next lesson was to read what had been written—a perfectly hopeless proceeding; while, copying the mistakes made, and learning to spell them, occupied all the remainder of the morning. The end of it was that Florence became fully enlightened on the subject of 'lessons,' and went down to see old Robarts, after they were over, in a very melancholy frame of mind.

(To be continued.)



Florence, with pen in hand, staring at Mr. Parry.



Leila's Morning Ride.

LEILA.

LEILA was not a beautiful Moorish lady as her name might lead you to think, but a little Indian monkey, brought from her warm native home in the East by a friendly sea-captain to amuse and delight his children of a colder climate.

She was quite a baby when she first came to us, and seemed much frightened, but soon took a fancy to my sister, chattering, and showing her white little teeth at every one else. When she grew accustomed to us she acquired a good many habits that must have been foreign to her native state. Her natural food was fruit of different kinds; but she became very fond of hot chocolate, which she drank out of a little tin cup; and cheese, too, she ate with great relish. She would pull pieces out of a hot new loaf and roll them between her little hands till they were like finger-biscuits in shape, all the time making a kind of purring noise. Her great desire was for warmth, and she used to sleep in the oven after the kitchen-fire was out; indeed she often went in whilst the fire was alight, for she seemed to be able to bear a great deal of heat.

As she grew up to monkeyhood her tricks were endless. She had a little wooden house placed on a stool under a lilac-tree in the garden. Now the cat hated and feared her, for she had a habit of burying her hands in her warm fur and giving it violent tugs, at the same time giving her purring little grunt of pleasure. But her great delight was to crouch in ambush in her house, and when poor pussy tried to steal past unobserved Leila would spring out of her house on to her back and get a ride half-way down the garden before she lost her seat!

But her tricks were not always amusing, for she was most destructive. She was slowly killing the lilac by peeling the bark off it; and she spent a good deal of her time sitting on the top of the kitchen, as we thought, engaged in meditation; but we found she was unroofing the place, for she had picked the mortar out with her mischievous little fingers, and loosened all the slates. She pulled everything to pieces that she got hold of. She made off with my mother's brooch, and contrived to pick the stones out. One morning we found her sitting very contentedly, with the remains of a large hard ball beside her. She ripped it open with her teeth, and then pulled out all the leather stuffing. Her curiosity was as strong as her destructiveness, for when in the kitchen she would take the lids off the saucepans on the fire to see what was going on in them. A looking-glass greatly excited her. At first she tried to get behind it to settle accounts with the monkey she saw there; but soon she seemed to have some faint idea that it was her own reflexion, for she cut capers before it, and made all sorts of grimaces at it, as if admiring herself. And at last she always looked for her image in every shining surface, and would hold her little tin-plate up so as to see herself in it.

Whether it was from some instinctive horror of snakes, or from some other cause, she had a dread of anything long and black. If a stick of Spanish liquorice were offered she would suddenly snatch it and dash it on the ground so as to break it, or perhaps, as she supposed, kill it. She then picked up the pieces and began sucking them with the greatest zest.

She was very fond of company, and could not endure to be left alone; and at such times she would pull down fire-irons or chairs so as to make a noise and bring some of us to her.

At length she became so restless and unhappy that we thought she must be pining for companions of her own species, and we gave her to the Zoological Gardens. And when my sister went there she was recognised by Leila, who came bounding to the front of her cage on hearing her name called, and sat down to be stroked and petted. The little creature never lived to be an old monkey. These poor little foreigners are very delicate, and the changeable climate of England tries them severely.

A. R.

MASTER LEWIS'S STORY.

YOU see this large volume, said Master Lewis, as he took Kitto's noble work, and held it up before the school in silence as the text of an object lesson. I hope you will read it. It is one of the best sources of information about the Bible in the language.

Give me your attention, and I will tell you something about the writer of this book. The story may have a lesson for you.

We will visit his home.

The place, Plymouth, England, with its smoky streets and foamy harbour. The time, the first part of the present century. The house, a hovel; the family tattered, distressed, with hungry faces, hopeless, woe-begone.

The boy, John Kitto. He is tender at heart, but he has no friends; he is a lover of books, but he finds no regular teacher.

He makes the best use of the few books that he has; he reads them, and spells them, and learns them with the quenchless zeal of one whose life is so sunless, so dreary. He spends his days in carrying brick and mortar to his father, who is a working mason. He is slender for such hard work, and young—only ten or twelve. There are no daisied walks for his bare feet, no fields sprinkled with flowers and gladdened with birds. He sees little but the windy harbour, and hears little save the complaints of the wretched at home, and far off the moaning of the waves on the bar.

Poor little boy! He is thirteen now, and he works at carrying slate up the ladder to the roof, not an easy nor a quiet employment for a poor little boy. One day he becomes weary. In stepping from the ladder to the roof his foot slips, he loses his balance, he falls: thirty feet fell that poor little boy with his burden of slate.

He struck on a paved court. They took him up and carried him home. They thought him dying, and

said he would die. We should not wonder if they hoped he would die, for the family could hardly find bread for those who toiled from sun to sun; much more for a helpless invalid.

Would you like to hear his own story of this accident?

'Of what followed,' he said, 'I know nothing. For one moment indeed I awoke from a death-like state, and found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms, but I had no recollection of what happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

'In this state I remained for a fortnight. Those days were a blank in my life; when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep.

'My hearing was entirely gone. I saw the people around me talking to one another, but thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. I asked for a book I had been reading on the day of my fall. I was answered by signs.

'"Why do you not speak?" I asked. "Pray let me have the book."

'A member of the family wrote upon a slate that the book had been taken away by its owner.

'"But why do you write?" I asked. "Why do you not speak?"

'Those around me exchanged looks of concern. Then the slate was handed me with the awful words, "YOU ARE DEAF."'

Poor, deaf, and little cared for!

He could not help his father now. But he resolved to work, even on the bed of pain. He borrowed books and began to store his mind. This he continued to do until his strength in a measure returned again. His hearing never returned. The world was all silent to him like a dumb show.

But he lived; why, no one could tell. We think not because he was wanted in the world, for he was a burden. His parents were unable to support him any longer, and they made known their situation to the overseers of the poor, who took the deaf little lad away from his home and what little charms it had—it must have had some—and put him in the poor-house or work-house. Here he was taught to make shoes. He worked hard, and he trusted in God, and—he knew not why—he spent every leisure moment in improving his mind. He was next apprenticed to a shoemaker, a bad man, who had no feeling for the sad-hearted deaf boy, and who used him like a dog. He treated him so ill that the magistrates interfered, and took him away. The lad used to work sixteen hours a-day, but in the remaining eight he still took an hour for the improvement of his mind.

At last he began to write for a Plymouth journal, and his ability so excited public attention that people began to feel kindly towards him, and to assist him. They lent him Greek books, and he learned Greek; books on modern tongues and the sciences, and he mastered them. He became a teacher, a traveller, a theologian, an Oriental scholar, and the author of books to be found in every library.

Reviewing the past, he says: 'It does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathise, and to pursuits which none could understand. When I was a shoemaker's apprentice I worked sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and my heart gave way. Now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did contrive to get through under these circumstances amazes and confounds me.'

The world is full of disappointed men. The poor deaf boy of Plymouth work-house is not among them. He sowed in the darkness; he is reaping in the light. I think that no scholar in this school will ever have so hard a lot as this. If any should, remember the lesson of this boy's life.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord! trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass.'

A DESERTED CITY.

IN Eastern lands, the empires once of Babylon or Nineveh, the traveller now finds many signs of what once were great and populous cities. So, too, it is said that in some parts of America you may see towns which have been rapidly built, and as swiftly deserted, when the tide of gold-seekers has swept further on.

For at least one example of an almost forgotten town we may look nearer home. Amongst the marshes at the mouth of the river Rhone, some two miles from the sea, lies the almost silent town of Aigues Mortes. There was a time when its streets rang to the sounds of life, and when the name was well known to men. Here it was that King Louis IX. embarked with his followers for the Crusades, and so it was thought a holy place. But royal favour was no match for fever and ague. The King could surround it with walls, and cause a canal to be dug to connect it with the sea; but he could not keep death from sweeping off the people who took up their dwelling there. So its fate was sealed: the once busy canal is now choked up; stagnant waters lie round about the massive walls; the streets are gloomy and silent; the houses rotten and deserted. Here and there are still found a few inhabitants, pale with the constant battle against the marsh-fever, and moving about like ghosts amongst crumbling houses and mouldering walls. Where ten thousand people once lived and worked there are not now two thousand.

A. R. B.

MAKING A MAN.

EDWARD VERE, Earl of Oxford in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had for his steward a man of some talent, named Nicholas Hill. One day the steward was met by a beggar, who asked him for a penny.

'A penny!' said Hill; 'what dost say if I give thee ten pounds?'

'Ten pounds!' said the beggar; 'that would make a man of me!'

Hill at once gave him the sum, and put it down in his account:—

'Item, For making a man . . £10.'

The Earl, on seeing this entry, asked an explanation, and, on hearing the facts, was pleased with his steward's conduct.

A. R. B.



SPRING.

HAIL the days of early spring-time,
When the first young buds are seen,
When the air is soft and balmy,
And the daisies deck the green;

When the birds begin to twitter,
And the little lambs appear,
Frolicking with wild enjoyment,
In the childhood of the year;

Then has dreary Winter left us,
Bearing with it cold and gloom;
Hope once more our hearts inspiring,
Tinges all with rosy bloom.

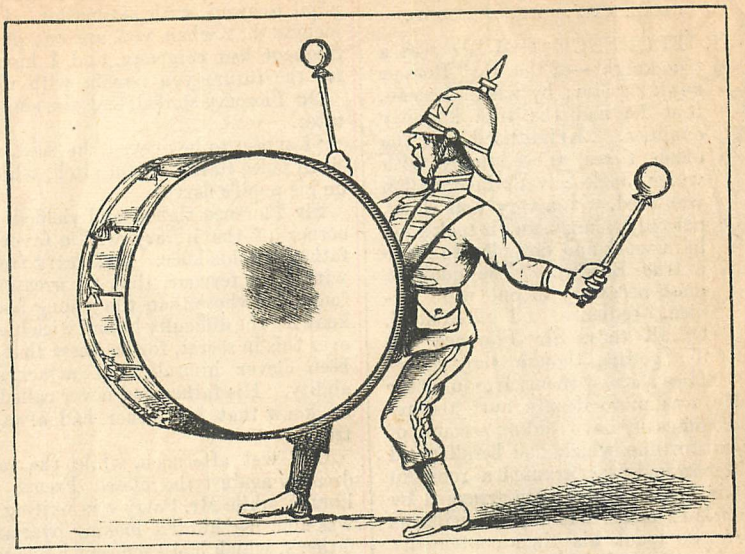
And there thrills such joy within us
At the beauty bursting round,
That no room for care or sorrow
Longer in our hearts is found.

Running brooks and murmuring breezes,
Bees and birds and fragrant flowers,
Cawing rooks and lowing cattle,
Welcome back the spring-tide hours.

Then, since all the earth is joyful,
Let it now with praises ring—
Praise to Him Who gave the sunshine,
Praise to Him Who made the spring.

MRS. HAWTREY.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—VOLUNTEERS



Out of proportion.



Hot work, very!



Regardless of appearances.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 183.)

CHAP. XXIV.—KNIGHTHOOD.



IR FLORENCE GOULD was a true knight—of the Red Rose or anything else; by which I mean, that he had the true knightly qualities. Knighthood in the olden times, those times with which Jack Silver's imagination was fired, was a very real thing, not only a fancy, and it took good hard work and not play to make a true Knight. The qualities most necessary to one were service, obedience, and self-control. Of all these Sir Florence had the germs, though they sometimes showed themselves in rather curious forms. He was more deeply hurt and remorseful than he could easily have said on account of his share in the misfortune which had befallen old Robarts. The old man had been granted a room in the Hall, where his property had been arranged by Florence's own hands to make it look as homelike as possible; and here he spent his time contentedly enough, sitting in his armchair by the fire watching his young master, whenever the boy could elude the vigilance of his tutor so as to be near him. This did not often happen, for Mr. Parry turned out as much of a dragon as such a meek-voiced, pink-eyed young man could do, and insisted that Sir Florence should stay with him in the library. Florence did not understand this at all.

'It is not that I don't like you—that I don't want to like you,' he corrected himself mournfully; 'but I have other things to do. I can't stay with you always.'

'You are my pupil,' Mr. Parry said, fretfully, 'and your place is here with me.'

'But that is not the way gentlemen live together,' said Florence, puzzled. 'They do their business and meet together at dinner in the evening. I stay with you in the evening, Mr. Parry.'

'But you are a child,' said Mr. Parry, after a pause of intense amazement.

'Yes,' said Florence, with an involuntary sigh; 'and so I do lessons with you. But I am also a gentleman, and I intend to live like one. I always did with Sir Edward Gould.'

Since the first morning with the tutor, Florence had always spoken of his father in this manner.

'Did your father never look after you, then?' said Mr. Parry. 'I am sure you have often enough told me that you were never away from him.'

'I was his son and loved him, and he loved me,' said Florence, with dignity. 'I had no greater happiness than to be near him. It is different now. We are two gentlemen who are obliged to live together, Mr. Parry, and we can't always be in the same room. You have things to do, and so have I. I remember Colonel Markham once living with father in Italy for ever so many months, and they never saw each other in the daytime.'

'That is quite different,' said Mr. Parry, recovering himself a little. 'But I shall not argue the matter with you, Sir Florence: it is very improper for a pupil to argue with his master. I have strong suspicions that when you are out of my presence you frequent bad company, and I have to request that for the future you remain with me.'

Sir Florence smiled, and the smile exasperated the tutor.

'I expect to be obeyed,' he said, raising his weak, shrill voice to the fretful pitch, which always jarred on his pupil's nerves.

Sir Florence sighed and yielded, sitting down in a corner of the library with a favourite book of his father's on his knee. Mr. Parry frequently declared, with great fervour, that no greater dunce could be found anywhere than the young baronet. Florence, knowing the difficulty he had with his lessons, mourned over this in secret, for he knew that Sir Edward had been clever himself, and attached importance to ability. His father had never called him stupid, and he knew that his father had always told him the truth.

One wet afternoon, while the rain was dashing drearily against the closed French windows of the library, while Mr. Parry was writing letters, Florence was amusing himself looking over an old desk of his father's, which had been sent home with other things from Italy some time before his death. It was like all Sir Edward's receptacles, filled with a strange medley of articles, valuable and the reverse. Bits of withered leaves and flowers lay side by side with valuable rings and seals; papers of no use to any one, and which ought long ago to have been destroyed, were mixed up with photographs of places and people. Florence was looking over these somewhat languidly: he had had a bad morning, having been introduced for the first time to Latin grammar and the multiplication table. Florence did not know which was worst, both appearing equally hopeless to learn. He would have liked to have spent that afternoon with old Robarts, but Mr. Parry had decreed that he was to stay in the library. He had often seen the things in this desk before, and they were a never-failing delight to him; but this afternoon he was hopelessly longing for the small, cheerful room with the blazing fire next the housekeeper's room. The tears slowly gathered in the boy's dark eyes, and he shivered—for he was a chilly little Italian, and this was autumn weather. But a sudden thrill of heat and excitement went through him when he came upon a folded sheet of paper, on which he read, in his father's handwriting, the following words:—'List of books for Florio's reading.' Florence tore it open with trembling fingers. 'Florio!' that dear name never heard since the sunny Italian days. It was, as the name implied, nothing but a list of books, and a very long one; but Florence devoured it as if it had been a letter. Some were Italian, mostly English; many the boy remembered to have seen in his father's hands, but many more were in the library at Gould Hall, and there were directions given for finding them, showing what an accurate recollection Sir Edward must have retained of every detail in his old home.

Any experienced person could have told at a glance that, while writing the list, Sir Edward had

been contemplating the education of his son at a much more advanced stage of his career: but Florence neither knew nor cared anything about that: it was enough for him that his father had meant him to read certain books, and read them he accordingly would. Reading was quite a familiar mode of doing 'lessons'—it was the way he always did them with his father, and now he would have the secret happiness of thinking that he was still being educated by his father. And armed with the precious list in his father's own handwriting, not even Mr. Parry could gainsay him, for he had already had bitter experience of Mr. Parry's interference in the matter of his pupil's reading. Florence, like most precocious and only children brought up and made a companion of by an older person, had a profound contempt for everything childish, children's books among the number. Mr. Parry wanted to restrict him to these, held up his hands in horror at the idea of Shakespeare, and not understanding Italian, settled the question of possible injury to his pupil's mind by forbidding him the language at all. Florence acquiesced quietly enough, but he was deeply injured, and showed it by making a present of all the story-books which Mr. Parry had bought for him out of the money laid by for his education, to the gatekeeper's little daughter. But now the matter was changed—it was Sir Edward's desire that he should read the books he had named, and nothing should prevent him.

This was the beginning of the long, quiet, wet autumn afternoons which Florence now spent contentedly enough in the library. The grand tussle with his tutor had been accomplished. Mr. Parry looked at the list and shook his head, but Florence was firm, offering finally, with great calmness and confidence, to refer the matter to his guardian. Mr. Parry did not wish this; he knew that Mr. Thornton did not wish to be bothered overmuch with his ward, and that he would be only too glad to seize upon the pretext of Sir Edward's written desire to get rid of any further responsibility in the matter. Besides which, Mr. Parry found himself very comfortable in Gould Hall, and he did not want to endanger his position by fruitless struggles with a headstrong boy. So he gave in, after the usual amount of feeble remonstrance, and Florence was happy. Thenceforward he might continually be seen at the top of the library steps looking for the requisite books, or sitting in a corner with knitted brows trying to make out the difficult English or crabbed Italian. Of course they were all much too advanced for him, but Florence, like most clever children, liked reading what he did not understand.

All this time it must not be supposed that Sir Florence was an unworthy Knight of the Red Rose, and had forgotten his companions in misfortune, the Silver boys and Peter Constant. Two things had prevented him from seeing them. One was the irksome restraint in which he was kept by his tutor, and the other was his own grief and remorse at what had happened on the night of the Chapter. Florence had many of the true knightly qualities, and in nothing did they show themselves more clearly than in the patience and firmness with which, without telling any one—for, indeed, he had nobody to tell—he imposed a certain amount of penance on himself.

It was for this that he had so rigidly determined to spend the first night of the gamekeeper's homelessness in the woods beside him, that he himself might suffer something of the same feeling that old Robarts must have felt. And it was for this that he had debarred himself from putting the plan in train which he had conceived when he took his vows of knighthood, as the boys loved to call them. He had his deed yet to accomplish, but he would not begin it until he had in some degree expiated his thoughtlessness in the matter of old Robarts' cottage. Was not this knightly self-restraint?

It did not occur to him to think that the Silver boys would call his absence a cowardly desertion of them in their hour of need. It did not occur to him to cast any part of the blame on them. Had not he himself been the chief mover? So why should they, in their turn, have harder thoughts of him?

Of Peter he scarcely thought at all. Peter Constant was his true and trusty squire, he knew; and would no more think of questioning any of Sir Florence's doings, than the most faithful squire of olden days would have done. Sir Florence knew he had been badly burnt, but he did not send a message; Peter would know what he was thinking without that. Florence rather envied him those burns. These, then, were the causes that kept him away from the White Cottage and the farm; and I think, myself, that they were reasons not unworthy of a Knight of the Red Rose.

But Sir Florence Gould had yet to learn the ways of the world as represented by Leo Silver.

There came a day at last when the Silver boys were pronounced out of punishment, and the first use which Mr. Silver allowed them to make of what amount of liberty they had received was to walk up to Gould Hall with a letter for Mr. Parry.

'I do not object to your seeing Sir Florence,' he said, 'now that he is under proper restraint.'

Leo made a face behind Jack.

'Besides, I have no doubt he has long ago repented of his foolishness—and worse than foolishness—cruel and wanton mischief.'

Jack flushed up and the tears came into his eyes. Leo's face grew dark; but neither spoke.

'He struck me as a right-minded boy, even on that unlucky evening,' went on Mr. Silver. 'Besides, I promised Mr. Thornton, and I suppose it must be. Don't go through the plantations, boys, but straight through the gate and up the avenue. You may stay three quarters of an hour, if Mr. Parry will allow you —not more.'

'May I go, father?' said little Miles, who, wonderful to relate, since his promotion to the honour of what Leo called a 'jawing' from father, had become more fearless with him.

'No; little boys stay with their mothers.'

At which crushing remark Miles collapsed, and the two boys set out.

'Do or die!' exclaimed Leo, with clenched teeth. 'Mark my words, Jack, either Flo and I will part bitter enemies to-day, or else we shall be greater friends than ever; and I'm on the threshold of my deed! Hooray!'

(To be continued.)



Florence making the old man's room look homely.



"A flight of arrows from their whalebone bows pierced her."

LODODA DOPHANEE.

—o—

PASSING down the north shore of the long Chesterfield Inlet, from Darkak to Savasevik, the trader may see a little heap of mossy stones on the slaty shingle, near the foot of the lichen-hung crags. It is a mere loose stone-pile, and yet has a quaint look lying there; the passer feels drawn to go to it. Both the Dogribs and the Esquimaux say that it is the grave of Lododa Dophanee. This is her story:—

It was June in the wild Northland. Grim, one-eyed old Shuglowineh, had that day led up his tribal family from their winter huts, under the fir root at Yath Kyed, to Savasevik—Savasevik of the Esquimaux, subject and scene of many a bloody feud; since between the Red Indian of the north and the seal-eating 'Husky' there subsists a most inveterate race hatred.

For summer had come at last to Yath Kyed—late come, but with a sudden grand rush!—a rush of myriads of restless birds, with suffocating clouds of gnats, in a flood of hot sunshine burning up the cold fogs, and with an ever-increasing roar of torrent brooks and the far-borne thunder of the spring tides among the ice.

And this is the fishing season of the Tinné, the fishing and egging time, when the northern Dogrib, gaunt and wizened from living for months on dried flesh, roots, and barks, or the salted stores from the fur-forts, goes eagerly to the opened sea, with an appetite keen as the sea-otter's.

The brown skin tents are pitched on the old site of last year and many a previous year. Hard by, on the bank of a noisy brook which goes brawling down over the blackened ledges into the cave, are a few low birches, now yellow-green and just breaking bud. Beyond the torrent brook, fir thickets, stunted and half dead, cling to the almost bare sides of a vast, dome-shaped rock. Farther inland, the ravine narrows and is filled across by a white fissured glacier, now fast melting out. The torrent comes from under it.

Twenty or twenty-five souls acknowledge Shuglowineh as their patriarch, and are come with him. There are the lodges of four or five warriors and their squaws, with a few swarthy children. In these lodges sit half-a-dozen old savages, emaciated, bent, and frightfully squalid.

Yet there are two or three strong Indian boys, active and straight-limbed, and several girls whose forms are plump and comely, and whose light copper-coloured faces are not unpleasing. Their dress is an odd medley of deer-skins and fox-skins, blended with the high-coloured flannels and cotton prints obtained from the far traders.

From the traders also come the cheap and gaudy trinkets, the brassy bracelets, the earrings, and the brooches. Yet some of the Indian maidens wear even these baubles with a certain native grace.

Of these latter, and fairest of them all, is Lododa Dophanee (*Child-of-the-Beautiful-Squaw*), the daughter of the rugged old Shuglowineh, and a sort of princess of the tribe.

Night scarcely comes at all, now, to Savasevik. But for the fogs and the high cliffs the sun would be in sight all night long. At midnight all the north seems on fire; ducks and thousands of gulls wheel over the crags, which resound to their cries, and in the birch and fir thickets the little birds seem never to stop singing. It is their nesting time.

Midnight and morning, the great white icebergs, afloat out in the inlet, glitter and glow like crystal mountains, and back among the glaciers the shaggy white bears throw themselves at full stretch on the dripping ice and loll out their long pink tongues. But for the ice, it would be the hottest place on earth.

There is, moreover, a strange stimulus in the sunlight. Nothing seems to sleep. Winter and sleep have gone together. Intent on fishing and egging, the Indians scarcely close their eyes day by day, and yet appear not to feel fatigue.

A few days later a white sail doubled the headland, and a large shallop beat up into the cove. At sight of it the savages gather on the beach and hail it with joyful shouts. It is the annual fur trader, from down at York fort, fetching ammunition, salt, cloth, trinkets, rum, in exchange for their furs.

But this year there came with the fur traders a person of different character, a missionary, actuated by ardent faith and fresh young zeal.

Henry Enderby had that year come out in one of the Hudson Bay Company's ships from London, not merely as a tourist, to see the bleak north territories and their wild tribes, but with a cherished purpose to bear to these tribes the great truths of the Christian faith, himself a young man of deep piety and missionary ardour.

Report has it that he was connected by birth with one of England's proudest families; and he is farther said to have been a fair young man, with light hair and a light beard; not austere, but kindly, and of gentle manners.

The shallop, with her traders, stayed but a day or two at Savasevik; but Henry Enderby remained with the Indians through the summer. It was his first actual contact with rude, remote tribes of his fellow-creatures.

'I am your brother,' he said to them, 'come to tell you the better way to live:' and with a great heart of love he taught, or tried to teach them, the doctrines of brotherly love and good-will towards each other, and toward all others of their fellow-creatures. But these simple truths were new and strange in the ears of his savage hearers.

Of his disappointments and his partial successes, his moments of joy and his hours of sorrow and discouragement that summer, we have no record.

Having mastered, to some extent at least, the Dogrib dialect, his plan seems to have been to write out, first, the Indian words on slips of wood, and then teach them these words by sight, from the sound.

Afterwards, on larger slips, he worded sentences expressing gospel texts. Some of the old, worn, and

greasy slips are still in possession of some of the Dogribs; and on the bare cliff, behind where the huts stood, are still to be seen the faint traces of strange words painted in ochre or vermilion—'which that missionary fellow wrote,' the traders say. For by inscribing such texts, where they would be constantly before the eyes of the Indians, the young missionary hoped to impress them on their hearts. One of these wooden tags, which an Indian was afterwards found carrying as a charm, sewed into his skin coat, had branded in it the words,—

Kas abartalik targleese ugoole sak bungar. (Do not hate; do not kill; all men are brothers.)

Others were said to bear the words,—

Darpinkte ert Umooka sortalik favoosef ud abic midgose Soofuen af Kullah. (Worship the Great Spirit in the sky; He loves you; you are His children.)

Umooka aktatu hollok i rookoo. (The Great Spirit sends the fish and the birds.)

Umooka aktat Moolaw Jesus eeletu e nue. (The Great Spirit gave His Son Jesus to die for you.)

On the cliff the half-effaced words *Bungar* (Love), *Targluk nuk* (Do not kill), and *Algooka* (Kindness) can still be deciphered, as having formed parts of sentences written there.

We do not know how much old Shuglowineh and his sons were edified by all this. No doubt they were moved, for the time, by the earnestness of the fair young Englishman.

But in Lododa Dophanee it is certain that Mr. Enderby found a serious and intelligent hearer, and, at length, a true convert. It is hardly possible for us, familiar from our cradles with the Christian doctrines, to realise with what new-born sense of truth and joy the beautiful and ennobling precepts of Christ came to the mind and the heart of the young Tinné princess.

The missionary himself, too, was like a visitant from some better world. The warriors of her tribe were coarse and brutal; cruelty and hate were their law; but the young Englishman, with his kind smile and earnest words, seemed a fit messenger from the Great Spirit of whom he spoke. Wonderfully sweet, too, in her ears, accustomed only to the harsh and guttural war-songs and chase-songs of her tribe, were the hymns which he sang each night before her father's camp-fire.

As the weeks went by, the Indian girl came to be Mr. Enderby's helper and interpreter; and imbued by the new faith, she grew strangely quick, quicker than a European girl, to catch the meaning and spirit of his teachings, and then to clothe them in those Indian words which the others could best understand.

When now the nights had begun rapidly to lengthen and the snow capped the headlands, with ice forming on the rain-pools, Mr. Enderby went away. The great fur ship in which he had come out, on her return to England sent in her long boat for him one night; and he took a hurried leave of his Indians and the scenes of his first missionary labours. Briefly he asked them, in the hope of a future life, to remember and practise the things which he had taught them. But in the moment of parting it was to the faithful young princess that he confided the care and the fate of his work, assuring her that he left it a trust in her hands, to watch over her people and keep them from evil.

Poor Lododa Dophanee! now left alone, and with what unutterable longings for higher and better things, in the midst of remote, harsh, and terrible savagery!

Back in the cave-huts, under the fir-roots at Yath Kyed, what thoughts may have been hers? With what shadows of loneness and despair may her life have chilled? Or what moments of sweet peace, which come of keeping the faith, may have lightened her soul?

Perhaps in her heart she cherished the hope that her loved and revered teacher would some time return to see if she had been faithful, and give her the word of loving praise so dear to us all when we labour and have done well.

But he would now never return.

The months of darkness and frost passed; the summer tide of life and sunshine rolled northward again; and again Shuglowineh, older and grimmer by a year, led his people over the moss-beds up to Savasevik. But hardly were the tents set on the old site when one of the Dogrib warriors, who had gone up the beach along the foot of the cliff to reconnoitre, came back foaming at the mouth, his eyes rolling in a frenzy of savage rage.

A single guttural word suffices to explain the cause of his madness to the others, and they seized their guns and fish-spears—a party of Esquimaux have come down to Darkak and are encamped there. The fury of the Dogribs knows no bounds.

Weapon in hand, they vow that they will neither eat nor sleep till earth has drunk the blood of the detested race, by them shed. But the cunning of the savages bids them wait till the midnight sun sinks for a little time behind the cliffs; for then they will be most likely to find the Esquimaux asleep in their tents.

In vain now does the Child-of-the-Beautiful-Squaw seek to temper the wrath of her savage father. Unavailingly she points to the cliff on which are the words, *Targluk nuk*, or hold before the eyes of the warriors the wooden tablet, *Kas abartalik targleese ugoole sak bungar*. They will not look at it; they are mad, drunk with visions of slaughter and revenge.

With a pang sharp as a knife-thrust the Christian girl perceives that, large and strong as her influence has grown during the past half-year, she is suddenly powerless in the presence of this old-time demon of race-hatred.

How now shall she 'keep them from evil?' Be with her, all kind angels, in this hour of her devotion and self-sacrifice. For well did the Indian girl know that to approach the Esquimaux, to warn them, would be at the price of her life, since from time immemorial they had never spared the life of a Dogrib captive. But as the midnight sun sank towards the top of the cliffs she stole away from the tents, and gaining an angle of the crags, went quickly along the beach towards Darkak.

Did the maidenly thought, 'He will, perhaps, some time hear of it, and know then that I was faithful and worthy of the love and trust he gave me,' give her human comfort that morning? Or did strength from a higher source nerve her steps?



Shuglowineh discovering his daughter slain.

The rest of the story is soon told. Sound asleep inside their walrus-hide tents, the Esquimaux heard, in the early morning, a woman's voice outside. They sprang up and were astonished, and in some alarm, at seeing a Dogrib girl standing on the beach, at a little distance. She waved her hand to them—motioning them away, and called out several times in the Esquimaux tongue, '*Twauve! Illeuk!*' (Go hence! Fly from here!)

It was impossible, perhaps, that savages under such circumstances should comprehend, or even guess, her generous motives. Next moment a flight of arrows from their whalebone bows pierced her as she stood beckoning them. But alarmed, if not warned by her coming, the Esquimaux struck their tents in haste and made good their escape up the coast. Dying at their hands, the heroic girl had saved their lives, and saved her people from the curse of blood-guiltiness. Shuglowineh, with his warriors, coming up not long after, found only the dead body of his daughter.

And so it happens that the little pile of mossy stones on the beach, near the foot of the cliff, marks the grave of Lododa Dophanee.

A PUZZLE.

HERE is an abstract from the pocket-book of a celebrated Englishman, who lived not long ago:

'Ad a grate Division 127 of fort Duk.
98 Nos.

—

For ye Duk 29 me Jorete.'

It may be as well to say that this is the record made by Brindley, the engineer, of a victory gained in Parliament by his patron the Duke of Bridgewater.

A. R. B.



THE TROUT.

THE common trout, whose speckled, spotted, shining sides we all have seen, is found in almost all the lakes and rivers of Britain and the northern countries of Europe. They sometimes attain to a large size, but those large fish are seldom caught, a trout of one or one and a half pounds in weight being considered by anglers a very fine fish indeed. The common trout varies much in its appearance, as well as in the tint of its flesh, according to the locality where it is found, those from rivers with a muddy bottom being very different from those taken out of a clear stream, much depending upon the nature and the abundance of the food supply. It has been found that trout removed from one locality to another soon change their tints. The trout is a very voracious feeder, small fish, minnows, &c., being their usual prey, while worms, slugs, &c., are not at all unacceptable to them. In a Highland loch, fed by innumerable

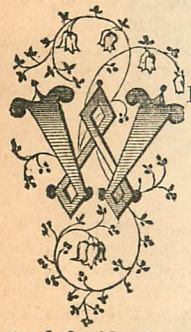
mountain streams, I have seen a sudden rain-storm change those tiny streams into rushing torrents. When this happens, the trout congregate at the point where the stream enters the loch, and gorge themselves upon the worms and slugs brought down by the rushing water. By stationing himself at this point, an angler may fill his basket in a very short space of time. But he requires to adapt his lures to the season and to the weather, sometimes the artificial fly being required, sometimes the worm.

Some knowledge on these points is necessary to secure a good basket of fish. In a glen in Peebles-shire, through which a mountain stream leaps and rushes on its way to join the 'silvery Tweed,' I have seen an angler, after hours of patient endeavour, return home with an empty basket, while a country lad, a few yards from him, secured a goodly number of fine fish, just because he knew to a shade the proper fly to use. When a heavy cloud obscured the sun, he would change the fly in use for another one more likely to tempt the appetite of his victim. Trout often leap entirely out of the water in pursuit of flies, although it is only the smaller trout who do so. They also leap out of the water while trying to escape from the pike, their deadliest enemy. In some Scottish lochs the pike commits great havoc among the trout. Of Scottish trout those found in Loch Leven are considered the best, their flesh being quite red and very rich and delicate in flavour, while the fish also attains to a large size. D. B. McKean.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 191.)

CHAPTER XXV.—MYSTERIES.



WHAT passed between Leo Silver and Florence Gould at this eventful meeting never exactly transpired, but that they retired into a corner of the library, leaving Jack to cope with Mr. Parry, is quite certain. Leo emerged from this private interview looking blacker than ever, but did not appear to have become the bitter enemy of his brother-knight. He came and stood beside Jack, and discomposed Mr. Parry by staring at him, but he did not utter a word. Not even when the tutor mildly inquired, more by way of conversation than anything else, whether he had not been at the burning of old Robarts' cottage, did he make answer by more than a scowl.

'Did you see that, Jack?' he inquired, as the two boys left the house.

'See what?' said Jack. 'I saw that you were not only a precious muff but a very rude one.'

'Did you see the look he gave me when he asked me that? The sneak! Wouldn't I like to pitch into him! And it's he that has kept Flo away all this time! Won't I pay him out just! Flo is a regular little brick, and it's a shame they should treat him as they do. That old Thornton is a regular muff!'

'Poor Florence!' said Jack. 'It's very hard lines for a baronet to have to do lessons; it would be so very much pleasanter if he were allowed to go about setting fire to gamekeepers' cottages and doing just as he pleased. I must say I do pity him!'

'You shut up!' said Leo, angrily. 'A fine knight you are! And it was all your invention, too!'

'I'm getting rather sick of it,' said Jack, candidly, and shrugging his shoulders; 'being kept in and rowed and bothered as we have been is no joke, I can tell you. Besides, I know you've got some stuff or other in your head.'

'I have my deed,' said Leo, gloomily; 'and I mean to do it, too.'

Jack grunted, but made no other audible reply, and they reached home in silence. A request to be allowed to go on to the farm to see Peter met with a prompt refusal; at which Leo sulked as usual, and Jack sat on the barrel in the garden, whistling and looking as benignly at Miles' efforts to induce a new frog he had discovered to emulate Match'em in the perfection of his education.

After this weeks slipped away and matters were at a standstill with the Red Rose Knights, nor did they see a great deal of each other. The summer passed, and winter, always a dreary season in Middlemere, came on. Mr. Silver went out among the sick and poor as much as ever, and often came home looking pale and worn, but making no complaint over sheets of snow, or through roads ankle deep in slush, with here and there a light in a cottage window to guide him on his way. The feeblest light of all was that in his own cottage.

He always found his wife sitting up for him, wrapped in a shawl, the boys gone to bed, and everything quiet, if not very cheerful. There was not much cheerfulness in the clergyman's home in the winter, for their privations were very great. It would have made any one's heart ache to come from the large old-fashioned kitchen at Farmer Constant's to the study at White Cottage, the family living-room during the winter, with its tiny grate squeezed by fire bricks into the smallest possible dimensions, and its scantily-spread tea-table. The boys always looked at this time more or less blue and pinched; their hands were swollen with chilblains, and their feet tingling with cold. The signal to go to bed was always hailed with silent delight, even though the attics in which they slept were almost as cold as the outer air, and the beds were not too warmly provided with coverings.

No one in Middlemere knew the exact extent of the curate's poverty. There is a noble pride in bearing privations, as Mr. Silver did, without a sign. Even the Silver boys understood this, and would almost have died rather than complain of poverty or want to Sir Florence Gould.

Leo did complain of a great many things: such as his father's strictness, and of the smallness and dampness of the garden, but he said not a word of the scanty meals, the meat twice a-week only, the weak tea and dry bread, all of which were serious trials to him.

Jack did not care so much, he was frequently so much in the clouds as not to notice anything, and though he shivered with cold in his thin clothes, and though his chilblains broke, and he limped about the house, yet he bore it all with easy good-temper.

Not so Leo; he was a great trial at this time to his parents, and, indeed, to himself as well. He became more morose and gloomy than ever; threatened darkly to run away from home, and was not by any means to be kept within bounds. He made his mother so unhappy that she could not bear to look at him.

He was very unhappy himself as well, and lay awake many a cold winter night, with eyes wide open, gazing through the attic window at the stars, wishing himself anywhere than where he was. And yet it was all his own fault; he had let the evil demon of bitterness and discontent gain possession of him. He had set himself against his father, against his fate, and, O foolish boy! against even so inoffensive a creature as poor Mr. Parry.

Mr. Parry had in his own fashion made himself quite an institution at the Hall, but nobody liked him. In spite of his weak eyes and voice, and meek, bashful manner, he had an amount of self-assertion which servants especially are not slow to discover.

Maddalena hated him with all the virulence of her Italian nature, asseverating with great vehemence that he made her darling unhappy. Ninna was apt to overlook the fact, that with her violence and fussiness she often brought about the same result herself; but whenever Sir Florence asserted himself, as he sometimes did with his foreign nurse, she would declare that the 'ugly man' had set her darling against her, and was making him forget his own Italy.

Reynolds was always respectful, but he seldom did anything the tutor desired him to do, especially when it had reference, as it often had, to hunting up Sir Florence and calling him from his peaceful retreat in old Robarts' room. Mr. Parry had never once been down to see the gamekeeper, who had been laid up with rheumatism ever since the eventful night in the Gould Hall woods, and who seemed quite to have forgotten that he had ever had any home but the room next the housekeeper's at Gould Hall.

Old Robarts himself was quite content as long as he could have the little baronet near him, and Sir Florence contrived to hold this one privilege with a tenacious grasp.

Everything else he had been obliged to give up, for Mr. Parry, with a fretful and nagging persistency, had managed to overcome all his pupil's peculiarities one by one. Sir Florence Gould was now as much of a little boy under his control as even his guardian could have desired. He still kept his place at the head of the table at meals; but Mr. Parry had all the dishes brought to him, which, of course, made the position an empty honour. He seldom spoke to his tutor, and had given up all the childish attempts he had at first made to win his affection.

Towards Leo Silver the tutor had not only a strong dislike, but a feeling of fear as well. He never could meet Leo's bold eyes without shrinking, and he had such a perpetual uneasy sense of being watched and criticised when in that young gentleman's society that he became more awkward than ever. It gave him an air of conscious unworthiness, which Leo was not slow to notice and twist into accordance with his own ideas. Mr. Parry avoided him, but Leo followed him like his shadow or his best friend. To revenge himself, the tutor was never tired of enlarging to his pupil on the evil of choosing bad-principled boys as friends and companions; and Florence listened to him with the air of weary patience which was now habitual to him when Mr. Parry spoke. It made no difference, for Florence just as often asked the Silver boys up to the Hall, and went down to them, though he was seldom alone when he did so. Mr. Parry, much as he disliked and feared Leo, could offer no reasonable objection against intercourse with the Silver boys, for he knew both from Mr. Thornton and Mr. Silver that their companionship was desired for the young baronet.

Florence's visits to the White Cottage were not quite satisfactory to Leo, because on these occasions Florence showed much liking for the society of Mr. Silver. He never failed to go and see him in his study, when the whole family were not collected there, and he talked to him with an old-fashioned courtesy which Leo laughed at, but of which Mr. Silver approved. At first the curate, shy even with a boy, was cold and abrupt in his manner; but Florence persevered, and by-and-by Mr. Silver grew so fond of him that he would have felt quite hurt if Sir Florence had forgotten him for a week.

'But what can you find to jaw about?' said Leo, impatiently, one day, when Florence had left the garden where his friends were to go and see Mr. Silver in his study. 'When I'm with my father I always feel as if I were writing an imposition.'

'I talk about you sometimes,' he answered simply.

'Me!' exclaimed Leo, in amazement. 'I wish you wouldn't then. You aren't a speak, are you, Flo? What do you talk to my father about me for?'

'I don't sneak!' said Florence, indignantly. 'There's nothing to sneak about. I told him to-day how handsome you were, Leo; much handsomer than Jack or me.'

"Bosh!' exclaimed Leo, turning away, and slashing a whip he had in his hand against Jack's despised barrel. 'What did he say?'

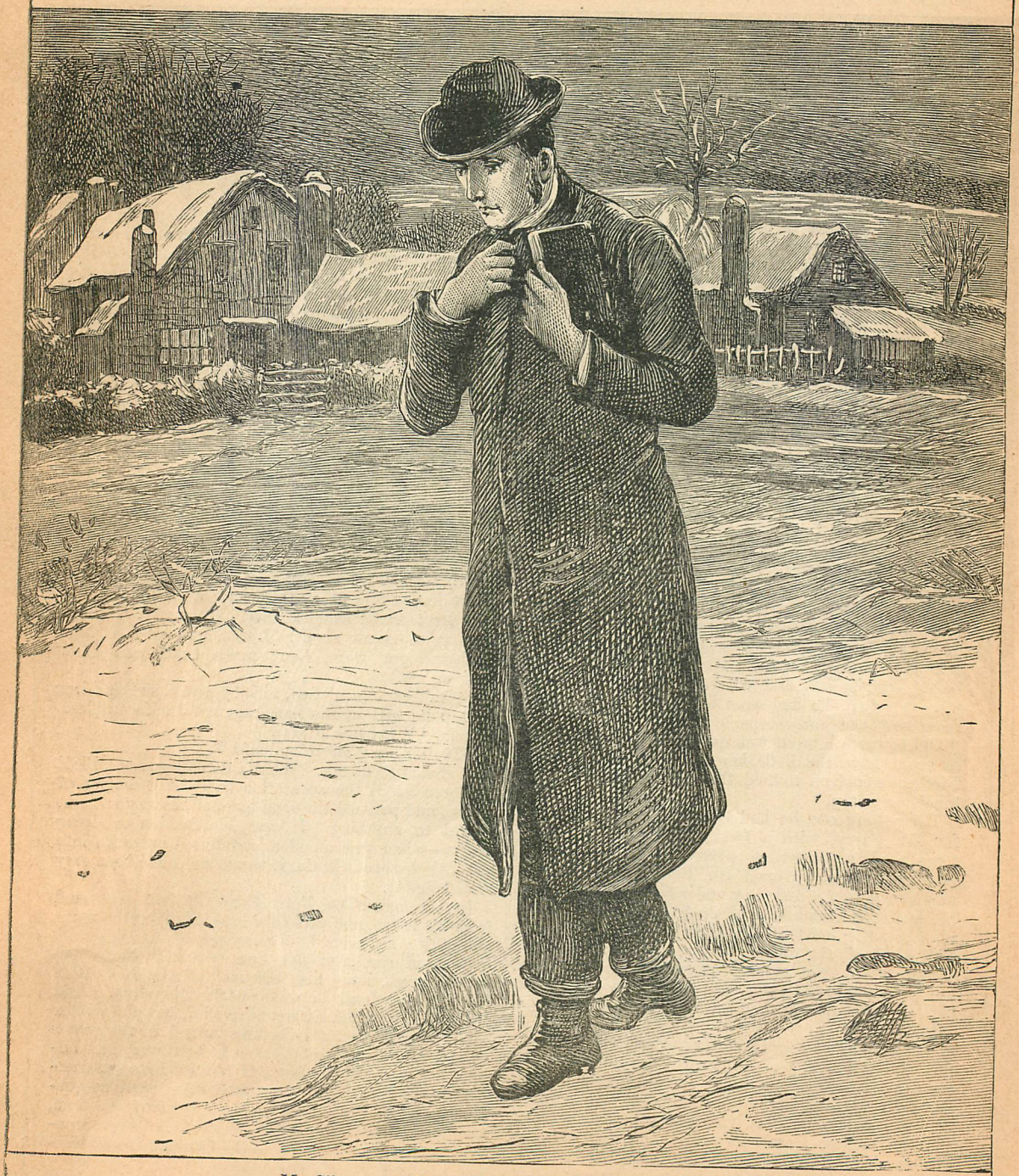
'He didn't say anything,' said Flo.

'I should think not. What a donkey you are, Flo!'

Florence took the accusation quite as a matter of course, and pursued the even tenor of his way without regard to anything. It was his fashion of doing things—when once an idea had found entrance into the little baronet's brain, it would not have been easy to dislodge it.

In the meantime Peter Constant had recovered from his burns, and was very busy both on the farm and off it; but what he was so busy about only Rose knew, and she kept her own counsel. Peter had grown mysterious, like the rest of the Red Rose Knights—no doubt he was pondering his deed. And the summer waned as we have said, and the winter came on, and great roaring fires burned in the grates at the farm, and Match'em was in clover, and admitted to the kitchen fire, and old Robarts was comfortable at Gould Hall; but still Peter went as perseveringly as ever, whenever he could spare the time, into the Gould Hall woods. What to do there, however, nobody knew, not even Sir Florence Gould himself.

(To be continued.)



Mr. Silver returning from visiting the Sick and Poor.



Mr. Parry hiding the Box.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 199.)

CHAPTER XXVI.
THE BRASS-BOUND BOX.

JACK SILVER was a very sound sleeper, even in cold weather; which was perhaps the reason why he did not awake one night in the early winter, though Leo not only moved about the room, but opened the window and let in a waft of cold, keen air, upon the sleeper. He only dreamt he had been sent to Siberia by the Emperor of Russia for warming his hands over a plum-pudding enveloped in blue flames, and he slept all the harder.

'Hist!' said Leo at the window. 'All right, Peter—he's sound. I say! how precious cold it is!'

'Are you game for a lark?' whispered Peter from below.

'Any amount,' answered Leo. 'I told you so.'

'But won't you catch it?' said Peter, doubtfully.

'Ay—if I'm caught; but I don't intend to be this time. I'll spot that sneak, or—go to bed.'

'You'll not tell on me?' said Peter.

'Not I! Aren't we brother-knights?'

'Unwind the rope,' said Peter: 'it's all right.'

'But how about the window?' said Leo. 'I can't leave it open: Jack would be frozen in his bed by morning!'

'Get down first,' said Peter.

It did not take many minutes for Leo to clamber down the low wall by means of the rope, which he always kept coiled up and fastened to the window. But his activity was nothing to Peter's, who caught the rope as soon as Leo had let it go, swung himself up, and not only closed the window and let himself down in a twinkling, but he flung the rope up on the window-sill in a coil.

'Well, upon my word,' said Leo, 'you are a *oner* Peter!'

Peter said nothing, but he smiled with conscious superiority. It is needless to say that these were the feats in which his soul delighted. Meanwhile Match'em, who was standing by, wagged his tail, and looked up in his master's face with a smile of approval!

'Now, if you don't want your ears nipped, we'd best be off,' said Peter.

'What brings you out at this time of night?' asked Leo, after walking on for some minutes in silence.

'That's just it,' said Peter, nodding his head. 'Wait and you'll see, if you're not a mole. It's big enough.'

'I do believe it's your Red Rose deed,' said Leo. 'Is it?'

Peter nodded.

'I say,' said Leo, 'what did you see when you were doing that thing?'

'There's nothing mighty particular to tell,' said Peter, 'except that I'm certain I saw that tutor chap sneaking about when father and I were walking through the plantations one evening. He seemed to be spying about, looking for something; and I didn't half like it, I can tell you. He was up to no good.'

'Or you weren't?' said Leo. 'How long ago was this?'

'Well,' said Peter, 'I am not sure it wasn't yesterday, now I come to think of it.'

'And you told me this morning over the palings,—and here I am!' exclaimed Leo, rubbing his hands in great glee. 'We'll nail him to-night, Peter, as sure as your name is Peter!'

'I know what I'm about,' said Peter, rather grimly, 'but I'm not so sure about you. I should like to know what parson would say to us two chaps if he were to see us?'

'You're all right,' replied Leo; 'and as for me, a little more or less doesn't siguify. I'll not stand it much longer, mind you; and I'll have my fun—see if I don't! Yes, and do my deed, too! I say! what's yours, Peter? It would be only neighbourly to tell a fellow.'

'Use your eyes, and don't wag your tongue quite so fast,' rejoined Peter.

'What a surly chap you are!' said Leo. 'Here, Match'em, old boy! you're worth a hundred of your master!'

'I should say he was,' said Peter. 'I never had half the pains spent on my education as he has had on his.'

'I wish I hadn't,' said Leo, gloomily.

By this time they had reached the scene of the disaster in old Robarts' cottage, and Leo opened his mouth to speak, but Peter clapped his hand over it.

'Keep a quiet tongue in your head!' he exclaimed.

And as Leo was mute, although Peter's deed as a Red Rose Knight had just burst upon him in all its magnificence, so shall we be.

The boys remained there for about an hour, and were just preparing to go when Match'em gave a low yelp. It was a warning sound intended for his master's ears, and Peter understood it well.

'Hist!' he exclaimed in a low voice: 'there's something afoot! That's our game, most likely. Quiet, Match'em! quiet, you rascal!'

The boys listened, and heard a footstep not far off among the trees.

'Bother him!' ejaculated Peter, stamping his foot.

'The sneak!' exclaimed Leo, boiling over with sympathetic indignation.

'What does the chap want?' muttered Peter. 'Here, Match'em! to heel, sir! Come, Master Leo, do you want to track him?'

'And see what he's after? Of course,' said Leo, eagerly: 'that's what I came out for. And I want it ever so much more now that I know——'

'Hist!' exclaimed Peter. And the two boys and Match'em, who seemed quite to enter into the spirit of the thing, followed with stealthy footsteps in the direction of the sound.

It would have been at all times easy to surprise Mr. Parry, who never had his ears and eyes open when he was out of doors. Now, too, he was in unusual circumstances, for ten o'clock in winter is a different thing from ten o'clock in summer. There was plenty of moonlight, but it was cold enough to

make it strange for any one to be walking in the woods, unless they had very particular business on hand. Mr. Parry appeared to have very particular business. He was groping about under the trees as if looking for something, now and then poking his stick among the heaps of dead leaves under the trees, and evidently too much absorbed to notice anything.

'What is he after?' muttered Leo. 'One would think he was a robber who had hidden the booty, I shouldn't wonder.'

'Don't be a—what d'ye call it?' said Peter. 'But I should like to know what he's up to.'

Presently they saw Mr. Parry go down on his hands and knees and begin to turn over the earth vigorously. Match'em's excitement at this stage of the proceedings became very lively; he evidently thought it was something in his line and ought to be looked into. All Peter's energies were occupied in keeping him quiet, and it was only Leo who noticed the tutor lift a small brass-bound box from under the leaves, and examine it attentively. It was very evident to Peter's excited imagination that Mr. Parry was a thief, and was in the habit of hiding what he took in the woods, and going to look at it by night. There was nothing too bad for such a sneak, Leo thought.

Match'em, however, by no means held his breath. Not all Peter's efforts could prevent him from giving utterance to a stifled bark. It was not loud, but it reached Mr. Parry's ears. He looked round with a start, unconscious of the sharp eyes which were watching him, listened for a moment, and then cautiously replacing the box, he rose to his feet and stole away among the trees.

'Hallo! he's off!' Peter said, after he had at length succeeded in pacifying the dog. 'Where has he got to?'

'Oh, he heard the row Match'em made, and skedaddled,' said Leo, carelessly. 'I say, it's awfully cold here! I vote we get home.'

'What was he doing?' said Peter; 'didn't you see?'

'Making a fool of himself,' replied Leo. 'I suspect he's not all there.'

Leo was in a hurry to get away from the spot. He had marked it well in his mind's eye, and he had determined to come the next day and carry off the box. He did not want Peter to be associated with him in this enterprise, which was rather ungrateful of him, considering that Peter had that very evening shown him his deed in progress.

But Leo's conscience was not quite clear on the score of his own, which was perhaps the reason.

'Well, what are you going to do?' inquired Peter.

'I am going to bed,' said Leo.

'You've grown uncommonly cool all of a sudden,' said Peter, rather grumpily.

He had half expected to come to close quarters with the tutor and was somewhat disappointed.

'Cool! I believe you, my boy!' exclaimed Leo. 'Why, I'm a solid lump of ice at this moment.'

They got to the White Cottage without further adventure, but were very nearly being obliged to spend the night in the open air. For Peter, cleverly as he had managed to send the coil of rope back to the window-sill, had not been wise enough to remember that it was wanted to act the purpose of a ladder for Leo to get up by. However, by the help of a long stick, the rope was dislodged, and Leo crept back to bed.

About this time, events in the White Cottage, Gould Hall, and the farm, began to thicken. The elders had nothing to do with it, except that Farmer Constant had long chats with Rose, who looked radiant; but Mr. and Mrs. Silver certainly remained unmoved. Mrs. Silver, indeed, did not look quite so careworn, not because any of the money troubles were taken off her shoulders, for they were not, but because Leo was more absorbed, and, therefore, quieter and more amenable, than he had been before.

What he was doing or had done to produce this change nobody thought of inquiring; not even Jack, who complained that Leo would lock his bedroom-door and keep him waiting outside. Jack was much engaged at this time in the composition of what he considered an epic poem, and he had serious thoughts of offering it to the Red Rose Knighthood as his deed.

'Much better than any of theirs,' he pondered.

In the meantime Leo, to the astonishment of all the Red Rose Knights and the consternation of the Red Rose herself, gave out that he wanted to convene another Chapter.

'We are not obliged to set a house on fire every time we have a Chapter,' he argued, when met with a clamour of opposition. 'What muffs you fellows are! I don't mean you, Rose, though you do pull such a long face.'

The Knights had all met by chance outside the white gate of the farm, and Rose was standing inside.

'We shall be certain to be locked up again and have extra lessons to do,' said Jack, disconsolately. 'I know how it'll be. I wish you'd let things alone, Leo.'

'And who was it invented the whole thing?' exclaimed Leo, scornfully. 'I wouldn't be such a muff as you, Jack, for anything.'

'But who will be Head Gardener?' inquired Florence; 'and where are we to meet? There'll be no fun this time—not that I want it,' he added, with a sigh.

'Of course I must be Head Gardener,' said Leo, 'as it is I who want the Chapter; and I have something to say, too, which I'm sure none of you fellows, have.'

'The Head Gardener ought to have nothing to say,' said Peter. 'I don't think Master Leo should be Head Gardener.'

'And why not, pray?' said Leo, fiercely.

'Oh, Peter,' said Rose, giving him a nudge, 'don't you go and be cross! Let Master Leo be Head Gardener; I am sure he will do it much better than you. Only, please,' she added, turning to Leo, 'don't have me—at least, I can't go without asking father,—and don't let's, please, have any burning or blindfolding.'

'Bosh!' said Leo. 'What are you cocking your eye at me for, Peter?'

'You are a ——!' said Peter, and stopped. Then pulling Leo aside, he whispered something into his ear; at which Leo's face, at first puzzled, gradually



grew radiant, and he finally greeted the conclusion of Peter's speech with a loud 'Hooray!'

'Peter, you're a brick!' he exclaimed. 'I say, you fellows, we are going to have another Chapter, and Peter Constant is Head Gardener. Do you agree?'

'I suppose we must,' said Jack; while Florence, who had grown somewhat apathetic under Mr. Parry's rule, merely nodded, and inwardly hoped that no mischief would come of it this time.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN DAIRY-MAID.

MOLLY the dairy-maid, blithesome and gay,
Gets up like the lark at the dawning of day,
For this little maiden has plenty to do—
She really works hard, and most cheerfully too.

The cows must be milked and led out to the field,
And then the rich milk, which the good creatures yield,
Must be strained into milk-pans with scrupulous care,
And laid in the dairy, if Pussy's not there!

Then Molly, who never could bear to forget
Her own little lamb (such a dear woolly pet),
Brings a basin of milk, all so creamy and white,
And feeds her pet lamb with the greatest delight.

And then she must run, for there's work to do still,
And skim all her milk-pans with hearty good-will.
Her cheese must be made, and with many a splutter
She'll churn all her cream into excellent butter.

When night comes at last, and the maid goes to bed,
She drops fast asleep when she's pillowed her head;
And never again does she wake till the sun
Shines forth on the world and a new day's begun.

D. B. McKean.



BRITISH POETS.—BURNS.

Town of Ayr.
Burns' Cottage—Exterior.
Burns' Monument.

Alloway Kirk.
Burns' Cottage—Interior.
Auld Brig o' Doon.

BRITISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.



ROBERT BURNS was the eldest son of a Scotch gardener in the employ of Mr. Ferguson of Doonholm, and was born on the 25th of January, 1759. His father, William Burns, was an honest and hardworking man. He married rather late in life, and built with his own hands the little cottage at Kirk Alloway, to which, in December 1757, he brought his wife Agnes.

Not far from the cottage may still be seen the 'auld Brig o' Doon,' an old-fashioned ivy-covered bridge, spanning the 'bonnie Doon,' whose banks are as lovely now as they were when the poet sang their praises a hundred years ago; and about two miles from the village is the town of Ayr, whose 'twa brigs' have also been immortalised by the same gifted pen.

Little Robert had not much schooling, for his father was poor, and at the age of eleven the boy had to lay aside his books and work for his daily bread. Fortunately he had a good memory, and he says of himself, 'Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar.' At Mount Oliphant, at Lochlea, and finally at Mossgiel, all farms in the neighbourhood of Alloway, he followed the plough and handled the spade, toiling hard, especially after his father's death (which took place in February 1784), to keep the home together and provide for his mother and sisters. In this he was assisted by his younger brother Gilbert, of whom he tells us, that 'although he was not gifted with a brilliant imagination he was in good sense, and every sober qualification, far my superior.' But in spite of the care and poverty which must have oppressed him, the heart of Burns was full of poetry, and he sang as simply and naturally as the birds sing, making up his poems while he went about his work in the fields, or while he rested in the evening by the cottage fireside, without any thought of the time when his songs would be familiar to every peasant in his native land.

During the years he spent at Lochlea he fell in love with Mary Campbell, 'Highland Mary,' who was a dairymaid at the house of Colonel Montgomerie. She promised to marry him, and as the time for the wedding drew near she went on a visit to some friends in the Western Highlands. The lovers parted by the river-side, hoping soon to meet again, but God willed otherwise. Highland Mary fell ill on the homeward journey, and, sad to say, her illness ended in death. The beautiful poem, 'To Mary in Heaven,' contains a touching description of the parting by the Ayr; and the thorn-tree which marks the spot where the lovers met is an object of reverence to the country-folk, who still call it 'Highland Mary's Thorn.'

In 1786, Burns, finding that his farming did not prosper, decided to leave Mossgiel in Gilbert's hands, while he himself tried his fortune in the West Indies. He had formed a new attachment to a girl named Jean Armour, and for her sake he was anxious to get on in the world as quickly as possible. He had not, however, enough money to pay his passage and provide his outfit, and in order to raise the needful funds he collected his poems together and had them printed at Kilmarnock. Only six hundred copies of the little volume were published, and they were soon sold. Burns received about twenty pounds, and sent off his chest to Greenock, and took his passage in a vessel about to sail from the Clyde. But on the eve of his departure he received a letter telling him that he was already famous, and without further consideration he gave up the idea of emigrating, and hurried at once to Edinburgh, where he met with the warmest welcome. His simple poems had touched the hearts of all who read them, and for a short time the ploughman-poet was the recognised favourite of Edinburgh society.

But society, as we all know, is very fickle, and when, after a short absence, Burns came to Edinburgh a second time, he found that he had ceased to be 'the fashion.' The lords and ladies who had courted and flattered him had now almost forgotten him, and, disgusted with their coldness, he turned his back upon the city and the friends who were so false.

The second edition of his poems had brought him about five hundred pounds, and on the strength of this he took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, seven miles from Dumfries, married Jean Armour, and settled down once more as a working farmer. But in an evil hour he had accepted the office of exciseman, and looking after the whisky-stills interfered sadly with his regular work at Ellisland. The farm-servants neglected their duties when the master was not at hand to overlook them, and Burns himself was not proof against the temptations of an exciseman's life. He fell into unsteady habits, lost his money, and in three years' time was compelled to give up his farm and go to Dumfries. There he spent the remainder of his life, poor, disappointed, and neglected by those who were not wise enough to see his real worth. He died on the 21st of July, 1796; and then, too late, the Scottish people awoke to a sense of his greatness.

At the present time the name of Burns is sweet to every Scottish ear. The peasants near the Ayr point out with pride every spot associated with his memory. The cottage at Alloway, the auld brig, Highland Mary's thorn, Jean Armour's house, Ellisland, and the poor little dwelling in a back-street of Dumfries, where the poet's short and sad life came to its close, have long been sacred in the eyes of his countrymen; and it is to be regretted that the love and admiration which have been given to him so freely since his death were withheld until they were of no value to him. A monument to his memory stands in the churchyard of St. Michael, Dumfries. It is placed in a handsome mausoleum, and consists of a life-size figure of the poet in white marble.

Burns usually wrote in Lowland Scotch, but sometimes he made use of the English language. 'To Mary in Heaven' is in English, also the verses supposed to be addressed to him by Coila, the muse of Scotland. His most popular pieces, however, are Scotch. Amongst many other favourites we may mention 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'To a Mouse,' and 'To a Mountain Daisy;' also the songs, 'Auld Lyne Syne,' 'Mary Morrison,' and 'The Banks o' Doon.'

A Scotch peasant was once asked why the memory of Burns was so dear to him and to his countrymen, and his reply had so much truth in it that I cannot conclude this short sketch of the poet's life with any better words:—

'I can tell,' said he, 'why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart and all man, and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible.' H. L. T.

A BRAVE BOY.

January 15, 1883.

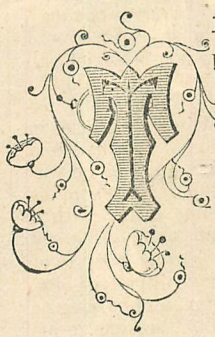
ONE Monday night, and in a narrow street,
A part of London's mazy labyrinth,
Some one returning to his home perceives
The smell of burning. Underneath a door
Smoke issues, and the sound of blazing wood
He plainly hears. The door is broken in,
And from the doorway tongues of flame and smoke
Come darting forth, and, ere alarm is raised,
The staircase is on fire. Above, the rooms
Are peopled by all ages, from the child
And manhood in its prime to hoary hairs.
The news of fire soon reaches the Brigade,
The braves who battle nightly with the flames,
And in four minutes from their call they stand
Before the burning house. But by that time
None is so daring as to enter in
A house, so late a home, a furnace now.
From every open sash come cries for help,
And faces, smit with sudden horror, look
Down on the crowded highway. What to do,
And how to do it best, for life and limb,
Is in all thoughts. Strong arms are ready there,
And voices, full of confidence, exclaim
'Leap, we will save you!'
But, alas for some!
They venture not, or else are paralysed
With fear, or scorching breath of poisonous smoke,
And so they perish; and their bodies charred,
And scarcely known, are afterwards discerned.

A stripling brave, named John, we single out,
As the chief hero of that awful hour.
He, by a window, calm and self-possessed,
Stood, and saved others, mindless of himself.
Just as the captain of a sinking ship,
If worthy of his name, sees all the crew,
And all the inmates of his vessel, safe,
Before he saves himself, so did the boy
(A gallant brother, and a gallant son),
See sisters, brothers, mother, all removed
From out the burning, ere he cast himself
Into the willing arms held out for him.

First, as was meet, the sister, lame and sick,
Was safely lowered; then, looking quickly round
The circle of home treasures, John espied
The youngest, twins of four, and they went next,
Happy for them to be so small and light.
What joy there was, as these poor night-gowned babes,
Terribly scared, fell into kindly hands,
And had their sorrows kissed and comforted!
Oh, when are neighbours wanting, or their help,
At such a time? The Lord be praised, Who gives
Men's hearts the will to weep with those that weep!
Still stood the boy, and through his steady hands
Lucy and Martha, Ned and Willie, fell,
Two safe and sound, and two, by some mishap,
With injury; and then the mother dropped;
And she, too, fared not well, for so it chanced
Her ribs were broken: then, the noble lad,
Duty well done, forsook his burning home,
Happy that those he loved were all alive,
All else, save honour, lost. But such a boy
Is never poor, and such a hero's deed
Has dubbed him one of England's worthies.—He,
If life is spared, and nothing mean shall blast
This promise fair, may well aspire to rank
With men indeed; in danger prompt and bold,
Born for adversity—a brother true!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

A MAHOMEDAN FAKIR.



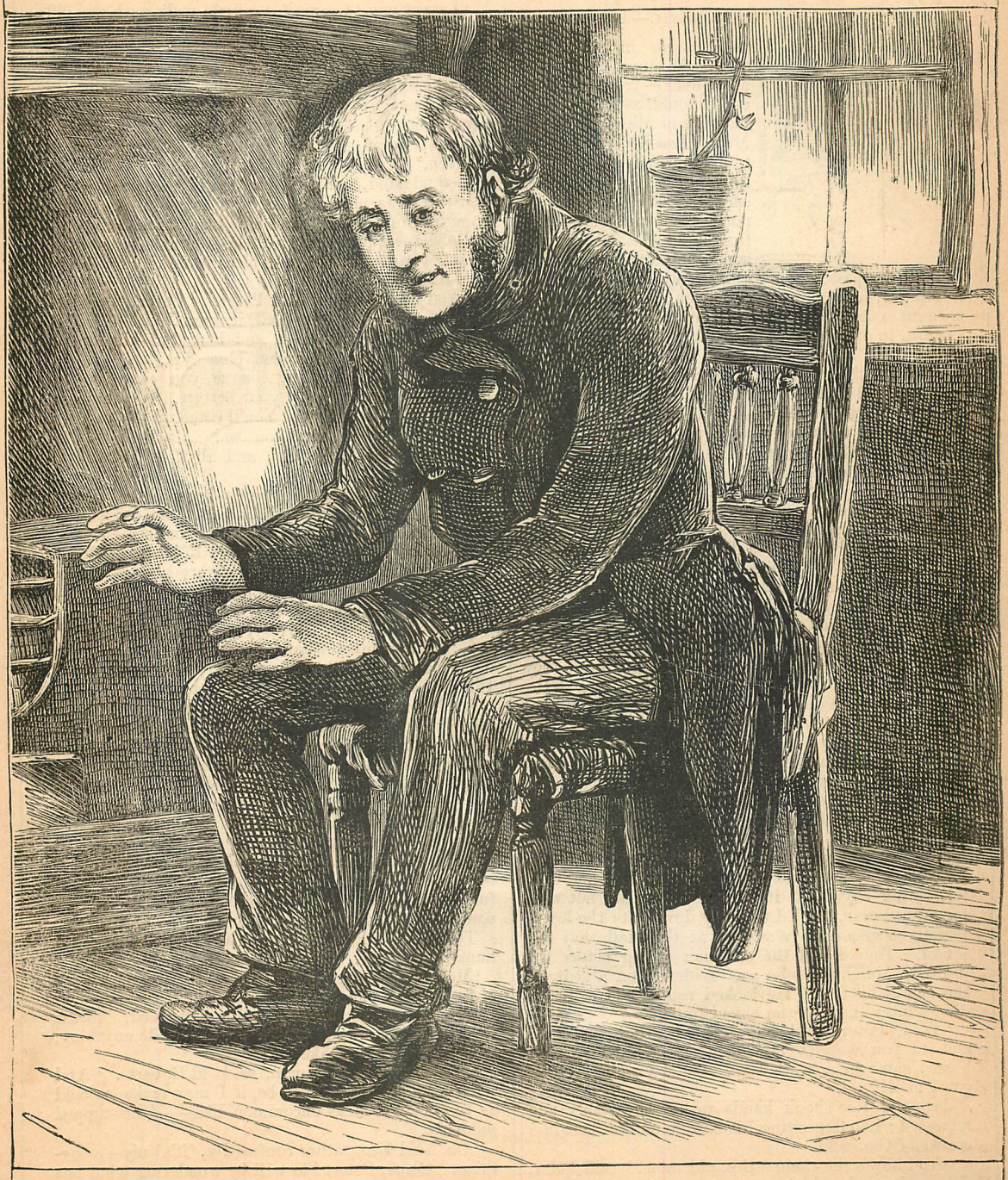
THERE are in India a vast number of beggars who make much show of religion, and are to be seen at the corners of the streets or near the gates of temples and mosques, where they sing or drone prayers when they see a chance of getting any pice, as the small copper money is called.

Some of these Fakirs are Hindus and some are Mahomedans. The Hindus are generally half-naked, very dirty, and often they look miserable and starved; or they torture themselves by always standing on one leg, or with an arm stretched out and the fist clenched, till it becomes so stiff that they cannot move it.

Our picture shows a Mahomedan Fakir of a different kind. He stands on the road near a mosque, as the Mahomedan temples are called. He holds in his hand a horn, and over his shoulder he carries his prayer-carpet rolled up. He stands by the side of the road leading to a mosque, and repeats '*Allah il Allah!*' and utters some words of prayer when there are any passers-by. It is a useless, idle life, and it is sad that there are so many ignorant folk found to maintain these Fakirs by their alms. No doubt some of these Fakirs think they are doing good service in repeating their many prayers, but others of them are impostors, who live on the money given them by their hard-working neighbours, who are so silly as to look on them as sacred persons and as special favourites of Heaven. They do not know the rule which St. Paul gives, 'that if any would not work neither should he eat' (2 Thess. iii. 10).



A Mahomedan Fakir.



The Old Man sitting before the Fire.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

CHAP. XXVII.—A SURPRISE.

A NOTE came in due course to the White Cottage—to Mr. Silver—from Sir Florence Gould, asking for the pleasure of Master Jack and Master Leo Silver's company to afternoon tea in the Picture Gallery. Mr. Silver smiled grimly at the elegant note paper and the large text hand, but he was in a lenient humour, for Jack had construed a passage in Virgil 'as well as he could do it himself,' and Leo had written a Latin exercise without a mistake. These favourable circumstances led him to excuse the afternoon lessons and give his consent.

'How easily we have managed it this time!' said Leo, triumphantly, to Jack. 'I told you so.'

Jack growled. 'Wait a bit,' said he; 'I should like to know what you and Peter are up to; I don't trust you two fellows. And what's that big box that you keep so carefully hidden under your bed, Master Leo? Think I don't know?'

'I'm pretty sure you don't,' said Leo.

'Where did you get it?' said Jack.

'Wait and see,' replied Leo; 'and, Jack, let's be bright and early. We've got a lot to do.'

So the two boys started as soon as they could get away from their early dinner for Gould Hall, carrying the big box, carefully done up in brown paper, between them. Jack felt injured at not being in the secret, and preserved a dignified silence until they were joined by Peter Constant as they passed the farm. Then he was consoled by the discovery that Peter was as ignorant as himself.

'Hallo!' exclaimed Peter; 'what's that thing?'

'Wouldn't you like to know?' said Leo. 'I can have secrets as well as you, Master Peter.'

'I tell mine,' answered Peter; 'but you're welcome to yours. I say, I'm going to see old Robarts; won't you come, too?'

Now, as it happened, neither Jack nor Leo had been to see the gamekeeper since the fire, and they felt rather shy about it; but as Peter did not wait for any answer, but led the way down into the lower regions as soon as they arrived at the Hall, they followed. They found the old man sitting before the fire with Match'em, who was evidently on a visit, on the rug at his feet. He looked round, and smiled a dim, wintry smile as the boys came in.

'Well, Peter lad,' he said, 'is that you? I guessed you weren't far off when Match'em, poor beast! came in a while ago. Good evening, young gentlemen!'

Jack and Leo shook hands rather sheepishly and retreated; Leo depositing his burden on the floor in a corner of the room.

'And how's the rheumatics, old man?' said Peter, sitting down beside him. 'Quite gone, this lovely weather, aren't they?'

Old Robarts shook his shoulders, as if he rather thought he felt them there still, but made no other answer.

'I want you to come for a little walk with me, old man,' went on Peter: 'just in the sun, you know. It'll do you such a lot of good.'

Robarts shook his head. 'I've not been out,' he said, looking dreamily out of the window, 'since—since—I caught the rheumatics by sitting looking at my burning house. Ay! and I'll not go out until I can go into it again, and that'll not be until we're all in Heaven.'

Leo fidgeted, and Jack blushed in his corner.

'Stuff!' ejaculated Peter. 'Isn't Sir Florence Gould going to build you a brand new one, old man?'

Robarts smiled lovingly at the mention of his young master's name. 'Ay, bless him! so he is; and so was his father before him.'

'And he never did,' said Peter. 'Baronets are not always worth much after all, it seems.'

The gamekeeper turned and looked at him, and a sparkle came into his faded blue eyes.

'You hold your saucy tongue, you young jackanapes, and learn to know your betters. Who are you, I should like to know? You'll come to the gallows, yet, and then where'll you be? Maybe you'll remember old Robarts then, and all that he said to you.'

'Perhaps old Robarts 'll remember me,' said Peter, coolly, 'some day. Some folk forget old friends for new, and think "fine feathers make fine birds."'

'You know better, lad,' said old Robarts, mollified. 'Give us your hand, Peter: you were always a good lad, though you never had proper respect for your betters; and that's bad, my boy, very bad.'

'Yes,' said Peter, gravely, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I'll remember what you say, old man, if you'll do me a favour for the sake of "auld lang syne." It'll please you, and Sir Florence, too.'

'What is it, lad? what is it?' said the old man, eagerly. 'Anything to do that blessed boy—my master—pleasure; or you either, Peter. You know you was always a favourite of mine, though I did rave a bit when I caught you and Match'm here in the plantations. So, so, Match'em! quiet, boy!' as Match'em, at the mention of his own name, showed signs of excitement.

'Then come for a little walk with us this afternoon,' said Peter. 'We are going to have a bit of fun—the Master Silvers, Sir Florence, and I—and we want you to keep us out of mischief.'

The old man looked over at the Silver boys with a humorous glance.

'More fun, young gentlemen?' said he; 'your last bit of fun cost an old man his home.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jack, quite distressed, 'please forgive us; we are so sorry. I'm sure I'd do anything, if I only could, to make up for it.'

'Spoken like a gentleman,' said old Robarts. 'And what may that big parcel be, if I may make so bold as to ask? It looks uncommon like——' he stopped suddenly.

'Oh,' said Leo, rather confusedly, 'it's only—something. Come, Peter, Flo will be wondering what has become of us, and if we are to do anything this afternoon we'd better begin at once.'

'Here is Sir Florence,' said Peter, as the door opened and the boy came in.

'Sir Florence,' began Peter, 'I have been trying to persuade Robarts to take a walk with us this lovely afternoon. Don't you think he might?'

'Oh, do, Robarts!' said Florence, his grave little face lighting up with pleasure. 'How strange I never thought of it before! Why couldn't he come with us to the——oh, I forgot!'

Peter and Leo exchanged glances and smiles.

'That's just what we want him to do, Sir Florence,' said Peter.

'Oh, do, Robarts!' said Florence.

The old man turned and took the little boy's hand, which hung over his chair.

'I'm not fit for much walking, but I'll go at your bidding, Sir Florence, wherever you choose to take me. Only, if you wouldn't mind it too much—little hearts are often tender, and yours amongst the tenderest, Sir Florence—I should like to look at what was once my old home once more.'

'That's just where I want you to go,' said Peter, eagerly; but the gamekeeper checked him with a glance.

'Is it your leave I asked, boy?' he said sternly. 'Be silent when your betters are by.'

'Whenever you like, dear old Robarts,' said Florence, sadly; 'you know how sorry it will make me to go there, but it will do me good, too. I have not been there since. But will Jack and Leo mind?' he added, looking at the two Silver boys.

Leo was silent, but Jack answered rather bluntly, 'No; and I think like you, Flo, that it ought to do us a world of good. In fact, it is the best place for us to hold our second—you know.'

'Well,' said Florence, 'then we may as well start. What a pity Rose is not here! Mr. Parry is walking up and down the Picture Gallery waiting for us, so we needn't go there. I have ordered Reynolds to make a lot of tea, and he can drink it all for us. I've got some almond toffee in my pocket for ourselves.'

'But he's safe to come after us, isn't he,' said Leo, eagerly, 'when he finds we don't come?'

'Wonders will never cease!' exclaimed Jack. 'Leo seems to want the pleasure of Mr. Parry's company!'

'So I do,' said Leo; 'and you'll soon see why. Now, then, Head Gardener!'

'There's not much use in being Head Gardener,' said Peter, rather sulkily, 'when you've all settled without him where you want to go.'

But Sir Florence turned coaxingly to old Robarts.

'It's a game we're playing, dear old Robarts,' said he; 'and the rule is, we are all to be led blindfold to the place where we hold our meetings. Peter is the chief: we call him Head Gardener.'

'He's not a bad lad, Sir Florence, I allow,' said the old man; 'but as to making him chief of anything when you are by, it's what I don't understand.'

'Oh, but I was Head Gardener last time,' said Sir Florence, 'and see what mischief I did! Peter helped to put out the fire, and got dreadfully burnt. I don't believe you ever even thanked him for it, Robarts.'

The gamekeeper glanced a quick look at Peter, and nodded his head

'He's a good lad,' he said, 'but wants taking down a peg: he always did. Now, young gentlemen,' rising somewhat reluctantly from his seat, 'I'm ready to go with you, and you may have your games just as you like. You may blind my old eyes if you like, for it's no pleasant sight they are bound to look upon this day.'

'All right!' exclaimed Leo, looking at Peter. 'So we will—won't we, Head Gardener?'

'Yes,' said Peter: 'but not just yet.'

Then, with a great deal of ceremony and preparation, and much fun and laughter, the Head Gardener blindfolded his Red Rose Knights, and fastened them together, the gamekeeper, in the meantime, standing leaning on his staff, in the winter sunshine, which streamed in at the back-door, from whence the procession started, watching them—or rather Sir Florence—with a quiet smile. At last they got under way, Leo and Jack as before, with the big box between them. Presently the Head Gardener called a halt.

'Now, old man,' he said, in a half-bantering, half-commanding tone, to the gamekeeper, 'you promised, you know.'

Old Robarts had walked on till now with his head bent down, tottering rather feebly, and leaning on his staff. Now he raised his head and looked round. The Red Rose Knights were in the middle of the familiar woods of Gould Hall, standing on a broad, mossy cart-track, with heaps of red and yellow leaves on each side. Another turn and the ruined cottage would come in sight. The gamekeeper looked round, and his faded blue eyes filled with tears.

'Master Edward!' he murmured; 'I think I see him, dear lad! with his bright blue eyes, and hair as brown and sunny as a ripe chestnut! Well, well! he promised me a new house, and his son, bless him!—though he's not like his father—pulled it down! It's all right: the Lord's will be done! Lead on, lads: you needn't blind my old eyes, they're blind enough already.'

Peter hesitated, and looked at Leo; but that young gentleman was tightly bandaged, and could return no answering glance. He gave the word, therefore, to lead on, and in two or three minutes the party turned sharp round from the cart-track and came in sight of the clearing where the gamekeeper's cottage had stood. The Head Gardener gave the word to halt, and the blinded knights stood still.

'Now, old man, look up,' said Peter, 'and perhaps as you'll believe that old friends are good as new.'

'What's the row?' whispered Jack to Leo. 'You know, I suppose?'

'Hooray!' shouted Leo, dropping the box in his excitement and tearing off the bandage; 'Peter has built old Robarts a new house, and that's his deed! Hooray for the Red Rose Knights!'

(To be continued.)

EVA AND WINNIE.

EVA Stanley and Winnie Armour were not related to each other, though the friendship between their parents was such that the two girls had seen a great deal of each other during their short life's history. Both children had been born in South Africa, at a station where Eva's father had long acted as the resident judge, while Winnie's parents were engaged



In Danger.

in the noble work of missionaries among the native population.

Winnie was a bright and pleasing child, the eldest of six little ones; very unselfish and kind, and with so much good sense, that her mother had learned to place a reliance upon her seldom accorded to a child so young. She was a somewhat pretty girl with soft, dark eyes, and a very gentle expression of face.

Eva, though a pleasant enough girl, was disposed to be selfish and petulant. She was an only child, and had perhaps been too much indulged, which might account for these defects in her character; but she had a worse fault still: a degree of untruthfulness—the worst and most degrading fault that boy or girl could have.

It was with the greatest reluctance that Mrs. Stanley made up her mind to send her daughter home to Scotland; while to Eva's father it was a trial indeed.



Rescued.

His little Eva was the joy of his heart and the light of his home; but the parting was necessary: children do not thrive in tropical regions after they have passed their infancy; and although it was hard to send his darling away from him, it would have been harder still to see her lose her health and her brightness in his southern home.

When Winnie's parents knew that Eva was going to Scotland, they at once resolved that their little girl should go also; it was quite time that she should leave them, and how pleasant for the dear young ones to go together! they would quite enjoy the voyage home, and be well taken care of, too, as a kind, faithful native nurse was to accompany them on the homeward way.

We need not linger over the sad parting on the long voyage, but just at once carry our readers to Scotland, where they will see our dear Winnie and

her attendant settled in the comfortable, old-fashioned home of her aunt, who, having no children of her own, gladly welcomed the bright-eyed, merry girl.

Eva was living with her grandmother—an aged lady, who had felt somewhat afraid of so responsible a charge as a little girl of ten years old; still, she could not refuse her son's request that she should receive his only child under her roof. She consented to the arrangement, only stipulating that Eva's native nurse should remain in Scotland, and take charge of her granddaughter. Both girls were to attend the same day-school in Edinburgh.

Before the children settled down to regular studies, it was thought well that they should spend a month at the sea-side. Old Mrs. Stanley was extremely anxious that Winnie and her aunt should go to the same place where she intended to take Eva, and to this Miss Armour consented.

The place chosen for them was a perfect paradise for children: a wild, romantic shore, where sea-fowl wheeled overhead, and where the beach was strewn with lovely seaweeds and shells. How happy were the two pale-faced little strangers in this place! and how soon their cheeks freshened with the healthful breezes from the sea! They never wearied of the beach, where their dark-faced nurses always accompanied them, lest they should thoughtlessly rush into any danger—and the coast was not without danger. The beach was extremely irregular—heights and hollows alternating with each other—so that it was not prudent to follow the ebbing tide too far, lest the treacherous sea, when it began to flow again, should steal around them at a distance, and cut off their retreat to the shore.

Eva, who had collected many shells, was very anxious to go as far out as possible, in order to add to her treasures. One day she proposed to Winnie that they should go together and see what they could find. 'We must leave Corah and Mamsey behind,' she said; 'they would put an end to all our fun. I mean to take off my shoes and wade.'

'Oh, Eva, will your grandmother be pleased at that?' asked Winnie, in some alarm.

'I don't mean to ask her,' replied Eva; 'because, if she refused, of course I should not go: but as I have not been forbidden to do it, no one can say I am doing anything wrong.'

This sort of reasoning seemed rather doubtful to Winnie. She thought a moment, and then said, 'I think I must ask aunt's permission before I go; I am almost certain she will wish Corah to go too.'

'Oh, then, we may just as well give it up,' said Eva. 'I won't go if Mamsey goes, so there is an end of it. I am not very anxious about it after all, so please, Winnie, say no more about it;' and to this Winnie cheerfully consented.

The following morning after this conversation there was a great commotion in both houses. When Mamsey went to Eva's room to assist her to dress, no Eva was to be seen! Mamsey rushed downstairs to Mrs. Stanley, who sent her off to Miss Armour's house, to ask if the child had gone there; but the maid who opened the door said that they had not seen her: Miss Winnie was in the breakfast-parlour alone, her aunt upstairs in bed very ill indeed, and Corah waiting upon her. Having heard this, Mamsey quickly ran off to get fresh instructions from Mrs. Stanley.

Meanwhile Winnie, who had overheard this conversation, hastily took down her hat, and, without taking time to put on her warm jacket, she rushed off towards the beach. She felt certain that Eva had gone to the Gray Rocks, a huge group, which at low water was left high and dry, but when the tide was full only showed its head above the surface.

The little girl felt much alarmed: she would have consulted her aunt, had she not been so ill; but as that was impossible, she did what seemed to her best in the circumstances—ran herself to see if she could find her friend. Yes, there she was, with her hat off, busily picking up shells, and not even once looking about her, though the tide had begun to flow.

Winnie ran at full speed, but already the water had formed a circle around the rocks, and Winnie had to splash through it nearly up to her knees. 'Eva! Eva!' she gasped; 'come away home, or it will be too late for us to escape. Only look at the sea!'

Eva started up and looked around, but she had neither the courage nor the good sense of Winnie. 'Oh, no, I cannot do it: I should be drowned!' she cried. 'Oh, Winnie! what shall I do? oh, stay with me, Winnie!' And sitting down in a helpless manner, she covered her face with her hands, to shut out the sight of the sea, and burst into tears.

Winnie could have escaped: the sea was calm, and not yet so deep as to drown them; but she could not leave her friend. She stood close beside her, sadly gazing towards the shore, hoping that even yet some one might come to the rescue. The dear little girl meanwhile thought of her mother, so far away; her kind father and the little ones—'Oh, should she never see them more?'

But what is that sound that she hears? Is it the cry of the wild sea-fowl, or the sound of voices? Oh, joy! joy! Mamsey and Corah, with their dresses tucked up, and loudly calling out encouraging words to the children, are to be seen plunging through the deepening waters towards the Gray Rocks! Few minutes had passed before the faithful women had each her precious nursling in her arms.

The return homewards, however, was by no means easy. Many a slip and tumble they had before the little girls were safely housed, and tucked up warmly in bed that they might not catch cold.

We shall not follow their adventures any further. Our young readers will be perfectly satisfied, now that they know that both Eva and Winnie are rescued from their perilous position beside the Gray Rocks.

D. B. McKean.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

UNDER this strange title a book was published by Robert Dodsley, who from being a footman rose to wealth as a bookseller and publisher. Nor was he without some literary fame. His writings would not have handed his name down to posterity; but they escaped much adverse criticism from the modesty of their author. He was never ashamed of his former occupation, and when a certain Dartineuf was once mentioned before a distinguished company, he said, 'I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman.'

A. R. B.

A DOG'S CONSCIENCE.

A True Sketch.

HAVE dogs a conscience? If not they have something which is very like it, and which makes their conduct sometimes a striking lesson for us.

I used to keep two or three dogs in the house, but as I disliked their bringing dirt indoors, I had a large pan of water outside the door, and when we came home from a muddy walk I used to make them jump in and wash their feet. Now Frisk hated this proceeding, and I sometimes had to repeat my order two or three times before he would step into the cold water.

One day we had had a delightful scramble over hedges and ditches, and as there had been much rain we were very muddy when we reached home. Of course, I told the dogs to jump into their basin, and clean themselves. Frisk demurred, and I bent down to lift him in, when he turned round sharply and bit at my hand. I withdrew it quickly, but was too much surprised to say a word. Frisk walked slowly into the house, and I sadly followed.

It is a serious offence for a dog to bite his master, and I could not have believed that Frisk would have done it, for there had never been a moment's ill-feeling between him and me before. And now, what was I to do? Should I punish him? No, I settled that with fresh kindness I would try and show him that I understood how for a moment he had forgotten himself, but that he would never do such a thing again.

Meanwhile where was Frisk? He had gone in and laid down under the staircase out of reach; and though I called him gently, and did my best to entice him, I could not get him to move. All that night he remained there. The next day I tried to allure him, but with as little success. I vainly offered him food. I placed his favourite dainties within his reach, but he would not even look at them. Others called him, but he took no notice of them. He did not seem to sleep, but whenever I went near looked at me sadly with his great, speaking eyes, as if to ask my forgiveness; but as yet he would not come to me. What could it be? Was he afraid of me? Surely he knew me better.

All the second day he lay in the same way, and I began to fear that he would starve himself. I tried to tempt him to come out walking when I took out the other dogs, but he would not move. I felt quite uneasy. On the third morning I was going out, and I went again and called to him. To my joy he got up and came out from his retreat, still, however, keeping out of my reach. But the instant I had opened the door, out darted Frisk, and with a great splash he jumped into the middle of the basin, and remained there some minutes; then he came up to me wagging his tail, and allowed himself to be caressed.

I had not punished him; but he could not forgive himself so easily, and was only happy when he had suffered for his fault.

A. H. P.

CUNNING IN CATS.

SOMETIMES cats will display extraordinary traits of cunning when lying in wait for their favourite prey—mice or birds. A cat belonging to a lady residing in one of the suburbs of London used to resort to the following trick:—The back garden was separated from the garden of another house by a wall some six feet high. In the neighbouring garden stood a withered tree, scarcely higher than the wall, whose branches were much resorted to by the birds of the vicinity. From the branches of this tree they would hop along the wall, sometimes in considerable numbers. The cat, on first coming into the neighbourhood, would sit for hours at a stretch on the wall, watching for a chance to pounce on a bird. The birds, however, were too wary, and the cat finding this out, tried another method. Instead of taking up her station on the wall, she suspended herself from it, hanging on to the top by her two forepaws, and letting her body drop well out of sight. In this attitude she looked exactly as if she were dead, and had been hung up on some unseen nail. Every now and then she would stealthily raise herself until her eyes, being on a level with the top of the wall, she was enabled to sweep its surface with a glance and note the approach of any unsuspecting bird. Many a capture bore testimony to the success of this singular plan. One day, however, a bird alighted on the edge of the wall, exactly between the paws of the cat, who, on her side, was in the act of raising herself for one of her stealthy glances. The two were within two inches of each other, and the mutual apparition proved so startling to both that neither stirred for several seconds. Then the paw was lifted, but instead of the usual success attending the movement, the cat lost her balance and fell off the wall, while the bird flew away unharmed!—*Leisure Hour*.

BED-TIME.

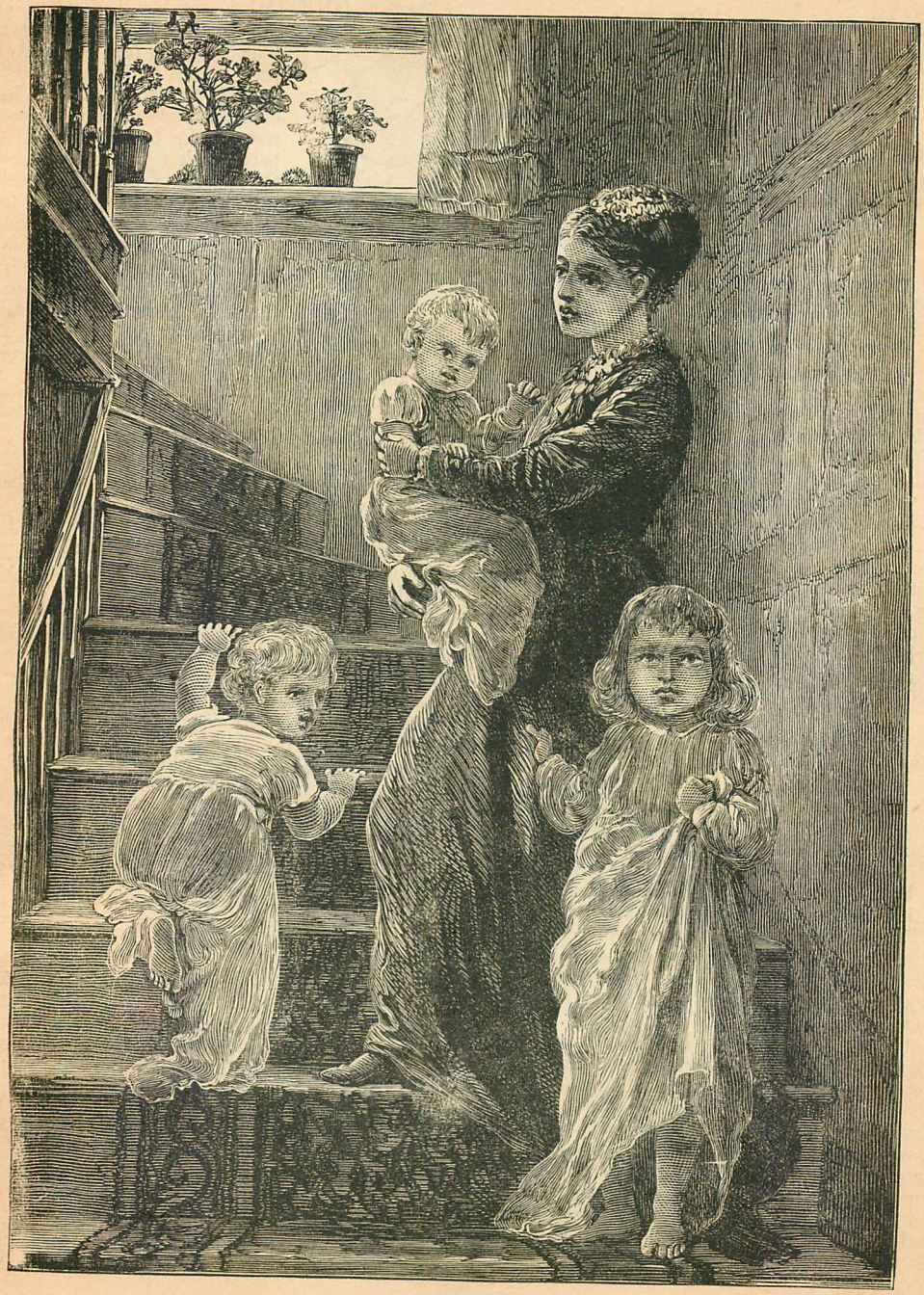
WE have just had a bath, and we've all said our prayers,
And Sarah is taking the baby upstairs,
For we must go to bed as the clock has struck eight,
And father says, 'Children should not sit up late.'

Just look at our Charlie!—he creeps up alone,
Though the stair is so steep, and 'tis all made of stone.
If he does not take heed he will certainly fall,
And then we'll have screaming and kicking and all!

I am not so foolish! I walk on my feet;
But then I'm a girl, and, of course, more discreet.
Besides, I am older than Charlie, you see,
So mother expects good behaviour from me.

I sometimes feel dismal when bed-time draws near,
And scarce can refrain from just one little tear;
But when I'm tucked up like a soft little ball,
Then bed really seems not so bad after all!

D. B.



Bed-Time.

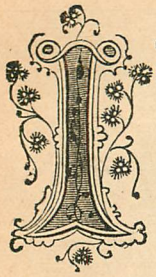


Leo securing the Box.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DELUSION.



It was certainly true that Peter Constant was the first of the Red Rose Knights who had accomplished a deed, and that a true knightly one, but it was not solely the result of his own unaided bow and spear. While he had been laid up with his burns, he had pondered a good deal on what he could do for his old friend to atone for his share in the mischief, and being accustomed to consider himself capable of anything, he had thought the best thing he could do would be to build a new house for him.

He confided his intentions to Rose, who, in her turn, related the whole affair to her father, shyly mentioned that as the deed that *one* Red Rose Knight intended to accomplish.

Farmer Constant had laughed and pooh-poohed at the time, but the matter had remained in his mind, and it had ended by his writing to Mr. Thornton, the young baronet's guardian, and relating the whole circumstance. After that matters were speedily put in train; and when Peter came to his father after his burns were healed, and boldly asked for the help of some of the men on the farm, he found that he had been forestalled. Not that Farmer Constant told him what had been done, all at once: on the contrary, he bullied him pretty considerably; and it was not till even Peter's patience (and he had a tolerable large stock for a boy) was nearly exhausted, that he had at length held out the right hand of fellowship.

'Here, shake hands upon it, you young rascal!' he exclaimed: 'but don't think you are going to get off with having it done for you. I shall make you work pretty hard, depend upon it.'

'That's just what I wanted to do, if you had listened,' said Peter.

Farmer Constant chuckled and rubbed his hands: he rather enjoyed putting his son in a rage.

'Wait, my fine fellow! wait!' said he; and that evening he walked him off into the Gould Hall woods, and showed him what had already been done, and told him that if he chose to give up all his spare time, and work hard with his own hands to help the men Mr. Thornton had provided, he would himself further the enterprise by every means in his power. Of course Peter was overjoyed, and went to work at once, and it was real hard work. Poor Peter grew quite thin at it, for not only had he all his schooling to attend to, but work on the farm to do besides, and his father did not let him off.

'It will teach him to set fire to other folks' houses,' he remarked, when Rose ventured to complain.

Poor Match'em went about rather disconsolate at this period of his existence. He grew tired of watching and wondering at his master's eccentric performances, and took to paying visits to old Robarts. It must have been some subtle bond of sympathy which led him from the gamekeeper's old abode to the gamekeeper himself, but fortunately, as Peter remarked, though Match'em could do everything but speak, that one exception was decidedly in his favour, for the grand secret was not likely to be revealed by him. Nor by any one else that signified, for the Silver boys were kept strictly within bounds, Sir Florence would not go in that direction, and the tutor, though he had a habit of poking about the woods, was not likely to observe much, or to remember it if he did. But hard as everybody worked, some of the men overtime, it takes a long time to build even a small cottage, and it was getting cold, and the days dark and short, before Peter could entertain even a reasonable hope of seeing old Robarts in it before Christmas.

Peter Constant had in nothing astonished everybody so much as in the power he displayed of remembering, to the smallest particular, everything about the old cottage, and insisting on having it reproduced in the new. He would have liked to have had all the dilapidations and weather-stains he remembered, but the head man, it is needless to say, did not quite see it. Mr. Thornton intended to put new furniture into it, and Peter and Rose were, to their intense delight, sent by Farmer Constant, to whom this commission had been intrusted, to the neighbouring market-town to buy it. When all was as nearly done as could be, the second Chapter of the Red Rose Knights was convened. Peter having, as we have seen, previously confided his secret to Leo, who was ungrateful enough to keep his own in return. But it all arose through Peter's astonishment at occasionally meeting Mr. Parry prowling about the Gould Hall woods in the evening after the late dinner at the Hall was over, and Sir Florence gone to bed, or at least to Maddalena. The tutor appeared, according to Peter's account, to be looking for something, and his curiosity was very much excited as to what this valuable something could possibly be; but Leo, when he heard it, took a different view of the matter. He believed the tutor, on the contrary, to have found something, and something he had no right to, and was now uneasily endeavouring to conceal it. Leo had read stories of murderers not being able to resist haunting the spots where their crime had been committed—why should not thieves be the same? When he saw Mr. Parry lift the box from the heap of fallen leaves he had no longer any doubt on the subject, and with great difficulty he had contrived to slip away from his father's vigilance the next day and secure it. This was the box he had hidden in his own room. At the word from the Head Gardener Leo tore off his bandage, and everybody else did the same.

Jack and Florence stood transfixed—they could scarcely believe their eyes, and the little baronet turned quite pale with excitement and emotion. In the doorway of the new cottage, which only differed from the old in being more spick and span, stood Farmer Constant and Rose, both with beaming faces.

'Hallo, Robarts, old man!' shouted the farmer: 'look up and see what Providence has sent you—leastways, Mr. Thornton and my son Peter!

The gamekeeper all this time had stood perfectly silent, and like one in a dream. He took no notice of Farmer Constant, or of the shouts and exclamations around him, but stood looking at the house as if he could pierce the walls with his eyes. Presently he began to tremble, his aged features quivered, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Master Edward!' he murmured; 'Master Edward's son! The Lord's Name be praised!'

Then he looked about him as if for an explanation, turned from Peter Constant, who was near him, to Sir Florence on the other, and with a sudden strength of which no one would have believed him capable, he caught the boy in his arms.

'God bless my master's son!' he exclaimed, kissing him; 'it was my master's thought and his son's deed. God bless him, I say!'

Florence struggled in his arms, and when at last old Robarts set him down he was very pale. He tried to speak, but could not, and finally he burst into tears and ran behind a tree.

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Farmer Constant, half vexed and half touched: 'a man's a fool, old Robarts, who doesn't know his friends when he has 'em. Not as I mean to say a word against Sir Florence Gould, a fine promising young gentleman who will improve, but he knew nought of this. It was my Peter's thought, ay, and my Peter's deed too, for he worked like a dozen workmen all rolled into one.'

'Yes, and got so thin over it too,' chimed in Rose, looking at Peter.

'Peter's a good lad,' said old Robarts. He was leaning on his staff, and had not taken in what was said to him. 'I'm the last as should deny it—a right-down good lad, except that he wants to be taught respect to them as is his betters: but this is another sort of thing. Sir Florence and me understands one another, Farmer Constant, though I say it as maybe shouldn't. He's his father's own son, and has done nothing but what came natural to one of his blood. The Lord bless and reward him for it, say I.'

Farmer Constant turned quite red. 'You old dunderhead!' he began, but Peter stopped him.

'Never mind, father,' he said quietly: 'I didn't build old Robarts a house, or help to build one, rather, to get thanks from him, though I did hope he might learn that old friends are sometimes as good as new.'

'It's a shame!' said Rose, with tears in her eyes.

'You shut up, Rose!' said her brother; then to the gamekeeper—'So you won't believe me, old man? That's kind—when it was I took all the trouble of getting this fine house built for you, ay, and did a good piece of it myself, too.'

'Peter Constant,' said old Robarts, sternly, 'you're on a wrong tack altogether, and if you don't take my advice you'll end on the gallows.'

'You'll not be long in your new house, my friend,' muttered Farmer Constant as he watched old Robarts. 'Maybe you're right, lad; he's beginning to doat, and we'll never get the idea out of his head. He's never been right himself since the night of the fire, and not much wonder neither.'

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed Leo; 'it's a downright shame! The old fool! Peter, I'd see him further if I was you, before I'd——'

'So I intend,' rejoined Peter, coolly. 'I mean to see him into his new house. You get him in while I go and look after Sir Florence.'

'Not if I know it,' said Leo. 'I shan't stir a peg for such an ungrateful old blockhead!'

But Jack had already gone forward and taken the old man by the arm.

'Come, old Robarts,' said he, kindly: 'won't you come in and look at your new house?'

'Ay, that will I,' rejoined the gamekeeper, with alacrity. 'Where is Master Edward's son?'

'He'll be here directly,' said Jack, as he led him in.

What passed between Peter Constant and Sir Florence Gould on this occasion was never exactly ascertained, though Leo made many curious inquiries on the subject. Florence was crying bitterly when Peter joined him, and the two boys remained in close conference for some time. When they came back into the cottage their parts were evidently taken. They found quite a splendid feast laid out in the living room, which as nearly as possible resembled the former one, and old Robarts seated in an elbow-chair beside the fire, with Match'em coiled up at his feet. He rose up as Sir Florence came in, and laying his folded hands on his head again thanked and blessed him solemnly. The little boy said nothing, only looked very sad, and hung about his old friend with anxious and tender caresses. The Head Gardener was in the highest of spirits. It was he, aided by his father and Rose, who had provided the entertainment, and he did ample justice to it. Nor did it disturb his enjoyment in the least to see Sir Florence installed at the head of the table, while old Robarts sat at the foot. He was a sworn squire to his knight, and a true one. But after all these interesting preliminaries were over he got up and reminded the assembly that there was still something to be done, and that this was not only a house-warming, but a Chapter of the Red Rose Knights.

'And as one of the Knights has evidently something to communicate,' said the Head Gardener, 'I call on him to begin.'

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHO does not remember the first time he ever heard a nightingale? Having only heard it once in my life, I shall never forget the impression it made upon me. It was at Croydon. On a calm, lovely summer evening, I was summoned to the garden about ten o'clock, and told to listen. Then I heard the sweet plaintive, almost pleading note of the songster, who seemed to be close at hand but yet could not be discovered by any one of our party. After hearing it once we cannot wonder that this bird should be the most famed of the feathered tribe for the variety, length, and sweetness of its note. It is slightly larger than a hedge-sparrow, with a fine straight bill, and large expressive eye. The plumage is of a rich brown colour above, while on the lower part of the body it is a grayish white. It is a bird of passage, visiting England about the beginning of April, and leaving us again in August. It is rather remarkable that this bird, which in summer extends his migrations as far north as Sweden, is yet never seen in Devonshire or Cornwall, counties where the seasons are so mild that myrtles flourish in the open air during the whole year. They abound among the market-gardens in the neighbourhood of London, but are never seen further north than Yorkshire, nor have they ever been known to visit Ireland. It is difficult



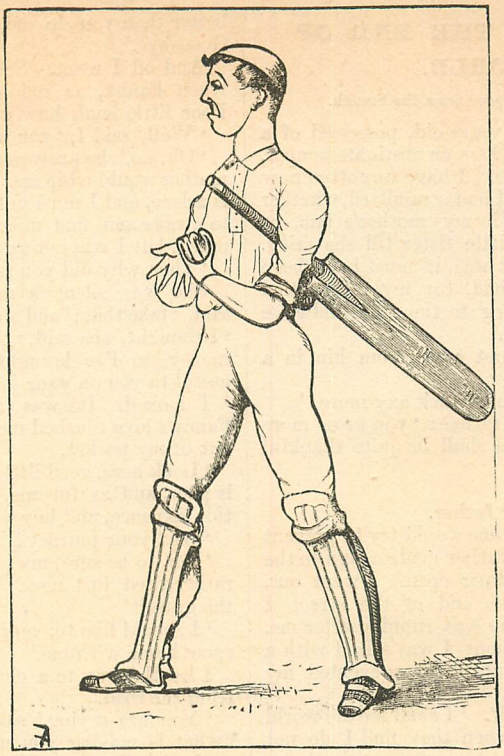
The Nightingale.

to account for this. They are fond of thick coppices and low hedges, and as they are shy birds they are seldom seen. The nightingale builds its nest either on the ground or in some low bush. The nest is loosely constructed of leaves, moss, and fibrous roots. The eggs are of an olive brown colour. The nightingale begins its song in the evening and continues it at intervals during the night. The variety and richness of its notes are extraordinary, and its prolonged quivering strains are extremely beautiful. Like most other birds they cease to sing after the nesting season is over. In some respects the nightingale resembles the robin in its manners, being very pugnacious among its fellows.

The nightingale did not pass unnoticed among the ancients: many allusions are made to it in the poetry of Greece and Rome. It may be kept in captivity, and will often begin its song in November and continue it till June; but when this bird is kept in a cage its food must be carefully attended to. Its proper food is the larva of moths and other insects.

D. B. McKean.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER. — CRICKET.



Going in.



"Now, how did I do that?"



Coming out.

A JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

Translated from the French.

I WAS nine years old, possessed of a stout pair of legs, an obstinate temper, and sixpence. I have forgotten now what crime I had committed, whether I had stolen my mother's jam, or teased my little sister till she cried. Whatever it was, it must have been something bad, for my father tied me by one leg to the table and gave me a caning.'

My punishment over, I burst away from him in a great rage, and said,—

'I'll go away, and never come back any more!'

'Off with you!' said my father: 'you grow more mischievous every day. We shall be quite thankful to be rid of you.'

'Good-bye!' said I.

'Good-bye!' returned my father.

I fully expected that some one would try to prevent my going out. But no; my father made a sign to the servants, and the door was flung open. I went out, feeling rather silly. At the end of the street I turned round to see if any one was running after me. Not a creature! For a moment I was seized with a desire to retrace my steps, but shame prevented my doing so.

'All right!' I said to myself. 'I shall see the world now. They'll cry at home when they find I do not come back; perhaps they'll be as angry with themselves as they are now with me. Well, it serves them right; they should learn not to punish me. Besides, it is pleasant to be quite at liberty. For a long time I have wished to see what there is on the other side of that mountain over there, where the sun goes to bed. I should be very glad to see the sun go to bed. I should like to see how he does it.'

At the end of the village stood my nurse's cottage. I went in. There sat Fanny, my foster-sister, sewing away, mite that she was, beside the cradle of her baby brother. As soon as she saw me she threw down her work and ran to put her arms round my neck.

'Will you come with me?' I asked her.

'Of course!' said she. 'But where to? Into the wood?'

'Farther than that, Fanny.'

'As far as the pool where the willows are?'

'Much farther than that! I am going on a journey.'

'All by yourself?'

'Not if you come with me.'

'But,' said Fanny, 'if I am to come with you, you must tell me where we are going.'

'To the end of the world. I think,' I answered, 'that it must be over there, behind that mountain, where the sun goes to bed.'

'And when we get there?'

'When we get there we'll stop, and never come back any more.'

Fanny looked at me very sorrowfully.

'What will my mother do?' asked she.

'Oh, very well,' I said, 'if you love your mother better than you do me, stay at home! I am going. Good-bye.'

And off I went. Scarcely had I gone fifty yards when Fanny, as red as any cherry, overtook me. Poor little soul, how she had been running!

'Well,' said I, 'you are coming, after all?'

'Oh, no,' she answered, with tears in her eyes: 'my mother would whip me; and, besides, my little brother is asleep, and I must not leave him. Suppose he were to awake and find nobody there? I love you very much, but I will not go with you.'

'Then why did you run after me?'

She was silent a minute, and then, 'See,' she said, 'take that;' and she held out her hand, sobbing. 'I thought,' she said, 'that perhaps you had not any money, so I've brought you all I had. It will be useful to you on your journey.'

I looked. It was a halfpenny. This proof of Fanny's love touched me deeply. I took my sixpence out of my pocket.

'Look here, good little sister,' I said: 'your mother is poor, and as for me, my parents are rich. Take this sixpence, and buy yourself a new frock with it.'

'And your journey?'

'Ah, to be sure, my journey! Do you know, I feel rather tired just now. Will you sit down here, on the grass?'

'I should like to, very much, if you will promise to come home with me.'

I led the way to a clump of trees a little way back from the road.

'You are crying,' said Fanny to me, presently: 'what is making you unhappy?'

'I wished so to take you with me to the end of the world.'

'We'll go when we are quite, quite grown up,' she replied.

When I reached home that evening my father caned me again, but I did not deserve it. You can ask Fanny if I did.

A. G.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

SOME people are much given to the choice of long and unusual words in speaking. This habit often leads to mistakes, and sometimes brings the speaker into ridicule. The moral of saying what you mean, in words which your hearer can easily understand, is borne on the face of the following true story.

A certain officer in a large ship was strangely fond of long words. Coming on deck one morning, he wished to order a light aloft to be put out.

'Main-top!' he cried in his affected tones.

'Sorr?' was the answer.

'Extinguish that luminary.'

'Sorr?'

'Extinguish that luminary.'

'Sorr?'

But just then the bluff old master came on deck. Seeing what was wanted he called out,—

'Main-top!'

'Sorr!'

'*Dowse that glim!*'

'Ay, ay, sir,' was the ready reply, and the light was soon out.

A. R. B.

THE ATTACK ON CADIZ.

—o—

IN the year 1596 Queen Elizabeth entrusted to four of her bravest servants the task of destroying the Spanish fleet, then at anchor in the harbour of Cadiz. The result was one of the most brilliant actions in which even such a man as Sir Walter Raleigh was ever engaged. The chief command was entrusted to the Lord High Admiral and the impetuous Earl of Essex; Raleigh was joined with Lord Thomas Howard, Sir George Carew, and two others in a council, the duty of which was to keep the heads of the expedition in 'due temper and harmony.'

A large fleet was assembled at Plymouth, and some 14,000 men were embarked. They had a quick run out to the coast of Spain, and everything favoured their enterprise. On June 20th the fleet anchored in St. Sebastian's Bay, a short distance from Cadiz, where the Spaniards were lying, still ignorant of their approach.

The Lord High Admiral wished first to land the forces and march against the town, but to this Raleigh objected, and urged an immediate attack from the sea. His view prevailed, and their plans were laid accordingly.

When the next day dawned, Raleigh, in the *Warspite*, weighed anchor, and led the fleet down upon the enemy. Their task was no easy one: on shore there were powerful batteries, well armed, whilst under their guns lay the large fleet of the Spaniards. Raleigh pushed his way bravely up through the harbour, disdaining to answer the fire from the batteries, and reserving his shot for the finest vessels in the enemy's fleet.

With these he was soon engaged, and their fire so shattered his ship that there was no escape from boarding the enemy. The Spaniards, seeing his intention, sought to evade it, and one ship, the *San Philip*, was blown up by a negro on board. The flames from this vessel caught the *San Thomas*, and she too exploded. But Raleigh's men were able to capture the other large galleons before their crews could run them aground or explode the magazine. The Spaniards now fared ill: 'many drowned themselves, many, half burned, leaped into the water, very many hanging by the ropes' ends by the ships' sides, under water even to their lips, many swimming with grievous wounds, stricken under water, and put out of pain.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the fight began; by the end of the afternoon only the English ships and their prizes remained in the bay. The entire Spanish fleet, backed up by powerful fortifications on shore, were virtually defeated by seven vessels. A large number of Spanish ships, bound for Mexico, were also burned to prevent them falling into English hands.

When the fleet had done its work the Earl of Essex landed his troops, and took the town of Cadiz, although it was defended by some 9000 men. Then, on July 5th, the troops were re-embarked, and reached our shores again on August 10th. A. R. B.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

ALTHOUGH this great artist died in the prime of life, his name has long been famous in many countries. Doré was born at Strasbourg, where his father was an engineer, in the year 1833. From his earliest years he showed a great liking for drawing. When at school, at the College of Bourg, he is said to have spent more time in sketching on the blank pages of his books than in learning his lessons. When Gustave was fourteen years of age his parents took him to Paris, intending to stay there some few weeks. During this visit the boy's attention was attracted by some caricatures in a print-dealer's shop. Seeing a crowd always looking and laughing at these, he was led to try his hand at the work. The dealer willingly bought his sketches, and urged his father to make the boy an artist. So young Doré was allowed to stay in Paris and follow his own bent, at the same time attending the Lycée in order to carry on his education. Whilst at College he drew many thousands of designs, and their success and the advice of friends led him to apply himself to the study of painting. In the Exhibitions of 1852 and 1853 his works attracted much attention. Soon afterwards Doré began to illustrate various authors, and it is by this means that his name is so well known in Europe. Many who have never seen a painting by this artist have admired his illustrations of the Bible, and other works, such as *Paradise Lost*, *Don Quixote*, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and *Rabellais*. A. B.

PUSS AND I!

IN the pleasant summer weather,
Underneath the bright blue sky,
Merrily we play together—
Puss and I

In the winter cold and dreary,
On the cosy rug we lie;
We are never dull or weary—
Puss and I!

And in spring-time's sunny hours,
As the bees go humming by,
Where the fields are gay with flowers,
There we ramble—
Puss and I!

When the autumn day is closing,
And the stars peep through the sky,
On the sofa snug reposing
Side by side are
Puss and I!

And if time should spoil our pleasure,
And my little Puss should die,
In these pages both together
You will see us—
Puss and I!



Puss and I.



The Box and its Contents.

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Continued from p.* 219.)

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.



ALL eyes were turned on Leo, for he had made it pretty evident that he had a secret which he was burning to communicate. Farmer Constant looked up, but over Leo's head, and nobody saw him smile and nod at two gentlemen who at this moment came up to the door. These were Mr. Silver and Mr. Parry; the latter looking rather more uneasily dignified than usual, while the former wore a smile which was not often seen on his pale, grave, and severe countenance. Old Robarts was basking in the blaze of his glowing hearth, without taking much heed of what was passing.

The boys, among whom I include Rose, were too intent upon Leo and his mysterious box to notice anything. Leo undid the parcel, which was carefully done up in brown paper. He was beginning to think that it was just possible he might make a fool of himself; in other words, that he might have found a 'mare's nest.' But he would not have acknowledged this for worlds.

'One of the Red Rose Knights—Oh, Mr. Constant, don't laugh, please, or I can't go on!'

'Oh, father, please!' said Rose, earnestly, 'this is Master Leo's Red Rose deed. It's really very important.'

'Yes,' resumed Leo, happily relieved from the necessity of making a speech. 'This is my deed, and it may turn out as good as Peter's—I mean the Head Gardener's. Jack, you know about all those old fellows; didn't they go about finding out all the wicked people?'

'Yes,' growled Jack, rather unwillingly.

'Well, that's what I've done,' said Leo, triumphantly. 'I wasn't going to see one of the Red Rose Knights—that's you, Flo—made miserable by a cold-blooded fish like——I knew he was something bad, and now I've found him out. Just look here!'

The box was a smallish but very strong brass-bound one, something like a despatch-box, and had initials on the lid.

'I saw him hide it among the leaves, the thief! one night,' said Leo; 'and I marked the place and bagged it next day. It's full of rings and things that he's been stealing out of the house from you, Flo!'

'Take care, Leo,' said Jack, glancing at Farmer Constant.

He saw the direction of the farmer's eyes, and followed them with his own, but he made the discovery too late. Mr. Parry had already stepped forward with a very pink face, and was spluttering out words which nobody understood. Leo stared, taken aback for the moment: but he soon recovered himself, and his face darkened with dislike as he met the tutor's eyes. Jack knew that look of sullen determination well.

'Get away, you eel!' said Leo. 'As if I didn't know you! What do you mean by sneaking about in the middle of the night hiding your booty?'

'I—I—did not hide it!' stammered out the tutor. —'I—found it! How dare you——?'

Leo laughed and snapped his fingers. 'How do I dare? I like that! What were you doing out at that time of night, pray, poking about among the bushes with your stick?'

'I—I—was looking for something,' said the tutor, who certainly looked confused enough for anything.

'Looking for something!' echoed Leo. 'Oh, yes, I dare say. What was it anything like a ring, eh?'

At this remark poor Mr. Parry blushed violently, and appeared quite overwhelmed. He retreated behind Mr. Silver, who now came forward.

'Leopold!' he said, calmly, looking at the boy with his keen, searching blue eyes.

Leo was almost as much disconcerted as Mr. Parry had been.

'Yes, father,' he answered. Then, in an angry mutter, 'We never can have any fun!'

'Very poor fun, I should say,' replied Mr. Silver. 'You have chosen rather a serious bit of fun this time. However, to show you that I am not here with the intention of being a spy on your actions, I must tell you that Mr. Constant told me what was going forward, and I came to see old Robarts in his new house, and to watch all your pleasure in the good deed which has been done. I find I have come in for something very different. Now state your accusation against Mr. Parry.'

But Leopold looked very uncomfortable. However, his father's piercing eye was on him, and he had to obey.

'If it's a ring he was looking for,' he said sulkily, 'here it is.'

He raised the lid of the brass-bound box, which seemed to be full of very uninteresting-looking papers, and took out a small case, which he opened, and displayed a signet ring with initials on the seal.

'Here it is!' holding it out.

Mr. Silver took the ring into his hands, but he had no sooner looked at it than he let it drop as if he had been stung. He stooped to pick it up, but Farmer Constant observed when he rose that the clergyman's pale face was even paler than usual, and that his hand shook as he held out the ring to Mr. Parry.

'Do you know anything of this ring?' Farmer Constant inquired.

The tutor peered at the ring, looking very much confused and bewildered. 'It never could have got into the box unless it had been put there,' he stammered.

'Certainly not,' replied Leo. 'That's what I thought. I am glad you see it in the same light.'

'Be silent, Leopold!' said his father.

In the meantime Mr. Parry had taken the ring, and his countenance cleared. 'I *did* lose a ring,' he affirmed much more boldly; 'and at first I thought this was it, but I see it isn't. This has "J. S." and a serpent engraved on it; mine had "E. G." and a dove.'

'My father's ring!' observed Florence, gravely.

'How did you get it, sir, please?' addressing his tutor. 'It used always to be in his desk in the library.'

Mr. Parry turned pink again, and fidgeted. 'I know,' he said, looking not at his pupil, but at Mr. Silver. 'I slipped it on my finger one day—just—to see how it looked'—(Jack and Peter tittered)—'and —and—lost it. That's what I was looking for, and—and—I did not like to say. I am very sorry—and ashamed.'

He certainly did look ashamed of having to confess that bit of foolish vanity, but not in the least like a convicted thief. Jack and Peter had great difficulty in restraining their laughter, but Leo was furious, and he exclaimed, 'I saw you looking at this box that night, and you needn't deny it.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Parry, looking rather frightened and foolish, 'I found it, I know; but how it got there I know no more than you do. I didn't open it!'

'I can tell you,' interposed Florence again. 'I know that box. Old Robarts and I got it out of the burning house after you were all gone away, and hid it. Didn't we, old Robarts?'

The gamekeeper, roused at the sound of his young master's voice, turned round, and his glance fell on the open box and its contents. He made an effort to rise.

'Leave that, young gentleman!' he exclaimed sharply. 'Master Edward left that in my keeping when he went to foreign parts. Them papers and that ring belongs to Mr. Silver, the young parson, and it's a secret. Ha! I beg your pardon, sir; my old eyes didn't see you at first. I've kept your secret, and have kept it this fifteen year and more.'

'And shall keep it no longer,' said Mr. Silver. He was so pale, and seemed so agitated that his emotion made him appear sterner than ever. 'My son Leopold deserves a lesson, and he shall have it. He who has been so ready from a foolish prejudice to fix a charge upon another, and that other an innocent person, shall know what his own father is. Read the paper, sir, in which this ring was wrapped inside the case.'

Leo did as he was desired, though a vague foreboding caused him to hesitate as he unfolded the paper, and his voice to falter as he began. It was as follows:—

'By this ring, engraved with "J. S." and a serpent, I know that the guilty one is my friend John Silver. Friend no longer; but I shall keep his ring, together with all the papers which prove his guilt. He is not worthy to receive back his ring from the hand of the friend whom he has wronged, and he never shall. A false friend shall never be injured and never forgiven by EDWARD GOULD.'

'What does it mean, father?' said Leo, looking up, pale and awe-stricken by the mysterious words.

'It means, son,' said Mr. Silver, solemnly, 'that your father is a convicted thief and forger. I cannot tell you exactly how it all happened, but I must tell you a little. Years ago the father of this boy' (he laid his hand lightly on Florence's dark head) 'and I were dear friends. He was rich and I was poor. I craved, like Leo, for riches and amusement. Of course I wanted money, and in an evil moment—God forgive me!—I forged my friend's name for a large amount. It was almost immediately discovered. I was never amenable to the law: but that signifies nothing. I lost my friend, my happiness, my self-respect, and my unsullied soul, in one short moment. How Sir Edward discovered it I never exactly knew. I know I lost my signet-ring—we had each one, his a dove, mine a serpent. I suspected that he had it, and that it had somehow betrayed me; but he told me nothing; he simply withdrew his friendship, and left me to my own guilty and wretched thoughts. Since then my life has been one long struggle to make restitution and atonement. I became a clergyman, for which act my father, Sir John Silver, the poorest baronet in England, cast me off. I accepted the curacy of this parish, schooling myself to bear the sight of Gould Hall, my friend's home. I denied myself every luxury, often every comfort. I brought up my sons strictly that they might never have the same temptations to undergo which I had. I had the misery of seeing my own former nature reflected in one of them, and by the same one I am now betrayed. A fitting retribution for the sin of my youth!'

He paused, and sitting down covered his face with his hands. He was alone with his sons; Florence Gould, and old Robarts Farmer Constant, Mr. Parry, Peter and Rose, having quietly withdrawn. Mr. Parry, who had come to the gamekeeper's cottage boiling over with rage at being left in the lurch, pacing up and down the Picture Gallery, and had met with more than he bargained for, had made a sign to his pupil to accompany him; but Sir Florence, with a peremptory shake of the head, had chosen to remain. Old Robarts busied himself putting back the contents of the box, casting every now and then a glance at the bent figure of his clergyman.

Jack was crying bitterly, and Leo was brooding in a corner over what had happened. His feelings would not be easy to describe. He was humbled and mortified, on his own account and on his father's; no words could express his feelings, for he was proud to a degree.

So this was the cause of all the pinching and poverty in the White Cottage! A disgraceful cause! Jack would have thought it a noble one, but Leo was of a very different nature. He stood speechless, and tears gathered in his eyes.

Sir Florence Gould was the first to move. His little face was as grave and impassive as ever. He went close up to Mr. Silver and put his hand on his shoulder.

'Please, dear Mr. Silver,' he said, 'don't be so very sorry! I am sure if you took anything of father's he forgave you long ago—he was so good. Please take your ring, and speak to poor Jack and Leo, and let us all be happy again!'

'Ay,' said old Robarts, 'Master Edward was always the lad for letting bygones be bygones! I knew all about it, Mr. Silver, sir! and never liked you any the less. We have all made our slips: blessed be God if He gives us time to repent and atone before we die!'

Mr. Silver looked up and gently put away the small, child-like hand, which was offering him the ring.

'No, Sir Florence Gould,' he said, firmly: 'not now—perhaps never. Keep it until you are a man, or I have made restitution. Only, child—my friend's child—do not take away the affection you have begun to give me.'



A Sagacious Hen.

Florence threw his arms round the clergyman's neck and kissed him.

'I love you!' he whispered; 'and I did want to make you kinder to poor Leo and Jack—that was to be my deed. But I have not done it,' he added, mournfully; 'and old Robarts thinks it was I built the house for him, and everything is wrong. I am so sorry!'

Mr. Silver smiled faintly, and patted the child's head; but he made no other answer. Perhaps more of Sir Florence's deed had been accomplished than he knew of.

'Come, my boys,' he said, quietly rising from his seat, 'Say good-bye to old Robarts, and let us go home. Your mother will be waiting tea for us.'

(*Concluded in our next.*)

A SAGACIOUS HEN.

A HEN had been placed with some ducklings which she had hatched in a field surrounded by a low stone wall. I saw her take each of the ducklings in succession under her chin, and, bending her head, carry them over the wall into the adjoining field.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—CRICKET.



"Look sharp, sir!"



In fear and trembling.



One of the Old School.



Well pleased with himself.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

A School Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE top of a stage-coach on a fine January morning in the year 1864. The railway was, of course, not unknown in that county, but the little town of Rewent lay then some fifteen miles distant from the line. To carry passengers to the nearest station, the old 'Tally-ho' still ran every day from Rewent to the town of G—— and back. And upon the morning we are speaking of it was bowling merrily along with about the usual number of passengers. Amongst them was our friend George Summers, who sat behind the driver, trying very hard to look as though he was years older than fourteen, and had already grown experienced in school life.

And yet he was but now going to begin his first term at school, having up to that time shared his sisters' lessons under the watchful eye of a governess at home. But at fourteen the boyish mind rebels against female instruction.

'George, you really must go to a school,' said his mother, sighing over a very bad report from Miss Kelp.

'I should like to,' was the stout reply.

Mrs. Summers wrote to an uncle of the lad for his advice.

'Send him next week to Walton's. My lad goes there; and you cannot find a better school.'

George himself read the letter, and at once joined to his uncle's advice his own desire to go.

So every preparation was made for him to spend the next six months, at least, at Rookesbury Grammar School, under the care of Mr. Walton. Hence it was that on the morning we are speaking of he was found on the top of the 'Tally-ho.'

A boy's thoughts at first leaving home for school are very varied. Perhaps it was as well for our friend that his attention was much distracted by an old gentleman on his right hand. He wore a seal-skin cap on his head, and was muffled up in a great many coats. His mouth and neck were quite lost to view behind the folds of a huge cravat.

'Going to school?' said he to George.

'Yes,' said the latter, proudly.

'Hope you'll like it.'

'I hope so,' said George.

'Ah, things aren't like what they were when *I* was a boy. Everything is made easy now. Got far to go?'

'Rookesbury.'

'Ah, going by train from Groole. Not the kind of thing we used to do when *I* was a boy. No railways then. All the way to school by coach in *my* days. No bursting of boilers, or smashing up of passengers then. Highwaymen, though, pistols, and murders instead.'

'Highwaymen?'

'Yes, and plenty of them. When the gentry used to come down here for Christmas, lots of these knights of the road used to come down too; and fine times they had.'

'Did they —— '

'Stop the coaches? I should think so. How is it your father hasn't told you all about it?'

'My father died when I was a baby,' said George.

'Ugh,' said he of the cravat, 'just like me! But why do men die so young now? Things arn't like—— But the coaches——'

'Yes; were they often stopped?'

'Too often for some of the drivers, for now and then one got popped off his box, if he did not pull up when ordered.'

'And killed?'

'As likely as not.'

George shuddered, and seemed very grateful for the progress of civilisation.

'Heard about Black's Patch?' asked his companion presently.

'No.'

'We shall be on it soon.'

After a few minutes the road passed through a large open space.

'Here we are! This is where some fine things went on in those days. It was just here that one winter's night, about Christmas time, when Lord Dunster's family were all coming home from a ball at Groole, two highwaymen stopped the family coach. One went to the box and presented his pistol at old Joe Traviss; the other rode up to the window. But they made a mistake that time, for when he put his head in at the window one of the gentleman, who was taking a pinch of snuff, threw the whole boxful in his eyes. Just then young Joe, who was up behind, brought his blunderbuss to bear, and riddled the man watching his father. The other highwayman was caught and hanged. But, bless you, my lad, people didn't mind hanging in those days. They hanged 'em for robbing a rich man of a guinea, for stealing a sheep, and for forging a one-pound note. So nobody seemed to mind it, and I've heard of as many as a dozen lying in the gaol at one time, waiting for the hangman. But it's all altered now. Things aren't like what they were when *I* was a boy.'

During the progress of this story, the narrator became so excited that his mouth and chin escaped entirely from the cravat. Feeling this, he cried, 'Ugh, I shall be ill! I know I shall! the cold has got down into my lungs!' Upon this he brought out a large flask, from which he took several large gulps. The liquid must have been stronger than tea, for it made him cough loudly for some time.

'Take a nip?' he said, offering the flask to George.

'No, thank you, I'm——'

'A teetotaler? Ugh, things aren't like—— But perhaps it's quite as well, too. Everything's adulterated till it's almost like poison. Seen my dog Chips? No? Here, Chips! Chips!'

George had for some time been aware of a dog poking about his ankles and the calves of his legs, but did not like to show any uneasiness before so old a traveller.

'Chips!' he cried again. And then a fine bull-terrier scrambled up into his lap.

'There's a fine teetotaler for you! Let me tell

you how it came about. He belonged to an old fellow in the village who was always going to the "Ploughshare." One night Chips followed him there and sat down under his chair. Then nothing would suit the old fellow but that Chips must drink too. So he got the dog in his hands and gave him a strong dose. Well, that dog was drunk, really drunk, and could scarcely stagger back. But after that you could never get him into the "Ploughshare." Blinks died soon after, but if I go that way now Chips is certain to cross the road and pass by on the other side. I sometimes fancy the old dog is wiser than his master.'

This last reflection seemed to impress the speaker so much that he took another pull at the flask, and then put it away with a heavy sigh and relapsed into silence.

George had now time to think about his past and future.

He had left a comfortable home, a kind mother, and two sisters, who were devoted to him as being the only boy. Certainly, Miss Kelp, the governess, was an unpleasant memory. But school might have its terrors likewise. What was it the man with the cravat had said?

'*Hope you'll like it.*'

That sounded suspicious. But then things were different from what they were when *he* was a boy! Hullo! Groole at last! Here they were, rattling merrily up one of the main streets, whilst the guard sounded inspiriting notes on his post-horn.

The 'Tally-ho' pulled up first at the door of the 'Greyhound,' and here George's neighbour got down.

'Well, my boy,' he said at parting, 'good-bye. I hope you will like school better than I did.' With this good wish upon his lips he descended the ladder and walked into the hotel, followed by his faithful Chips.

After a few minutes, the coach with the rest of its passengers moved off to the railway-station. Arrived there George soon discovered his train, and secured a seat in an empty compartment. Just before it moved off, three lads, who looked about his own age, came running along the platform and jumped into the same compartment.

'Just in time, Tickley,' said one, as the guard blew his whistle, and the train started.

'Only just,' said the one addressed.

'A precious shave,' said the third.

And then all three began steadily to take stock of George.

'Any amount of green about here,' said the one addressed as Tickley, emphasising his words by winking vigorously.

'Lots,' said the other two.

'By-the-by,' said Tickley to George, 'can you tell me if this train goes to Birmingham?'

'I don't know,' said George, 'but I know it goes to Rookesbury.'

Upon this reply Tickley again winked with surprising energy, as much as to say, 'I told you so. I knew how it was.'

'I wonder how we shall get on this term,' said Tickley, after a short silence. 'I hope things will be comfortable; I do so hate solitary confinement and that kind of thing.'

'So do I,' said the others, with great solemnity.

'And short commons,' continued one of them after a pause. 'They don't suit me.'

As the speaker was very fat, this could well be believed.

'And none of old Walton's cruelty,' went on the third. 'No caning a fellow on the bare back, or standing him on a chair from morning to night.'

'None of that,' chimed in the rest.

What more horrors they would have proceeded to describe it is impossible to say, but at that moment the train glided into a station, and several other passengers entered the compartment. George was consequently shut off from them, and they ceased talking at him. Happily he had obtained some idea of what the school was like from his cousin, who had already been there one term. He, therefore, had a strong suspicion that Tickley and his friends were exercising their imagination for his express benefit. But like a wise lad he kept a still tongue.

Tickley and friends now began to entertain one another with recollections of the Christmas holidays. It might have been noticed that Blobbs, the fat boy, dwelt chiefly upon the excellence of the food, or 'grub,' as he called it, provided at the various gatherings he had adorned with his presence. Tickley, on the other hand, seemed to look down on such creature comforts, and spoke at length of some remarkable occurrences which had taken place whilst he was skating. The third boy, who answered to the name of Baker, was chiefly occupied in expressing his admiration and amazement at what the others had to say. He came in as a kind of chorus, and apparently had no adventures to tell for their amusement.

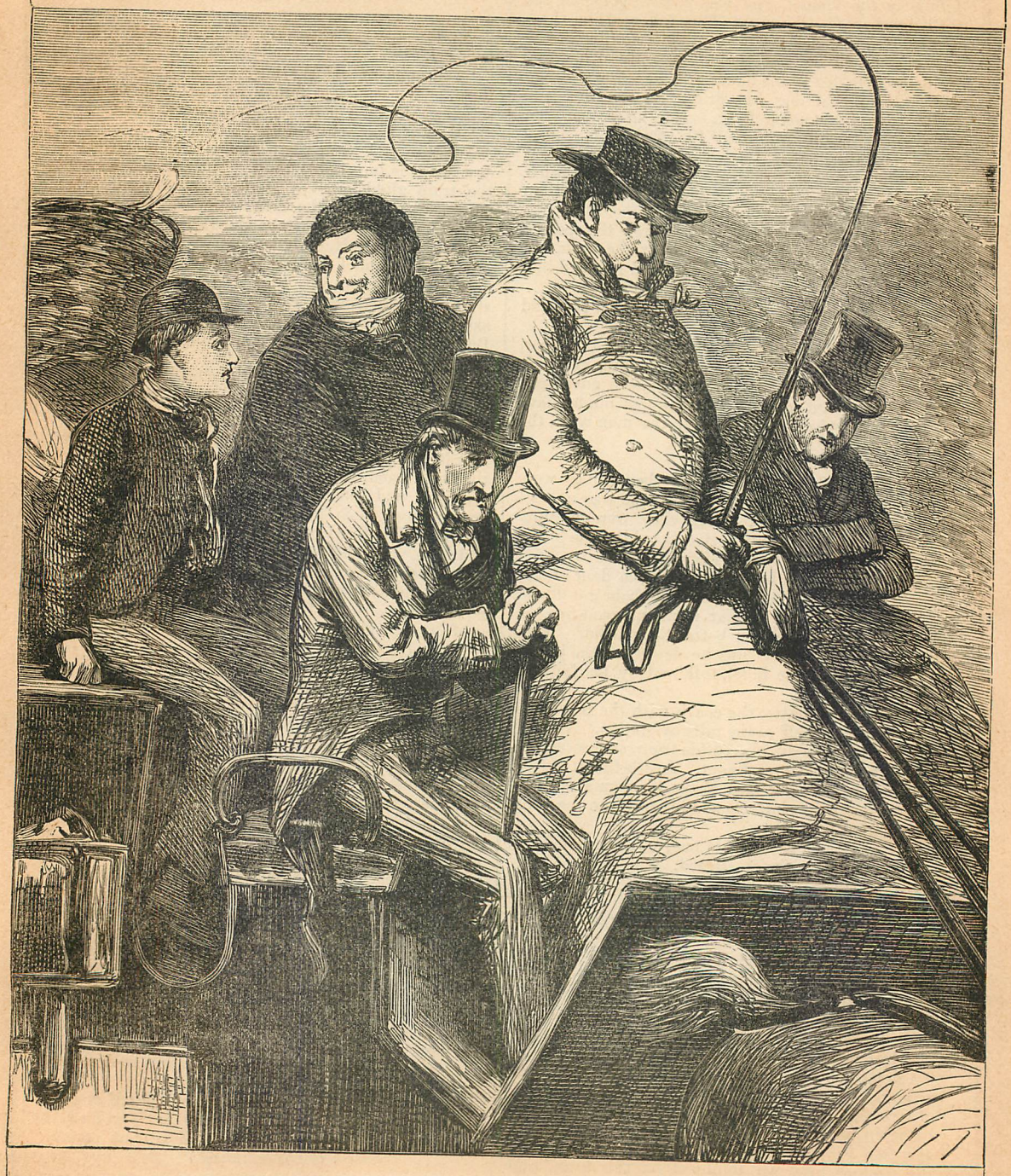
Meanwhile George had leisure to think more about school. But on the whole it was a relief to him when the train ran into Rookesbury Station. Tickley and his friends were seen mounting an omnibus with several other lads. George, carrying out the instructions he had received before leaving home, called a cab, and was driven off in the direction of the Grammar School. Unfortunately, the propriety of his progress was much spoiled by the omnibus laden with boys for the same place. This came on in the wake of his cab, and the boys on the roof exhorted his driver to go faster; invited the horse to 'come up;' and made a good many uncomplimentary and uncalled-for remarks about himself. Presently one of them brought out a pea-shooter, and opened fire upon the horse and its driver. When the latter's ears had received two or three blows, he turned around and vented his indignation in words. But what was the good of expostulating with a load of schoolboys? He soon saw that he was wasting breath, and driving on with all the speed his horse could command, he soon landed George at the school gates.

'Here you are, sir,' cried cabbie.

'Here we are again,' cried the omnibus load as they drove up in triumph.

Within five minutes George found himself and his possessions inside Rookesbury Grammar School, which was to be his home for the next half year at least.

(*To be continued.*)



On the Top of the Coach.



Sagacity and Kindness of Rats.

SAGACITY AND KINDNESS OF RATS.

IT has often been noted that rats are very clever in the plans they use to secure plunder, and it also deserves mention that they are frequently found to show great kindness towards those of their number who may have sustained some injury. The following story from the *Caithness Courier* illustrates the second of these traits more than the first:—

'While Alexander Gunn, cattle-dealer, Braehour, was lately passing the Mill of Dale, his attention was attracted to a large rat coming out of its hole by the river bank. After surveying the place, the rat retreated with great caution. It returned soon afterwards, leading by the ear another, which it left close by the hole. A third rat joined this kind conductor, and the two then searched about and picked up small scraps of grain; these they carried to the second rat, which appeared to be blind, and which remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought to it. They seemed then to relax in their exertions, and were still for a short time; after which one of the rats seized a small stick, about five inches in length, which he inserted in the blind one's mouth, and in this way conducted it to the water's edge, and after both had had a drink the seeing rat led its blind companion back to its hole.'

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

(*Concluded from page* 228.)

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER this second Chapter of the Red Rose Knights none of them had a mind for any more deeds; except Miles, who announced that he had at length succeeded in getting his frog to run in harness, and clamorously demanded a Chapter, with himself as Head Gardener. One was accordingly convened, and appointed to be held in the back-garden of the White Cottage.

Hither Miles in triumph conducted the knights, all blindfold, as duly laid down in the laws of this special brotherhood. But, alas! misfortune was doomed to follow in the wake of the Red Rose Knights!

When they were unbandaged and had expressed the proper amount of astonishment at finding themselves where they knew they could not fail to be, the ceremony of harnessing the frog was duly set on foot. The car, a truly ingenious contrivance, was produced, so was the harness—but where was the steed? Alas, for the best-laid schemes of frogs and men! this special Pegasus was nowhere to be found! In vain did Miles make loud lamentation, and search in every corner he could think of; in vain did Leo offer to drag the pond; in vain did Jack then and there compose an elegy. The frog had disappeared, and has never been seen again from that day to this.

So ended this third disastrous Chapter of the Red Rose Knights, and the one in which Jack's epic poem destined to figure will never come off.

But the Red Rose Knighthood was not dissolved: on the contrary, it took in more members. Mr. Parry was not one of them. After the events related in the last chapter, being small-minded though not wicked, he chose to take umbrage at the 'serious charge,' as he expressed it, which had been brought against him, and gave up his post.

I am afraid nobody was sorry, especially when Mr. Silver informed Mr. Thornton that he had changed his mind, and was willing that the young baronet should share his sons' studies: but only under certain conditions—that it should be done for love, not money. Mr. Thornton argued, scolded, laughed, stormed—but all to no purpose. Mr. Silver was firm; and so, for that matter, was Sir Florence Gould himself.

A curious life the little boy led, in that vast house all by himself, carefully tended and cherished by the old servants, and visited occasionally by his guardian: but it seemed to suit his peculiar temperament.

He spent nearly the whole of the day at the White Cottage; and the work of teaching him became indeed a labour of love. Mr. Silver suffered keenly at having, in a moment of strong impulse and emotion, revealed the sad secret of his life: but he never had cause to regret. Farmer Constant, Peter, and Rose, were staunch—they never mentioned the subject even to each other; but the knowledge of it softened the farmer's feelings towards Mr. Silver, and they became true friends. Even Mr. Parry was gentleman enough to keep his own counsel.

After that day Leo had a long conversation with his father in his study, much to the consternation of Miles, who declared he would be black and blue when he came out. What passed between father and son no one but themselves ever knew; but from that time forward there was never a cloud between them. Leo knew his father's secret, and loved, respected, and pitied him; and Mr. Silver knew his son's character and made allowances for it, as he had never done before. I must mention that Leo made a tolerably gracious apology to Mr. Parry before he left, and that it was *not* graciously received.

'I knew he was a sneak!' Leo said, calmly; 'but I shall let sneaks alone for the future.'

Jack was so good a boy always, that it need only be added that he went on as he had begun: writing verses, and developing an amazing faculty of getting out at elbows and presenting a generally dilapidated appearance.

Old Robarts lived contentedly in his cottage, and gradually forgot that he had ever had any other. One thing, however, he did not forget—that he owed a debt of gratitude to Master Edward's son which nothing could ever repay. It was one of the delusions which come sometimes with rapidly advancing age. Poor Florence! His straightforward nature was sorely tried by this fancy, and it needed all his knightly qualities of patience and self-forgetfulness to bear it.

But what could be done? An old man's peace of mind depended upon it, and it was not a Red Rose Knight who could destroy it. Peter Constant had no such qualms of conscience. He went often to see the gamekeeper; and I am not at all sure that he did not in the end come to believe that old Robarts was right.

So sincerely had he forgotten himself in his desire to atone for the mischief which had been done.

Rose did not forget; but then she was a girl, and a sister, which makes a great difference. It was quite curious and romantic the devotion of uncouth Peter Constant to Sir Florence Gould, and if ever he is to learn to 'respect his betters' as old Robarts has it, it will be this very devotion which will teach him. It is always so: classes never respect each other so much as when they freely mingle. The old ideal of knight, squire, and page, is not so bad a one after all.

One of the most important members of the Red Rose Knighthood was Match'em! He was duly, at Miles Silver's earnest request, enrolled, but I am sorry to say he proved extremely restive during the process of initiation. However, as a red-hot poker had something to do with it, I am not surprised. Afterwards his demeanour would have done credit to a Head Gardener.

Perhaps I ought to finish up this chronicle of the Red Rose Knights by saying that the Silvers all became rich and drove their carriage, but, alas! I cannot. Sir John Silver had long been dead, and the eldest son never took any notice of his younger brother. These things do not happen half so often in real life as they do in story-books. However the Silvers were happy enough in their own way, and met with numerous other adventures during the course of their boy life, associated as it was with Sir Florence Gould and Peter Constant. I have only given a little bit of their history in this chronicle of

THE RED ROSE KNIGHTS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, the author of the *History of Europe*, was born about 1792. His parents were of Scotch extraction, but he passed his early years in the seclusion of a country parsonage in Shropshire. It appears that the future historian's father took great interest in public affairs, and little Archibald being of an intelligent, inquiring disposition, listened attentively to the topics discussed before him. Thus his childish attention was early directed towards those exciting events which convulsed Europe during the first ten years of his life. He remembered perfectly well hearing of the Battle of Camperdown in 1797, because his father on receiving the news drew a picture of the battle on a slate for the children's amusement, in which the English ships were represented with their masts erect, whilst the Dutch ships were all broken up, and pierced with shots! Later on the victories of St. Vincent and the Nile were celebrated in the little village of Kenley by sheep-roasting and rustic festivities; and the little Alisons invented a new war-game, in which they divided into English and French parties, and had sham fights, camps, and prisoners: but Sir Archibald does not tell us on which side he was generally to be found.

In the year 1800 the Alison family migrated to Edinburgh for the sake of education. Their house was situated about three miles out of town, near the Bruntsfield Links, which was the exercising-ground for the military. When the war broke out in 1803 the place was occupied by large bodies of volunteers, and became the scene of extensive drilling and manœuvres. Little Archibald and his elder brother William used to spend their spare time watching the operations, and thus they acquired information which Sir Archibald used when he became a soldier of the pen!

One anecdote will show the early precocity of the boys. When the Irish Rebellion broke out in 1798 they were old enough to understand its import, and followed with great interest all the details of the insurrection. After receiving tidings of the Battle of Vinegar Hill, Archibald and his brother were missing the whole afternoon. The family were alarmed, and sent hither and thither in search of the truants. The two boys were found at last by their anxious mother, seated in the middle of the onion-beds in the garden with large sticks in their hands, knocking off the heads of the onions.

'Where have you been, boys?' said Mrs. Alison. 'And what *have* you been doing?' she exclaimed, on seeing the ruin of the onion-beds.

'Oh,' said Archibald, 'we have only been quelling the rebellion among the onions!'

This anecdote recalls to mind the story of Tarquin and the poppies. Tarquin the Proud, the last king of Rome, was walking one day in his garden, wondering how he should diminish the power of the Gabines. He came to the conclusion that the only way to gain his end was gradually to kill or get rid of the chief men in the city of Gabii. He wished to convey a message to his son to that effect, but did not know how far the messenger was trustworthy. As he walked along, pondering, he struck off the heads of the tall poppies around him. Presently, turning to the messenger, he said, 'I have no answer to send my son, but tell him how you have seen me employed,' and history relates that Sextus was quick to see and act up to the meaning of his father's words.

Perhaps the little Alisons may have come across this in their reading, and it may have led them into their piece of mischief, which amused them much more than it pleased their father. H. G.

LORD MACAULAY AS A LITTLE BOY.

THIS great historian spent most of his childhood at Clapham. At three years old he would lie upon the hearth-rug before the fire, with a piece of bread-and-butter in one hand, reading diligently. At other times he would perch himself upon a table in the kitchen, and expound to one of the maids out of a book nearly as large as himself.

His fondness for reading had one curious effect; it caused him to speak in the language of his favourite authors, and so to use, as one hearer said, 'quite printed words.' When Hannah More called at Mr. Macaulay's one day, she was 'met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with an abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits!'

On being questioned as to his acquaintance with 'old spirits,' he replied that 'Robinson Crusoe often had some.'



On another occasion, when visiting Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill, a servant carelessly spilt some hot coffee over the bare legs of Tom Macaulay. Presently the hostess came to ask how he was feeling, and he answered, 'Thank you, madam, the agony is abated.'

It must be confessed that, notwithstanding his love of books, he went very unwillingly to school. But his mother could not be moved by his appeals.

'No, Tom,' she would say; 'if it rains cats and dogs you shall go.'

To the passion for reading was soon added that for writing. When seven years old he wrote a compendium of Universal History, covering about fifty pages, with an account of the leading events since the Creation. About the same time he began a poem to be called the *Battle of Cheviot*, and composed many hymns; an heroic poem, *Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Rona; Fingal*, a poem in twelve books; and many other compositions in prose and verse.

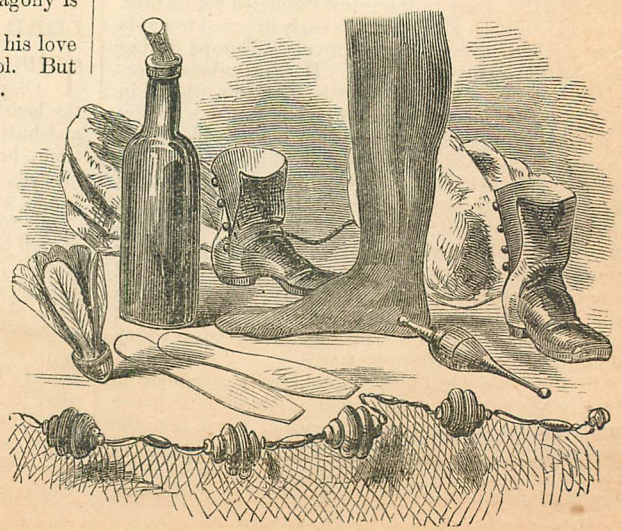
But, notwithstanding the signs of unusual ability which showed themselves strongly during his childhood, he remained free from vanity, and was an excellent playfellow.

A. R. B.

CORK.

THE valuable substance called cork is the outer bark of a species of oak-tree, commonly known as the cork-oak. It is a native of Southern Europe and the northern parts of Africa. Spain and Portugal especially suit it, and those two countries may be said to supply the whole world with this useful article. The tree does not attain to any great height, seldom more than about thirty feet; it is very much branched, and bears edible acorns, having somewhat the taste of chestnuts. When the tree is from three to five years old the bark becomes fungus-like, the outer part cracks (to admit of the expansion of the stem within), and is thrown off in large flakes, when a new layer begins to be formed. Cork, however, which is intended for the market, is generally stripped off the tree a year or two before it would naturally fall away of itself, and the process of removal is repeated every six or seven years. This does not at all injure the tree if it is carefully done, as the cork is not the true bark, but a mere external dead layer. Besides its use in stopping bottles, cork, on account of its lightness, is in much request for swimming belts, floats for fishing-nets, and various other purposes. As it is a slow conductor of heat, it is also used as an inner sole for shoes. Many attempts have been made to cut cork by machinery, but with only partial success, one great difficulty being the necessity of constantly sharpening the knives: it being a curious fact that a soft substance like cork blunts the tools used in cutting it far sooner than the hardest metal would do. The cork-tree has been sometimes planted in the south of England, but the climate is not warm enough to bring it to maturity.

D. B. McKean.





THE CABMAN.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

THROUGH rain and fine, through foul and fine,
In weather clear or clouded,
Content am I my work to ply
In quiet streets or crowded.
'Cab, ma'am?' I ask. It is my task
Till night from early morning.
'Cab, sir?' I say. Some answer Nay,
Some Yes, some pass me scorning.

Ah, me! the sad, the good, the bad,
The bright, the weary faces,
Which one by one till work is done
Step in and take their places!
If I could know who with me go—
Rich, poor, gay, sad, young, hoary,—
A tale, indeed, well worth to read
Would be the cabman's story.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 231.)

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE with several other new boys, who had arrived about the same time, was first taken with all his effects to the housekeeper's room. Thence, after some formalities had been gone through, they were carried off to appear before the head-master.

George's uncle had more than once spoken of the head-master in terms which lacked reverence. Tickley and his friends, during the railway journey, had talked as though he was the very incarnation of cruelty. Walter Crabbe, George's cousin, who had already spent one term at the school, seemed to look upon the head-master as some superior being, who spent most of his time in an abode of mystery (his own class-room), and never appeared in the school-room without creating a profound sensation, and causing a general apprehension of coming woes amongst any guilty ones.

The new boys, on entering the head-master's room, found that worthy seated at his table, and writing very diligently with a very long quill.

'Sit down, boys,' he said, with something like a smile of welcome on his face.

They all sat down accordingly on the edge of a form, and listened to the loud squeaking of that quill pen. Presently the writing was finished, and he looked up.

'Now, will you answer to your names, please?'

They answered as they were called. Then each was put through a brief examination and classed accordingly.

George found himself placed in the fourth form, and left the head-master's room with a resolution to do his very best therein.

Going back to the long schoolroom, in which many of the boys who had arrived were sitting, he was met by Tickley, who planted himself right in his way.

'Hullo! you are a new boy. What's your name?'

'George Summers. What's yours?'

'What's *mine?* Mind your own business. I'm not a new boy. Now then! where do you come from?'

'Mind your own business!'

'Mind my own!—wh-e-w!' and Tickley gave vent to a prolonged whistle in token of his unbounded astonishment. This was a pretty beginning for a new boy! Tell a fellow who had been there since he was nine to mind his own business! What *was* the school coming to? Thus he reasoned, and then called others to his aid.

'I say, Blobbs! Baker! Here's the new fellow who came along in the train with us. He won't say where he comes from!'

'My eye!' said the fat boy, Blobbs; leaving the group around a fire at one end of the room, and coming up with Baker.

Tickley was standing in front of George, just inside the door.

'Now then,' he began, with an air of tremendous resolution; 'now then, are you going to tell us where you come from?'

'Perhaps—if I choose,' was the reply, given with a provoking air of abstraction.

'Then choose away,' cried the group.

'I'll tell you where I'm going,' continued George, in the same style.

'Bother your going!' cried Tickley.

'I'm going—to sit down;' and with this he brushed past the group and sat down on a form near the fire.

This defeat of the Tickley faction was hailed with some laughter from the group around the fire at the other end of the long room. The defeated ones conferred together for some time, and then George was again approached, this time by Blobbs.

'Do you collect stamps?' asked this worthy.

'Yes,' replied the new boy.

'Then here's a new one for you;' and with this he came down heavily on George's toes and turned to decamp.

But the portly Blobbs moved slowly, and before he could get out of reach, George caught him a swinging box on the ear, which caused him to stumble over a form, and so landed Blobbs full length on the ground.

Upon this there was still more laughter from the other end of the room, which grew even louder when Blobbs sat dolefully upon the ground and rubbed his injured shins.

George was at first afraid that he had done what he was especially warned not to do, and provoked a fight. But Blobbs showed no desire to come to closer quarters, and confined himself to several threats of 'making it warm for him some day.'

Just then a deputation in the shape of one small boy came to ask George's presence at the other fire.

He departed amidst derisive shouts from Tickley and company.

'Yah! go along! Won't tell where he comes from! Must be a workhouse boy!'

'Wait a bit,' said Blobbs, leaving off rubbing in order to shake his fist.

'All right,' said George; 'I shall not leave, just to disappoint you.'

Arrived at the other fireplace, room was made for him between two lads, and he sat down. Thinking it best to avoid the difficulty which had brought him into hot water with the other party, he at once announced his name and titles, thus:—

'George Summers is my name. I come from Rewent, and I haven't any father, because he's dead. I can play cricket and football, and am to sleep in No. 3 room.'

'No. 3?' cried the hearers.

'Yes.'

'Hurrah for the new Third!'

'Is that where you sleep?' asked George.

'Rather,' cried they in a body. 'No seconds here, no Tickleys, and no Blobbses either!'

This insulting allusion did not fail to reach the persons named, who retorted with cries of,—

'Yah! go along, workhouse boy! Wouldn't have him here at any price! wouldn't touch him with the end of a long pole!'

'He touched you, though, Blobbs,' was the reply from Saunders, the leader of the other faction.

To this Blobbs made no reply, and the ringing of a bell for supper now put an end to the wrangling.

Supper was served in the dining-room, and thither they all went.

Rookesbury School was not a large one. Some forty boys were boarders, and there was about an equal number of day scholars. At present all the boys had not arrived. Proper discipline was therefore a little relaxed.

At supper George sat with several of his new-found friends, and at some distance from Tickley or Blobbs. But the former could be heard now and then enlarging on the cab adventure, whilst the latter called out as loudly as things would permit his roaring of, 'Yah! go along, workhouse boy!'

After supper prayers were read in the long school-room, and then all except the two upper forms were marched off to bed.

George went off under the care of Saunders, and soon found himself in 'No. 3.' The two upper forms slept in No. 1, where each boy had a 'cubical,' or small compartment, to himself. George's form was distributed between two small rooms, seven sleeping in each. Hence a rivalry had arisen between the inhabitants of No. 2 and No. 3.

The process of undressing was soon over, and it was a relief to George to find that nearly every boy knelt down to pray before getting into bed.

When all were snugly between the sheets, one of the junior masters passed through the room on his nightly round, and carried off the two candles. Then there was a general disposition to begin long talks about the holidays.

'Hallo!' cried Saunders, presently, 'we haven't paid off the seconds yet for their attack on us last year. Who is ready for the war-path?'

This question had great effect on the hearers, who at once started up in bed, and declared their readiness for battle.

'Draw up the blind, Barrell, and let us have some light on the subject.'

The blind having been drawn showed the entire company in picturesque attitudes in bed.

'Now then,' said Saunders, 'how shall we manage

it? If any fellow has an idea let him out with it at once.'

'Let us go straight at them,' cried Jones, who was always more conspicuous for his zeal than his discretion.

'And get smashed for it. That won't do. They are eight to our five to-night. Some dodge is what we want. A good one would make us equal.'

'Look here,' said Saunders, 'we can't do anything until we are sure the coast is clear. Who's ready for scouting?'

'I am,' cried one.

'And I,' cried all the rest.

'Everybody can't go. You turn out, Barrell, and you too, Jones.'

The warriors named at once sprang from their beds, and made ready.

'How shall we go?'

'In light marching order,' was the reply.

This was their technical term for going upon the war-path in simple night attire.

'Now then,' said Saunders, issuing the orders from his bed, 'what you have to do is this. Creep quietly along the corridor until you come to No. 2. Then listen. If all is quiet just turn the handle, and try to find out if they are asleep. If they are awake, and up to mischief, they are certain to be down on you. If they are you must take to your heels. We will be ready to cover your retreat.'

The scouts having now received their instructions left the room with all possible quiet, and crept down the corridor towards the enemy's lines.

'Now,' said Saunders, springing out of bed, 'is everybody else ready?'

'Ready!' was the answer.

'New boy—Summers—are you coming?'

'Yes; I'm ready,' cried George, shaking his pillow aloft.

'Birley, you stand by the door, and be ready to open sharp. The rest of you be ready to rush out at the word. If they chase Barrell and Jones past the door we will cut and fall upon their rear.'

All stood to their arms and listened for some time. But nothing was heard save an occasional shiver from some warrior.

But, hark! a tap at the door.

It was cautiously opened and the scouts crept in.

'Well?' said Saunders, when the door had been again closed.

'They're gone!'

'*Gone?* What do you mean?'

'Room is empty!'

'*Empty?*'

'Yes; here's a bolster Jones brought away to show.'

There was no denying the bodily presence of the bolster. Silence fell upon the amazed group for some minutes.

'I have it!' said Saunders, at last. 'They must be gone to worry the youngsters in No. 5. Let us go and sack their camp. When they come back they will find poor beds to sleep on!'

'Agreed!' cried the council of war.

'Off we go, then!'

Headed by Saunders, the whole party crept from the room and along the corridor till No. 2 was reached. The door was open and the room empty. The spoilers entered, and at once set to work. The beds were soon pulled about, and the various garments mixed.

'Now,' said the leader, presently, 'has every man some trophy?'

In answer to this one upheld an enemy's bolster, another a sheet, curled up and tied in a knot; all carried something.

'Now for home, in triumph!'

Brave words, not borne out by the event!

The laden warriors had got half-way home when a white figure stole out of their own room. Another followed, and another, to the number of seven or eight.

'Seconds!' cried Saunders, 'and in our room!'

'Thirds!' cried the other side, 'and bagging our things!'

'Now for it!' cried Saunders, waving his trusty pillow in the air.

'Down with all thirds and workhouse boys!' cried Tickley. Then a battle royal ensued, and prodigies of valour were shown on either side.

Blobbs, in seeking to give a two-handed blow with a bolster, missed his aim, overbalanced, and came to the ground. Two other combatants fell over him in the confusion of the battle, and their weapons were easily snatched from their grasp.

The fight had lasted some time, and the superior numbers of the seconds were telling, when a cry was heard in their rear.

'Bigges!' cried their hindermost warrior.

Now Mr. Bigges was the assistant-master who was charged with the quietude of these dormitories.

At mention of his name the combatants fled to their respective rooms, and retired with great speed to bed. This last was a difficult task, since everything was in the direst confusion. But, happily for them, the master contented himself with merely walking through the corridor, glad, no doubt, to seek his own bed.

When his steps died away each party could examine the extent of the damage it had sustained.

'Look here,' cried one third, 'I can't find my bolster!'

'Where are my trowsers?' cried another.

'My sheet's gone!' cried a third.

The same scene was being repeated in room No. 2. Presently a knock was heard at their door.

'Hallo,' cried Tickley.

Jones entered bearing a white flag (his handkerchief on the end of a fishing-rod joint).

'I'm come to propose a truce and exchange of prisoners.'

'All fair?'

'Yes, all fair.'

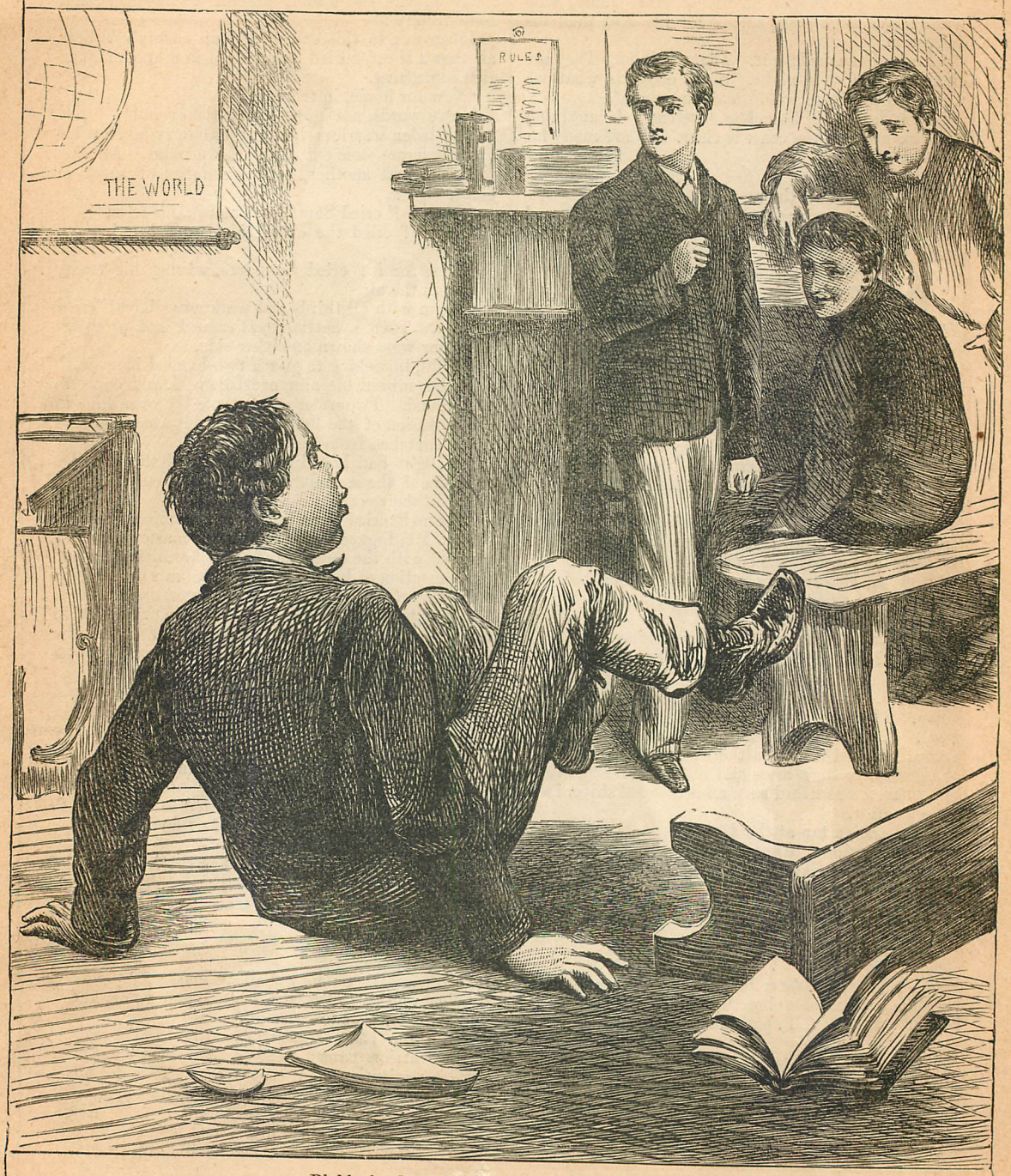
'All right, then; how shall we manage?'

'You send two men with me to fetch yours, and I will bring another to carry off ours.'

'Agreed. Here, Tompkins, you and Baker go.'

The warriors named went on their errand, and soon perfect restitution had been made. This done the beds were soon got into something like order, and the weary owners lay down upon them. The recent exploit was long talked over, but one by one the braves dropped off to sleep, and very soon the inhabitants of Nos. 2 and 3 were all wrapped in slumber.

(*To be continued.*)



Blobbs landed full length on the ground.



Tickley addressing "Gentlemen and brothers all."

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 239.)

CHAPTER III.



N the day following this great battle Walter Crabbe arrived (George's cousin). He was about one year older than George, and had been born and reared in a large West of England town. What his character was will be seen as this story goes on.

The cousins met just before morning prayers.

'Hallo!' said Walter; 'you are here at last then!'

'Yes, I'm here.'

'What form are you in?'

'Fourth.'

'What room is your bed in?'

'No. 3.'

'Then look out for squalls.'

'Why? We gave it them warm last night.'

'Did you? Then you had better sleep with one eye open for the rest of the term. Tickley and his lot are bent on smashing your fellows.'

'All right. Saunders will be ready for them, I dare say.'

Walter himself had just been moved into the fifth form, and therefore felt that his actions ought to be marked with a certain amount of dignity. He accordingly assumed an air of patronage which appeared suited to the new position.

'I'll keep an eye on you, George, and try to keep things as square as can be. You know I told your mother I would.'

'Many thanks, Walter,' said George, who was by nature independent; 'but I dare say I shall get on all right.'

The prayers bell rang just then, and the cousins met no more that morning.

George soon made his first appearance in class, and was not without success. He was neither lazy nor dull, and was therefore certain to go on with some credit. This was not agreeable to Blobbs, and some two or three others, who were conspicuous for the tenacity with which they clung to the last places in the class. When George went above them for the first time their amiable leader made a most hideous grimace.

'Yah, workhouse boy,' he whispered, 'you wait a bit!'

'Blobbs, you were talking,' said the master; 'a hundred lines. This ignorance is bad enough without your chattering.'

The wretched Blobbs sank into sulky silence, and then went down by easy stages to the bottom of the class.

The rivalry between the two rooms of course waxed hot in class, and when, as was often the case, Saunders was top and Tickley second, or the reverse, the excitement was great indeed.

As George seemed likely to do them credit, the thirds were loud in his praise. He, for his part, received their commendation with modesty. To the seconds he was, of course, an object of equal aversion. An event was, however, coming which would unite all parties into one common band.

That winter had been a hard one, and on the first day of school snow fell. It was no mere passing shower, but a downright storm. All that afternoon it fell, and all that evening. When the next morning came it lay some five inches deep on the ground.

Many were the combats between different sections of the school, and many were the sly snow-balls which knocked off hats.

No. 3 entrenched itself in a corner of the Fives Court, and defied the seconds to storm their position. The challenge was accepted, and a hot battle ensued, at the end of which No. 3 still remained in possession of its stronghold.

That afternoon one of the day-scholars came in with the news that an attack might be expected the next day from Barton's. Now Barton's was a large private school at the other end of Rookesbury, between which and the Grammar-school a deadly feud had existed from the remotest times. In point of numbers they were the superiors, but in valour—no! at least according to the latter school.

When this news was received a council of war was at once called for four o'clock by Hall, the captain of the eleven, and head of the school.

The entire body met behind the Fives Court, with the exception of Blobbs and some few others who were 'working overtime,' or, in other words, paying by extra work for laziness during school-hours.

Hall opened the council.

'What we have to do is to lick those fellows this time.'

'Hurrah!' from the hearers.

'Yes; but shouting won't do it.'

A sudden silence fell upon the body, and Hall continued: 'We can't very well be taken unawares as we were last year. So we must give them a warm welcome, and uphold the honour of the old school.' (Loud and continued applause.)

'Hall for ever!' cried Lumley, one of the day-scholars.

'It's no good crying that, Lumley, and then cutting home by the backway when they turn up.'

This allusion to a past event was met with groans, during which Lumley retired into the remote background.

'It's certain they will come between twelve and one, as they did last year. Now that doesn't leave much time to get ready, but we must lay in a good store of snow-balls, and make up our minds how we shall meet them.'

'Try a dodge,' suggested Saunders.

'Go on, then; let us have one.'

'Well, suppose we lay in a jolly stock of balls here behind the courts, and turn this into an entrenched camp by just making a little—what d'ye call it?—a rampart, across the entrance. Then, when they turn up, some of us can go out as skirmishers, and draw them on. When they chase us past the courts, the rest of you can pop out, and give it them in the rear. That's my plan.'

'And a very good one too,' said Hall. 'Wisdom dwells in the fourth. Now we must set to work on the rampart.'

Great diligence reigned amongst them that afternoon, and when darkness brought their work to an end a snow-wall had been drawn across the mouth of the space behind the courts; numberless piles of snow-balls had been made and stored there; other piles had been placed in certain corners, so that any boy, hard pressed by the foe, could know where to lay his hand on ammunition ready made.

When preparation time was over that night, peace reigned in the long schoolroom, and all gave themselves up to talking over the coming battle. The sixth and fifth sat in their own class-room. The lower forms had the long room to themselves. Peace and unity reigned between seconds and thirds.

'We'll make it warm for them to-morrow—eh, Saunders?' said the redoubtable Tickley.

'That we will, if we get the chance.'

'Look here, what's-your-name—*Pax*, you know, till all this is over.' This from the magnanimous Blobbs.

'All right,' said George; 'you can lick me when this is over.'

'Agreed,' said the other, mentally resolving to put the matter off until the next term.

'What a lark it would be,' said Baker, whose imagination was a very strong one, 'if we were to capture the whole lot, and get them locked up in the Gymnasium! Think of old Barton coming into afternoon school, and finding nobody there!'

'Shut up, you duffer!' said Tickley; 'we are more likely to get bagged ourselves!'

'Or suppose,' chimed in Barrell, who was more deeply read than the rest, and was fond of airing his knowledge; 'suppose they were *Anthropophagi*, and wanted to feast on our mangled remains!'

'Bother your *proper guy!*' said Saunders, who held this habit in contempt; 'I only hope we may lick them.'

'I was only——'

'Making a donkey of yourself, as usual.'

As the illustrious fourth went up to bed that night a solemn League and Covenant was arranged between the leaders of the two rooms, by which it was agreed that there should be no going upon the war-path for that one night, nor any intercourse but that of peace. This truce was cemented by the invitation of Saunders and two chosen warriors to a slight repast in No. 2. Thither they proceeded, after the lights had been taken away, and joined their hosts in the consumption of bath-buns. When the scanty supply of eatables had come to an end, Tickley was seen by the light of the moon standing upon his bed, the counterpane arranged tastefully around his shoulders, and a ginger-beer bottle held aloft in his hand.

'Gentlemen and brothers all,' he said, with becoming gravity, 'we are met to-night for the purpose of ——Stop tickling my toes, Slade!'

'I didn't touch your toes.'

'Then you, Jones!'

'Nor I.'

'Then don't do it again. Can't you be patriotic?'

'All right; go on, old boy!'

'We are met here to-night, brothers, to join in wishing prosperity to—— I see you, Blobbs!'

'See me what?' asked the accused.

'Drinking out of your bottle before the time. Take it from him.'

This command was not carried into effect without some difficulty. Blobbs struggled lustily. It was necessary for Tickley in person to descend from the bed and help. The bottle having been secured, he arranged his drapery again, and again began.

'We are met——'

'You said that three times,' interrupted Slade, 'and I can't keep the cork in this bottle much longer!'

'Then let it go!' said the orator. 'What I want to say, if you fellows will let me, is this—"Success to Rookesbury School! Long may it live to lick Barton's to fits!"'

This patriotic toast was drunk with as much success as the difficulties of drinking ginger-beer out of the bottle would permit.

'Gentlemen,' said Saunders, speaking from a seat of honour at the head of the bed, 'I give you another toast—"The noble fourth—may it be in the thick of it to-morrow!"'

This sentiment was also received with rapturous applause, which had to be moderated lest it should draw attention to their room.

'Slade, why aren't you drinking?' asked Tickley.

'Because my bottle is empty.'

'Greedy!' said the virtuous Blobbs.

'No, I'm not. It all ran down my neck before I could get two mouthfuls. It was too much up!'

'Now,' said Tickley, in his capacity as chairman, 'I propose that we proceed to harmony.'

The company, however, did not get so far, for, just at that moment, the boy who had been on outpost duty in the corridor ran in with the alarming tidings that Mr. Bigges could be heard moving downstairs.

Upon this there was a stampede. The guests retired with more speed than dignity to their own room, and their entertainers went to bed, taking the empty bottles and paper-bags with them. When the master looked in, a few minutes later, the room wore its usual aspect.

'Is anybody awake here?' he asked.

Now *everybody* was awake there, and therefore nobody thought that he was especially called upon to speak.

Satisfied with the silence that reigned, the master left the room, and visited No. 3 with like results.

When morning came there was great anxiety to see if a thaw had set in. The joy was great when it turned out that a fresh fall of snow had taken place. Lessons were got through with a good deal of impatience; but everybody had taken great care to avoid the chance of being kept in from twelve till one, and so losing all the fun.

Twelve o'clock came at last, and the school was dismissed. A few of the weakly and younger boys went home, and then the rest were drawn up by Hall.

'Now then, is anybody here afraid?'

'No!' was the chorus.

'Does anybody want to be home early?'

'No!' again.

'Then to work. I want half-a-dozen volunteers to go out as scouts. Who's ready?'

'I am,' cried Saunders, and a dozen others.

(*To be continued.*)



'FLY-PAPERS! CATCH 'EM ALIVE!'

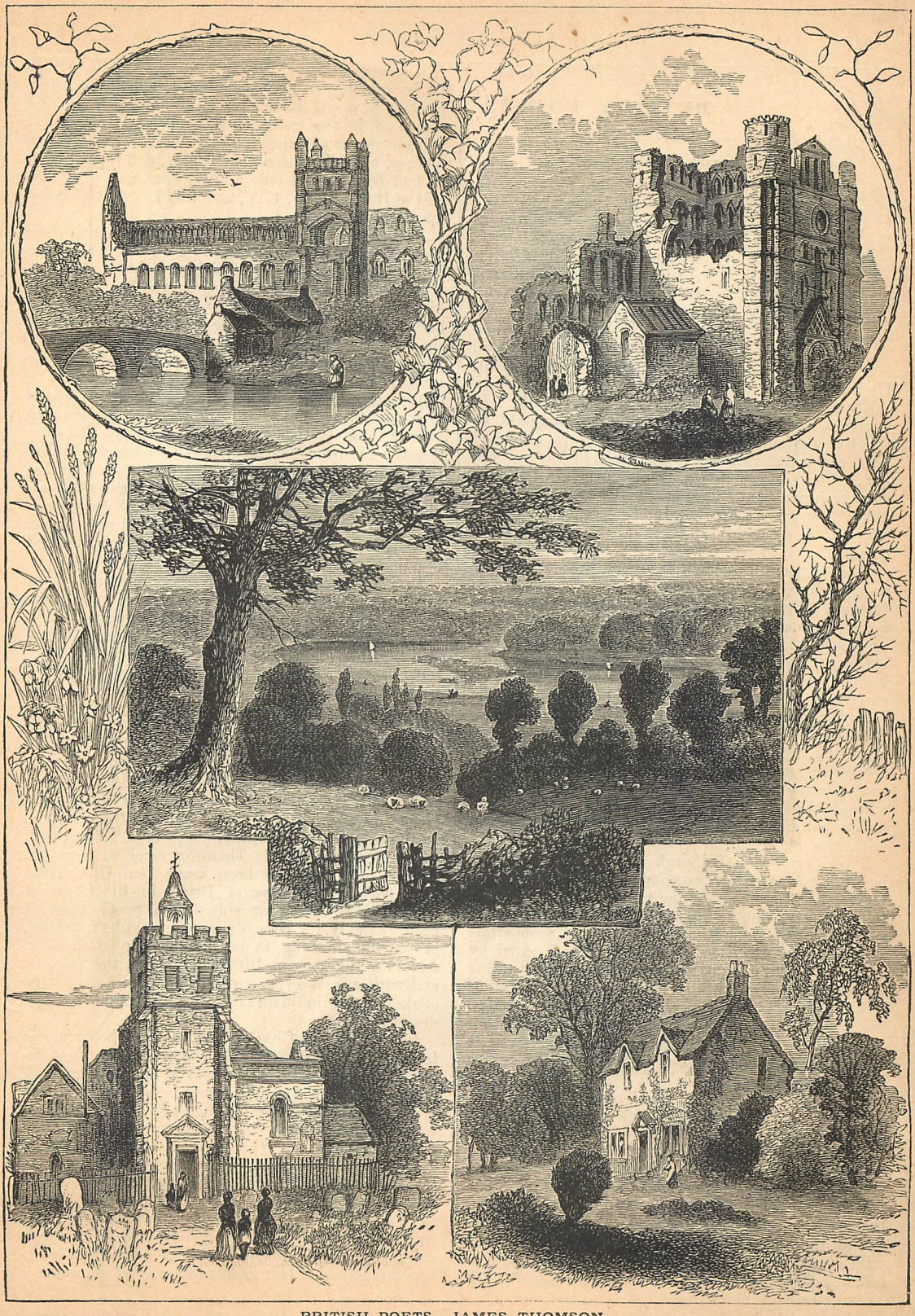
FLY-PAPERS, fly-papers! only a penny!
They'll rid you of flies, be they few, be they many.
In weather like this, who can bear to see flies
Tormenting the babe in his cradle who lies?

They tickle poor Grannie while reading her book,
And oh, how they worry and trouble the cook!
She can't bake a tart, or a hot joint prepare,
But those little marauders must have their full share.

Ask Dobbin, who lazily lies on the grass,
And for once in his life he'll agree with the ass:
They both feel a perfect disgust at the flies,
Who tickle their noses, their ears, and their eyes!

Just look at my hat! I caught every fly on it;
My wife caught as many: they're stuck on her bonnet.
Then come with your penny, a fly-paper buy,
I'll warrant you'll soon look in vain for a fly!

D. B. McKEAN.



BRITISH POETS.—JAMES THOMSON.

Jedburgh Abbey.
Richmond Church.

Richmond Hill.

Kelso.
Southdean Cottage.

BRITISH POETS.

JAMES THOMSON.



AMES, the third son of Thomas and Beatrix Thomson, was born on the 11th of September, 1700. His father was a Scotch minister, and at the time of James's birth was living at Ednam, a little village by the Tweed, not far from Kelso; but in November of the same year the family removed to Southdean, near Jedburgh, and there the childhood of the future poet was spent. He had three brothers and five sisters; and we can easily imagine what a merry life they would lead together, and how often their play-hours would be spent in scrambling up and down the heather-covered hills, and wandering along the banks of the 'crystal Jed.' The scenery in the neighbourhood of Southdean is romantic and very beautiful; and there is no doubt that when Thomson, in after years, wrote the *Seasons*, he drew his most exquisite pictures from memory.

This pleasant life came to an end, so far as James was concerned, in 1712, when he was sent to the Grammar School at Jedburgh. He was not very quick at his books, and found Latin and Greek decidedly troublesome. Verse-making suited him better, though whether his productions were good or bad we cannot tell, for he had a curious habit of making a bonfire every New-year's Day of all that he had written during the previous twelve months. Some of these early poems, however, came into the hands of Lord Cranstoun, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and a few other gentlemen living near Jedburgh, and were considered promising. Sir Gilbert seems to have noticed the lad very kindly, and more than once he invited the schoolboy-poet to spend his holidays with him at Minto.

James stayed at Jedburgh three years, and then he went to Edinburgh, to complete his studies at the University there. His family wished him to enter the ministry, but though he studied Divinity for some time he gave it up in 1724, and soon afterwards started for London, having been assured by some of his literary friends that his poetic talent would there meet with its due reward. His father had died in 1718, and it was no easy matter for Mrs. Thomson to provide food, clothing, and education for her large family. Under these circumstances it was not strange that James should feel anxious to try his fortunes in the south.

His first few months in London were full of misfortunes. His pockets were picked as he wandered with all a countryman's curiosity and carelessness through the busy streets, and thus he lost most of his letters of introduction, which, for safety, he had wrapped in his handkerchief. He had so little money with him that he could not even afford to buy a decent pair of shoes in which to present himself at the houses of his patrons. He had brought with him the poem of *Winter*, and this he hoped to sell, and so realise enough to maintain himself until he became better known, but the cautious London publishers would have nothing to do with it. To crown all, in the midst of these worries and disappointments came another and worse grief. His mother, whom he loved very dearly, and from whom he had been parted only a few weeks, died at Leith on the 10th of May, 1725, and this loss preyed sadly upon his mind.

At length, however, his prospects began to brighten. Lord Binning engaged him as tutor to his son, a child of five years old; and although the drudgery of teaching was very distasteful to the poet, he was glad to do anything which would bring him in a little money. He also succeeded after a time in persuading a publisher at Charing Cross to take his poem. He received only three guineas for it, and at first it seemed likely to prove a failure. But a clergyman who happened to read and enjoy it, spoke of it at some of the coffee-houses where the literary men of those days spent their leisure hours, and they speedily admitted Thomson into their circle. From that time he was recognised as a poet; but praise being more plentiful than guineas, he was still poor, and often in great straits. He published *Summer* in 1727, and *Spring* in 1728. *Autumn* did not appear until 1730, when the completed *Seasons* were printed in a quarto volume.

In 1729, finding that his poems would not bring him in a sufficient income, Thomson began to write for the theatres, but he was less successful as a dramatist than as a poet. His best play was *Tancred and Sigismunda*. The *Masque of Alfred*, which contains the well-known song *Rule Britannia*, was also written by him.

In 1731 he obtained a situation as travelling companion to the son of Sir Charles Talbot, and with him visited France, Switzerland, and Italy. On his return he began the poem of *Liberty*, and worked at it for two years. He considered this to be his finest work, but it has never been much admired, and critics usually condemn it as his *worst* production. In the autumn of 1733 his friend, young Talbot, died, and shortly afterwards Thomson received from Sir Charles, who had just been made Lord Chancellor, the office of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery. This post suited the poet's indolent nature exactly, for he was well paid, and had nothing, or scarcely anything, to do. He at once left London and took a cottage at Richmond, facing the Thames, and with a plot of ground behind it, in which he could indulge in his favourite amusement of gardening.

But in 1737 Sir Charles died, and as Thomson was too idle to apply to Lord Hardwicke, who then became Chancellor, for a renewal of his appointment, it was given to another person, and the lazy poet was compelled to take up his pen once more and work for his living. He wrote two plays, but both proved failures, and the troubles of poverty again began to threaten him. But he was destined to end his days in comfort and prosperity. The Prince of Wales granted him a pension of 100*l.* a-year, and in 1744 his friend, Lord Lyttelton, having come into power, appointed him Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands: an office which, like his former secretaryship, enabled him to live in ease and idleness.

For four years he led a quiet life at Richmond, and in May, 1748, published the *Castle of Indolence*, which is his finest work. Three months later he overheated himself in walking from London to Hammersmith, and there taking the boat for Kew, received a severe chill from the damp river breeze. This brought on a feverish cold, which being neglected, developed into a malignant fever, and in the early morning of the 27th of August, 1748, he died.

'Never,' says one of his biographers, 'was a man mourned more sincerely, for all his friends felt that they had lost one whose place in their affections would never be again filled.' His body was laid in Richmond Church, and the grave remained unmarked until 1792, when the Earl of Buchan placed a brass tablet upon the wall above it. There is also a monument to his honour in Westminster Abbey, next to that of Shakespeare. H. L. T.

FROGS.



THIS amphibious animal, when full grown, has four legs, the toes of which are more or less webbed, and the hind-legs much longer than the fore-limbs, this peculiarity enabling the creature to leap to a surprising distance. Its head is flat, with a large mouth furnished with a row of small teeth; the eyes are very bright. Although there is a close affinity between frogs and toads, both in structure and habits, they differ much in appearance, the toad having a heavy and repulsive look; it also crawls slowly, not being able to leap like its more lively cousin. The common frog has much power of voice, although not to be compared in this respect to the great American bull-frog, the croaking of which, when assembled in numbers, is described as being a 'hideous noise.'

The frog undergoes the most extraordinary transformations from its babyhood as a tadpole to its full-grown condition, during this time presenting itself in no less than eight different aspects. The little tadpole lives entirely in water, but the mature frog only visits the water from time to time, although it always prefers to inhabit moist places. Only one species of frog is known to be certainly British; it is of a greenish-brown colour, with many spots and patches on the skin. The edible frog of France and Germany is of a lighter green shade, with yellow stripes along the back. Frogs are altogether more numerous in warm climates than in colder regions, where they become torpid during the winter season. They live on insect food, slugs, and the like.

There is one species of frog which lives in trees, and never quits the tree where it finds its food. It is provided with suckers on the tips of its toes, which enables it to climb. It is smaller in size than the common frog, and altogether more elegant in appearance. This species also possesses the power of croaking loudly. No tree-frogs are found in Britain—they belong to Asia and the northern parts of Africa—while in America they are very abundant.

D. B. McKean.

A CAT TALE.

ONCE a cat, sirs,
Loved the moon,
Thought he'd die, sirs,
Very soon.

Mewed beneath her
Every night;
Moon shone on, sirs,
Calmly bright.

Loud he sighed, sirs,
Spurned his dinner;
Lost his gloss,
And grew much thinner.

Put his sisters
In a fright;
Moon shone on, sirs,
Calmly bright.

As he looked up
At the sky,
Several raindrops
Hit his eye.

'Weep'st thou for me,
Heart's delight?'
Moon shone on, sirs,
Calmly bright.

One still evening,
He saw quiver
Her reflection
In a river.

'Mew! I have you,
Yellow moon!
Now I'll wed you,
Very soon.

'I'll bespeak
The banns to-night;'
Moon shone on, sirs,
Calmly bright

In he pounced—
For love makes bold—
Found the water
Very cold.

Scrambled out
In sorry plight;
Moon shone on, sirs,
Calmly bright.

As he trotted
Home, he swore,
Not to love moons
Any more.

L'Envoi.

Now he's fat,
And holds love light;
Moon shines on, sirs,
Calmly bright.

J. H. J.



One still evening,
He saw quiver

Her reflection
In a river.



Jerry Slack's Money-pot.

JERRY SLACK'S MONEY-POT.



JERRY—I can see him in fancy now, as he used to sit on his fence swinging his heels through the broken pickets which he never found time to mend.

He was a philosopher—Jerry. He dreamed golden dreams as he used to sit among the weeds in his garden. He wondered why the Roman wormwood overtopped the corn and sent to oblivion the potatoes.

'It is the *mysteriousest* thing in nature,' he used to say,—'what a different kind of luck comes to different folk in the world, *and where it comes from!* I can plan, but I cannot turn my plans into gold like other folk, who do not seem to me to have near as much sense. There is always a peaked look to things inside of my house and out of it, and yet there isn't a man in the town that likes to see things neat and trim and prosperous better than I do. This is a very mysterious world, and the poorer one grows the more strange it all appears. Poorer, did I say? I meant older. The fact is you can't calculate, as Shakespeare says, you can't calculate: you're not sure of anything unless you get a bone in your throat and can't get it up nor down.'

The last remark was one of Jerry's favourite remarks,—one of his 'wise saws,' he called it. It was his way of saying that there is nothing sure but death and taxes.

Samuel Dyer was a thrifty farmer. He used to join the other young farmers after his daily work in a room adjoining the post-office, and there discuss agricultural affairs. These active young men, after talking over their own affairs, occasionally gave a thought or two to the concerns of their neighbours, and poor Jerry Slack's unthrifty ways frequently furnished a point for a joke.

It was planting-time, the first beautiful weather of spring. The hill-sides were growing green again; the bluebirds were in the trees; there were echoes from the fields that sounded strangely clear, and a warm light in the orchards that seemed signally bright. The doors of the cribs stood open; boys were seen riding the work-horses in the lanes.

After one of the mild days, when everything in the earth and air seemed to prophesy of the verdure about to appear, the young farmers met in the usual place, and discussed the best preparations for sowing the early grains.

Old Farmer Martin sometimes met with the young men; he was the patriarch of the company. 'I do hate to see Jerry's land,' said he, suddenly, after most of the farms in the town had received due criticism. 'There is his four-acre lot, it just grows up to white-weed and burdock, and it is as productive a piece of ground as can be found in the whole township.'

'I know it,' said James Redpath; 'and that pasture of his, too. It would keep three or four cows if he would only clear it of stones, and put a good wall around it.'

'And things in the house are the same as they are out-of-doors,' said Farmer Martin. 'His wife and children would hardly know new clothes by sight, and his credit at the grocer's is as worn out as the clothes of his family. I pity his children.'

'I often think of Jerry,' said James; 'I wonder if anything short of a coat of tar and feathers would awaken in him a decent amount of energy?'

'Don't let us forget,' said Samuel Dyer, 'that Jerry is one of the best-hearted men in the town—generous, always willing to watch when you are sick, always says something feeling when you are in trouble. I never heard him speak ill of any one in my life; he has a charitable eye for people's faults, and likes to see everybody prosperous. The fact is, he's puzzled his brains all his life in trying to find out the secret of success. I could teach it in a much easier way than by tar and feathers.'

'How?' chorused the other speakers.

'I have a plan; will you help me?'

'Go ahead; we'll help you,' was the answer; and the result was that the next evening, when ploughing was done and the horses put up, Jerry Slack caught sight of Sam approaching his house very cautiously, hiding mysteriously behind bushes and posts, peeping out as if he wished to see Jerry, but did not want to be seen by any one else, and at last, when Jerry's head appeared through the broken-hinged door, beckoning to him to come out.

'What's happened?' said Jerry. Sam retreated, still beckoning, till he had drawn Jerry quite out of sight of the house, and into a dark corner where the eaves of the barn and wood-shed met, and there at last he spoke. 'I say, Jerry,' in a hollow whisper, '*do you believe in spirits*, and revelations, and such?'

Jerry's hair began to stiffen under his hat, for the supernatural was precisely what he did believe in, and with a very thrilling kind of faith, too.

'I—why, yes, I do,' he stammered.

'Well, I've got a message for you from one of 'em, but I thought I'd just ask your views before I made it over,' said Sam.

'A message for *me!*' said Jerry, a thrill of amazement running through his viens.

'Yes,' returned Sam, in a deeper whisper; '*a money-pot!*'

'A *money-pot!*' gasped Jerry; 'in *my field!*'

Sam drew Jerry closer to him until he had brought his ear directly in range of his mouth.

'I was—down—there!' he whispered, pointing stiffly towards a strip of woods that rose dark against the twilight sky a quarter of a mile away, 'in the big hollow tree, with the scarred white branch pointing to the house where old Betty the fortune-teller died. That is the place to go if you want questions answered. Shall we go?'

Jerry glanced at the eastern sky; the edge of the moon was just visible. 'Yes, come,' said Jerry, hoarsely.

Sam grasped his arm, and without another word they crept away toward the wood, entered it, and over crackling twigs and slippery pine needles made their way to the scarred and lonely tree.

'Hush!' said Sam, and laying two sticks crosswise on the top of a tall stump, he crossed his own and Jerry's hands above them and stood as if he were turned to stone. 'Hush!' he said again.

At last the silence was broken. There was one, two, three low, echoing raps against the inside of the hollow tree, and then a strange, muffled voice issued from the same retreat:—

'Go—home—and—sleep—in—peace—to-night:
Arise—and—search—with—morning—light—
Further—directions—careful—mind—
And—golden—treasure—you—shall—find.'

Jerry gasped and stood silent, and Sam did not stir, but not another word came from the oracle.

'We'd better go,' whispered Sam at last, and slowly and silently they retraced their steps over the crackling twigs and slippery carpets to Jerry's door.

'I'll be here in the morning,' said Sam, in a hollow whisper again; and Jerry crept into the house, but with prospect of anything but "a peaceful night;" for how could he sleep in the very face of such promises of good fortune? and if he should lie awake, contrary to order, what could he expect?

However, lazy people are always tired, and Jerry slept at last, and never waked till the first streak of light from the East shone over his eyes. He sprang up with a confused idea that something had happened, and a low whistle from Sam Dyer cleared his confused recollections. He slipped the rickety bolt, and gazed eagerly into Sam's face.

'I've found 'em!' said Sam; 'the "further directions!" Come and see!'

Jerry followed Sam, who led him to the great barn-door, half of which was shut, and the other half, splitting from its hinges, swung helplessly out toward the yard. On the closed half some unknown hand had written:—'Obey! Obey! Obey! And fail not till the lucky day!' A line was drawn under this, and a little way below Jerry read in the same characters:—'Plough the north side of your fallow field ninety furrows from east to west, and plough the south side ninety furrows from west to east!'

Jerry looked at Sam in mute surprise.

'But my plough's got one handle off and the prow bent,' he said, pitifully.

'Never mind,' said Sam, 'I'll help you mend it.'

'But the old mare,—she's been lame these two years.'

'That's bad,' said Sam; 'but I'll let you have my grays for a day. 'Twon't do to trifle with a money-pot at stake.'

'But I can't run a two-horse plough alone,' groaned Jerry.

'Well, there's your sixteen-year-old boy Tom; give him the lines, and I'll spell him an hour or two if he gives out.'

'The harness is broke, too,' continued Jerry; but Sam would not listen, and the next morning brought the wondrous sight of Jerry, the grays, the mended plough, and Tom, all moving from east to west across the neglected field.

The ninety furrows were ploughed at last, and yet no money-pot.

'Why, what did you expect?' said Sam. 'A thing that's worth having is worth waiting for, and you're going to be led on by degrees. I knowed that from the beginning. Wait for another message on the barn-door.' And Jerry went to sleep once more and waited for the mysterious disclosures of the morning light.

The oracle had spoken again. 'Obey! Obey! Obey!' stood undisturbed upon the door, but this time the directions beneath read:—

'Plant freely with the best of Early Rose,
And wait until this door shall more disclose!'

'And where am I to get so many bushels of Early Rose as that there field would swallow up?' groaned Jerry.

'I've got some of my seed potatoes left over,' said Sam, 'and I'll let you have 'em. What's a few potatoes to expectations like yours?'

The potatoes were planted, but still no money-pot appeared.

'I can't stand it,' he said to Sam; 'I've a clear mind to borrow a spade and set Tom to turn the whole field over three feet deep. What's the use of waiting for ever for what might just as well be had to-day? Spirits knows a good deal, I dare say, but it wouldn't be strange if their notions of time were a little loose.'

'Now, I'd just advise you to be a little skittish how you meddle with this piece of business,' said Sam, with a warning shake of the head that pierced to Jerry's soul and marrow; 'there's money in the right place now, as sure as the 'varsal hills, but once you begin going contrary to orders I wouldn't answer for the consequences.'

So Jerry calmed down and waited again. It was slow work, but at last the barn-door glistened with fresh chalk, and Jerry found imperative commands that the earth round every hill of potatoes should be loosened and have its weeds cut out with a hoe. Once more Jerry and Tom went to work, and with many a groan from Jerry, and an occasional helping stroke from Sam, the work was well and quickly done. A few weeks passed, and at last, beneath the sacred 'Obey! Obey! Obey!' which had never stirred, appeared directions for one more hoeing, and beneath them a few words which sent hope and courage tingling to Jerry's very finger-tips:—

'When next you find a summons here,
The hidden treasure surely shall appear.'

No more groaning this time. Jerry flew over the field with a will, his hat square on his head at last, and his hoe keeping time to such quick music that Sam's had no need to come in, and then there was nothing to do but to wait for the last wonderful revelation.

It came at last, and representatives from nearly all the families in the village were there to witness the concluding scenes.

Every one for miles around had heard some whispers, at least, of the lonely tree and the ghostly chalking on the rickety barn-door, and spades and hoes were dropped for that day, and the fence round Jerry's field bristled with almost every shade and shape of horse and vehicle tied to its posts. The last directions on the barn-door had been to begin digging at the outer lines of the field and proceed systematically, thus reducing the square by each row of potatoes in turn. The potatoes were to be made over to Sam Dyer, and by the time the middle of the field was reached, *if not before*, the treasure should be found. Sam, James Redpath, and two others, had come to help. Tom was



Jerry Slack in Idleness.

working like a veteran, but Jerry was ahead of every one of them, and making the earth fly as if the witches were there indeed.

'He's gone clean mad,' muttered Farmer Martin.

One row of potatoes after another was torn open to a good depth, and the ground hurriedly examined. No treasure yet.

'Where's the money-pot? Bring out the money-pot!' voices began to shout, and faster and faster worked Jerry's spade. One by one Sam Dyer's waggons were filling up with potatoes and moving off to a corner of the field.

'Getting up to the middle row!' 'Short furrows this time!' 'Their hoes will clash pretty soon at this rate!' 'Look at Jerry! Sheet lightning has got into him!' were some of the remarks heard on every hand, and still no money-pot.

The workers began to drop off, as the narrowing square left room for only Jerry, Tom, Sam, and Jim, one to each side.

Jerry was working like a beaver, and only three hills of potatoes to the square now. Suddenly he left his row and struck into the very centre.

Hark! Jerry's spade had clashed upon something with a sound of metal! The voices of the visitors ceased; the crowd could hear the clinking now. He stooped, pulled, tugged, and lifted something up! A wild, deafening shout rose on every side; Jerry was holding a rusty iron pot, lined with hard silver dollars, in his hands! For one moment it seemed as if the old fence would come down with the hurrahs and hat-swinging that shook it, and then there was a rush for Jerry. Two stout fellows mounted him on their shoulders, the rest fell into line, and with shouts and cheers the bewildered hero was 'toted,' money-pot and all, triumphantly home to the front gate of the broken fence.

Great was the excitement for a few days; but after a few weeks the mystery began to clear, and a pretty plain story to rise up in its place. The ring of gossipers sat in their old place in the post-office one evening, when the door opened and in came Jerry himself.

'Look here, Sam Dyer!' he said, 'hollow trees and old stumps and raps are all well enough in their way, but I'd just like to ask you if the whole of that there money-pot business wasn't this: I worked like a good fellow all summer at potato-raising, and then sold my crop to you, and you gave me good market-price for it when 'twas dug?'

The shout that went up was answer enough, and from that day till the snow came Jerry was busy clearing the stones from his useless pasture and transforming them into a solid, handsome wall.

The next year saw pasture and potato-field both blossoming like the rose, the old house tidying up,



Jerry Slack digging for Gold.

and Jerry himself becoming such a model worker that the neighbours used to laugh as they went by, and nod to each other with a knowing wink.



COVENTRY.

THE city of Coventry is the capital of Warwickshire. Though a small place compared with Birmingham, which is only eighteen miles off, it was once the see-town of a Bishop, which Birmingham has never been.

Coventry now-a-days is famous in the eye of many of our youngsters as the chief place for the manufacture of bicycles. Before the days of wheel-riding Coventry was noted for the manufacture of watches and ribbons.

Coventry is an ancient city, and is famous for its church spires. St. Michael's Church is a beautiful specimen of the English or Pointed style of architecture. It is 303 feet in height. Trinity Church also has a lofty spire, but inferior to the other.

In old times kings of England have lived in Coventry, and Parliaments have been held within its walls. It was a favourite residence of Edward the Black Prince. Queen Elizabeth took delight in seeing 'the game of Hock Tuesday' performed in it. This pageant represented the destruction of the Danes by the English in 1002. The people of Coventry have always been fond of pageants, and they still keep up what is called the procession of Lady Godiva at the Great Fair on the Friday in Trinity week.

The story of its origin is this. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and lord of the place, had laid heavy taxes

on the citizens, and he would not remit them even at the entreaty of his wife, the Lady Godiva, who was as beautiful as she was modest. When she begged more earnestly, Leofrie said that he would remit the taxes on condition of her riding naked through the city. He thought she would never do this; but she resolved to do so for the sake of the poor folk. All the doors and windows were closed, and Camden says that no one looked after her. The tradition, however, is that a tailor ventured to steal a glance at her, and was thereupon struck blind. He was long commemorated by an effigy protruding from a window in the High Street, and he is called 'Peeping Tom of Coventry.'

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 243.)

SAUNDERS and five others were chosen. Their instructions were to go out in the road until the enemy were met, then to retreat, draw them into the play-ground and past the Fives Court, then, when the others sallied out on their rear, to turn and show fight again in front.

Settling their caps on their heads, the scouts set out. One or two piles of snow-balls had been placed in their path, from which they could fill their arms on retreating. They advanced with caution, and had gone nearly a quarter of a mile along the road when Barton's were seen coming along in a confused mass. The scouts tossed their caps in the air as a sign of defiance, and mounted a heep of stones as if to wait their approach.

The enemy came on apace, and two or three started running in order to get a shot at the scouts.

These retreated slowly, keeping up a running fire as they went, until the playground gates were reached. Here a reinforcement of some half-dozen smaller boys, including George, were waiting, and they handled the leading boys of Barton's rather roughly. But the main body, having laid in a good supply of balls, now came on at a run, and the scouts fled across the playground hotly pursued.

The flight was kept up until they were well past the Fives Court. Then they faced boldly about.

At the same time a cry was heard of 'School for ever!' and the main body, led by Hall, fell upon the rear of the attacking party.

Barton's, although superior in numbers, were for a time too much surprised to offer a good defence. Attacked in front and rear, they discharged the balls they had, and then, covering their ears with their hands, they took to flight. By the time, however, that the playground gates were reached they had regained their courage and faced about. Numbers soon began to tell in their favour, and bit by bit the school had to give ground. They retreated behind the rampart, and there kept the enemy at bay.

'This won't do,' said Hall, during a short respite: 'we must get them out again if we can.'

'How?' asked the rest.

'I have it,' was the reply. 'When they attack again, let nobody throw more than he can help, and keep a good supply of balls in hand. When they have shied all theirs, we must out upon them, and try to push them back through the gate. I have the key here.'

This plan was soon put into action. Barton's came on again, and were driven back from the snow-wall. Then the defenders rushed out upon them.

There was no stopping that sally. Back they were pressed step by step until there was nothing for it but to quit the playground. They made a valiant stand by the gate. But Hall's soldiers were better disciplined. The youngsters had been told to make snow-balls, and carry them up to those in front. They did their duty well. There was never any lack of missiles on their side. But of Barton's lads all fought, and hence a good number were always engaged in finding a ball to throw.

The struggle at the gate was hard, but in the end the constant supply of ammunition prevailed. A determined charge cleared the playground of the foe; then the iron-gate was clashed to, and the day was won.

How they shouted!

Nor were the other side silent.

'Cowards, obliged to lock yourselves in!'

'We turned you out first! How do you like the kick out? Go home and learn to shy straight! Barton's babies couldn't win with three to two!'

This was, indeed, adding insult to injury, but what was to be done? Nothing—except to go home; and back they went amid cries of 'Good-bye!' 'Come again soon, and bring all your big brothers!'

Few lessons were well learned that night! Everybody had something to say about the battle, and all agreed that it was a grand victory for the old school.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR some days after the great snow-fight things went on in rather a dull way. Hostilities between seconds and thirds, of course, raged again, but nothing took place of more than usual interest. A thaw soon came on which cleared the ground of snow, but before many days had passed it was succeeded by another hard frost.

'George,' said Walter Crabbe to his cousin a day or two afterwards, 'are you ready for some skating?'

'Yes, if it will bear,' was the reply.

'Bear! of course it will. This is Wednesday, so we can go off after dinner.'

Accordingly, when that meal was over they both set out.

'Where are we going?' asked George, when they had walked some distance.

'I know,' was the reply; 'don't you bother.'

'Yes, but we are getting out of bounds. There's the big elm, you know, that we are not to pass on this road.'

'Bother the elm! Do you think I'm in the fifth, and don't know what I'm about?'

'Yes; but——'

'What a fellow you are for "buts!" you forget that you are not under dear Miss Kelp now.'

This home-thrust silenced George's scruples for some time, and they went on.

Walter led the way through a private gate and over some meadows until they came to a large quiet pool.

'Here we are,' said he.

'All right,' said George; 'but I shall not skate.'

'Not skate! why not?'

'Because it was only yesterday that the Head forbade our going on this pool or the next; he said they were out of bounds, and were known to be dangerous.'

'Dangerous! I dare say, for little boys who ought to be with their governess!'

'And, besides,' continued George, 'it is easy to see that the ice has been broken once, and is not likely to be firm by now.'

'A pretty fellow you are,' sneered Walter, 'to be afraid to do what you're told not to!'

'I don't see anything to be proud of in breaking laws.'

'Of course not. Oh, dear no!'

'Or in being foolhardy.'

'Certainly not!'

'Then let us go back,' said George.

'Go on, if you like; *I'm* going to skate.'

'You are certain to tumble in.'

'Then I can tumble out again.'

'Don't go on to-day, Walter, at any rate.'

'You shut up! I suppose I know as much about ice as you do?'

Seeing that nothing more could be done, George sat down on a tree-stump near at hand to see what would happen.

'Here we go,' cried Walter, pushing off on to the pond. 'Such a capital piece of ice too. Come along, old fellow!'

George shook his head, and the other went on skimming over the smooth surface.

Presently there was an ominous crack.

'Look out, Walter!' he cried.

Crack followed crack in sharp succession, and Walter, at length really alarmed, turned towards the bank.

He was too late! When about twelve feet from the side the ice gave way beneath him, and he sank with a cry.

Not a moment was to be lost if Walter was to be saved. The next minute he rose to the surface, and tried to support himself by clutching the ice. But every time he grasped it the brittle sheet gave way.

'Don't catch at it!' cried Walter; 'try to shove both arms out and rest on it while I get this pole.'

As soon as the accident happened he looked around for means to help, and saw a big dry branch a little way off. This he brought. It was about the right length, but brittle. Would it hold?

'Catch hold of this, Walter,' he cried, leaning over the bank, and holding out the branch.

Walter grasped it with both hands, and was gently pulled through the breaking ice. His feet did not touch the bottom until he was nearly at the bank, so deep was the pool.

'Thanks, old fellow, indeed!' he cried, throwing himself upon the grass, wet as he was.

George quickly pulled off his skates, and wiped his face.

'It won't do to stay here in your wet things, we must run back.'

'I cant.'

'But you must, unless you want to catch cold.'

With this he helped Walter to his feet, and they both set off at a run. It is not easy to run when one's clothes are wet through, and the water drips off into a pool if one stands still for a moment.

'I can't go on,' said Walter, more than once.

'But you must,' urged his cousin, 'or the illness will be worse than the falling in.'

The playground was reached at last, and their arrival created some sensation.

'Hallo! here's a pickle!' cried Tickley, who with some others had been sliding on a prepared spot in the playground.

'How did it happen?' asked everybody.

But there was no time for answering questions. George hurried his cousin into the building, and he was soon settled comfortably in bed. It was thought wise to send for the doctor, who prescribed for him, and advised care.

Mr. Walton sent for George, in order to hear from his lips a full account of the affair. The latter tried to shield his cousin as much as possible.

It was clear that Walter only had his own foolhardiness and disobedience to thank for his misfortune. It was equally clear that George had no business to be out of bounds. In the end Mr. Walton, whilst greatly commending his coolness and presence of mind, felt bound to punish him for breaking the out-of-bounds rule.

That night there was a general wish expressed in No. 3 that George should recount the whole affair from the beginning. He was about to comply with their request, after the light had been removed, when a tapping was heard at the door. On its being opened, Keel, the smallest boy in No. 2, walked in.

'Oh! if you please, Saunders, Tickley and the rest say they want to hear about Summers lugging out his cousin, would he go round and tell them? Blobbs says he doesn't believe it.'

'Bother Blobbs!' was the reply; 'but tell Tickley that Summers is just going to tell us all about it, and we will make room if they like to come.'

Keel departed with this message, and presently the seconds stole quietly along the passage. They were received with all due dignity by Saunders, and suitable seats were pointed out to them at various corners.

George's story did not take long in telling, inasmuch as he condensed into a very small space all that passed between Walter and himself.

When the story was over, and the applause had subsided, Baker was observed to be very fidgetty.

'What's the matter?' asked Tickley.

'Why, I thought, you know, that we ought to have a poem on a thing like this—something, you know, to keep it in remembrance.'

'Well, have you made one?'

'No—yes—that is, I have a few lines written in my trowsers ——'

'Written in your trowsers; what do you mean?'

'Why, written, don't you know, and left in my trowsers.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Then why don't you fetch them for the public good?'

Baker readily agreed to their suggestion, and soon returned with the promised poem. 'Please draw up the blind, somebody, for there isn't much moon to-night.' (*To be continued.*)



"Catch hold of this, Walter!"



Sam Brown.

SAM BROWN.

SAM BROWN was the strangest of boys;
A ruder you scarcely could see;
His delight was in making a noise,
And trying how rough he could be.
He'd stand by the window and catch a poor fly,
Then tear off its wings, and just leave it to die.

The donkey that toiled on the road
Each morn on his way to the town,
Encumbered with heaviest load,
And hanging its weary head down,
He'd throw a large stone at the patient old ass,
Or thrash it before he'd allow it to pass.

His sister, a fair little maid,
With eyes of the tenderest blue,
And clustering curls on her head,
He'd bully and frighten her, too.
He broke her new doll, and picked out both its eyes,
And laughed when he saw her distress and surprise.

One day he had gone to the fair,
Resolved on some mischief to do,
When seeing a donkey stand there,
He pinched it and struck at it too.
But the donkey was vicious, and caught with its teeth,
And shook him till Sam scarce could get back his breath.

All trembling, and covered with mud,
He crept home in a sorrowful plight,
While all the good folk looking on
Cried out, 'Serve the naughty boy right!'
But Anna, his sister, who felt for his grief,
With tears in her eyes sought to give him relief.

So gently she bathed his poor head,
And washed all the mud from his hair,
Then seated herself by his bed
To help him his trouble to bear.
'Dear Sam, I will lend you my books if you choose;'
While Sam, all repenting, could scarcely refuse.

But oh! how ashamed did he feel
To see his dear sister so kind!
He scarce could believe it was real
That Anna her pleasure could find
In loving and tending a quarrelsome boy,
Who always had tried her best things to destroy.

He grieved o'er the beautiful doll
Which Anna had thought such a prize;
Oh! how could he ever have wished
To poke out its beautiful eyes!
He thought it all over, and made up his mind
To buy her a new one, the best he could find.

Then when he grew better he said,
'Dear Anna, I'm glad you forgive;
For never again will I tease
Or vex you as long as I live.
I'm glad I have got such a sister as you,
So kind and forgiving, so tender and true.'

D. B. McKean.

EFFECT OF ELOQUENCE.

GOVERNOR BLANK, of South Carolina, was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their five senses. He was especially noted for success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and proclaimed the man 'Not guilty.' An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said, 'Jem, the danger is past; and now, honour bright, didn't you steal that horse?' To which Jem replied, 'Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse, but since I've heard the Governor's speech I don't believe I did!'

THE TOURNAMENT.

IN the olden time, when war was considered the noblest pursuit for gentlemen, all classes of society took the greatest delight in the Tournament, which was an image of war.

Tournaments were of French origin, as the word implies, for it is derived from the old French 'Tourney,' or 'Turn.' They are said to have been held in France as early as the ninth century; but it was not till long after that period that the 'passage-of-arms' took the splendid shape it had in the days of chivalry, which may be said to have lasted from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, and to have reached their height under Edward III. and the Black Prince.

In those days knighthood was thought to be the highest honour in the world; and the knights vied with each other in courtesy and gentleness, as well as in bravery. As knights, they were all of the same order, from the king down to the poorest bachelor, whatever might be their rank in other respects.

When any sovereign proposed to hold a tournament or passage-of-arms, it was proclaimed in all the capitals of Europe long before the event took place; and the knights came flocking from the most distant countries to try their skill against each other. Generally, it was announced that some renowned champions would hold their 'lists' against all comers for a certain number of days.

In England, under the Plantagenet kings, tournaments were usually held at Smithfield. An open space, about one hundred and eighty feet long, was enclosed by barriers, and called the 'lists.' At each end of the lists were the tents of the champions, with their shields blazoned with armorial bearings suspended over them. All round the barriers there were covered galleries for the king and the principal nobles, whilst the mass of the people found places as they best could. There were two marshals of the lists to keep order, and four umpires or judges to award the prize to the victor; and a 'Lady of the Tournament' was elected, either for her beauty or high birth, to deliver it to him. At the entrance to the lists heralds were stationed, so that no unqualified person might enter as a candidate. But though the

knights were obliged to satisfy them as to their rank, they might fight incognito, or be announced by their armorial bearings—as the Knight of the Lily, the Knight of the Tower, and so forth.

Tournaments were of two kinds. The 'joust' was tilting with lances that had coronals at the top, instead of sharp points, so that the warriors could only be unhorsed and not wounded. But, even so, they were sometimes killed by the violence with which they were thrown to the ground, or by their horses rolling over them. In the 'Tourney' proper the knights fought *à outrance*, as it was called, with sharp spears. Sometimes the knights took sides, and divided into two parties: this was called the *mêlée*; and they fought against each other with spears, battle-axes, swords, and maces, so that it became a real battle, and many knights were disabled or killed; for there were frequently as many as thirty or forty warriors on each side, and the only forbidden weapon was the dagger—the sword was not allowed to be used for thrusting, but only for striking with.

The tournament was opened by the king-at-arms declaring the laws of the tournament; and then the heralds proclaimed the names and titles of the champions who held the lists. When an antagonist appeared, his name or title was announced in like manner, and also the name of the champion he wished to fight against. The two warriors then took their places at opposite ends of the lists, and at a blast of the trumpet darted at each other with their lances directed either at the shield or crest of their adversary. The object of each was to unhorse his opponent, or break his spear fairly; if neither were defeated, they received fresh lances from their squires, and charged again. The loss of either shield or stirrup was considered a defeat.

The knight whom the umpires declared the victor was conducted by the king-at-arms, attended by heralds and pursuivants, into the presence of the Lady of the Tournament to receive the prize, which was usually some rich jewel or valuable chain. And a flourish of trumpets, and the proclamation by the king-at-arms of the name of the champion, and that the prize had been awarded and delivered to him, concluded the ceremony.

The greatest magnificence was displayed at the tournaments in the fourteenth century; and the armour of the knights differed somewhat from that which they used on the battle-field. Instead of plain helmets and visors they wore close helms, surmounted by immense crests, with a wreath and 'mantle.' The velvet and silk housings of the horses were embroidered with the armorial bearings of the riders, and swept the ground. The tilting-shield, also, was of a different shape from that used in war. The lances were of great size: they were of equal length; but there was no limit as to thickness or weight. It must have required enormous force to break such a one as may be seen in the hand of one of the figures at the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London.

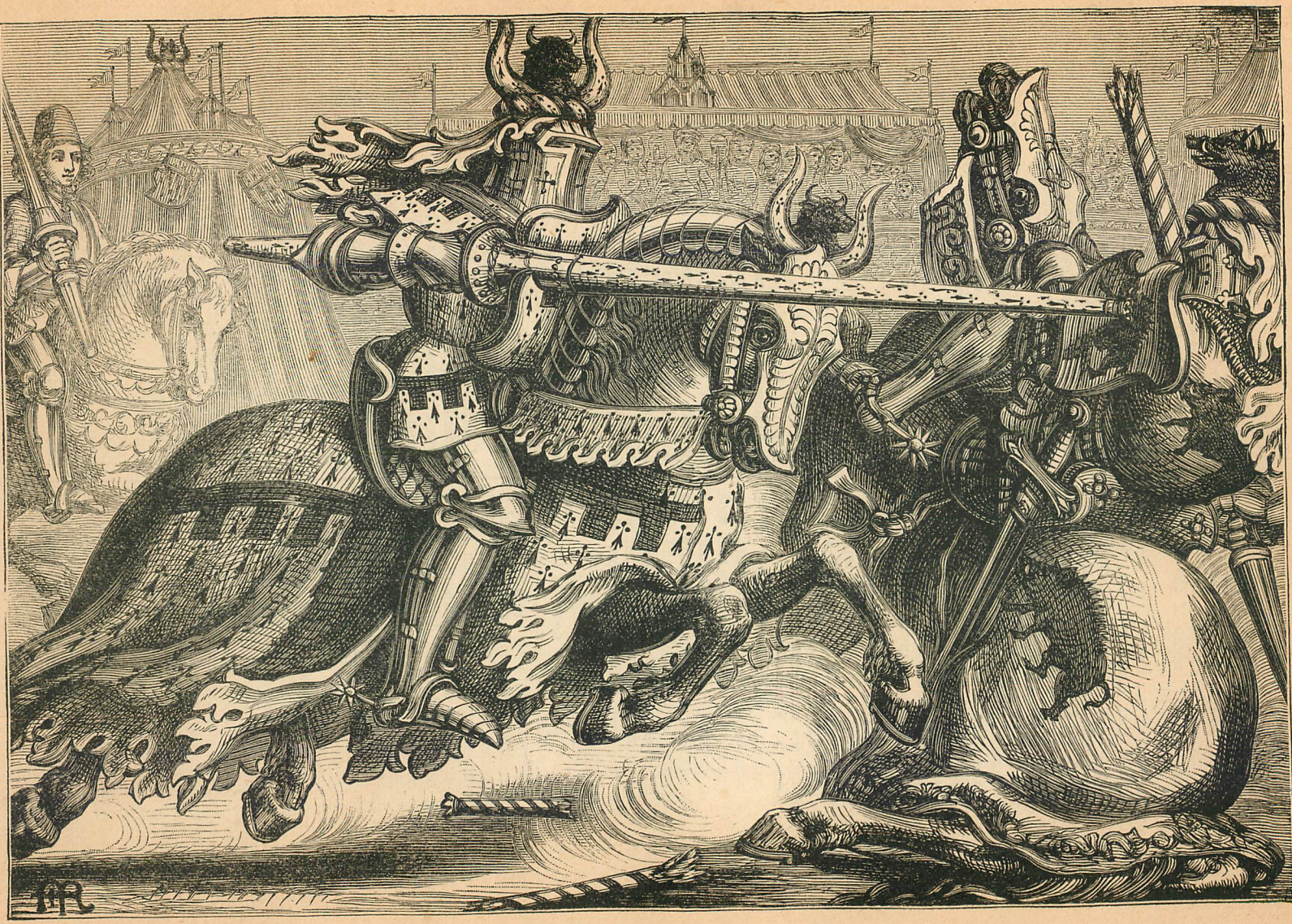
In the days of chivalry, the devotion displayed by the knights towards all ladies can scarcely be imagined in these prosaic days. Tournaments were usually announced as being held 'in honour of the ladies.' Froissart the chronicler tells us how four-and-twenty ladies, arrayed in quaint and rich dresses, and riding on palfreys, led their knights in chains of gold from the Tower to the lists at Smithfield. At this time the tournament was already beginning to degenerate into pageantry and show. To prevent the danger arising from the shock of the heavy horses used by the knights rushing against each other, barriers were erected down the centre of the lists, and the combatants rode at each other, one at either side of the rail, and thus avoided the fearful collision of the old contests.

In the fifteenth century, Westminster was the place where the Tudor kings held their splendid tournaments. The open space in front of Westminster Hall, now called Palace Yard, was then known as Tilt Yard. When Henry VII. created his son, afterwards Henry VIII., Prince of Wales, he held a 'passage-of-arms,' at which four gentlemen, companions of the prince, kept the lists against all comers for four days; the king rewarding the victor in the jousts with a ruby ring, whilst the conqueror in the tourney received a gold ring set with a valuable diamond.

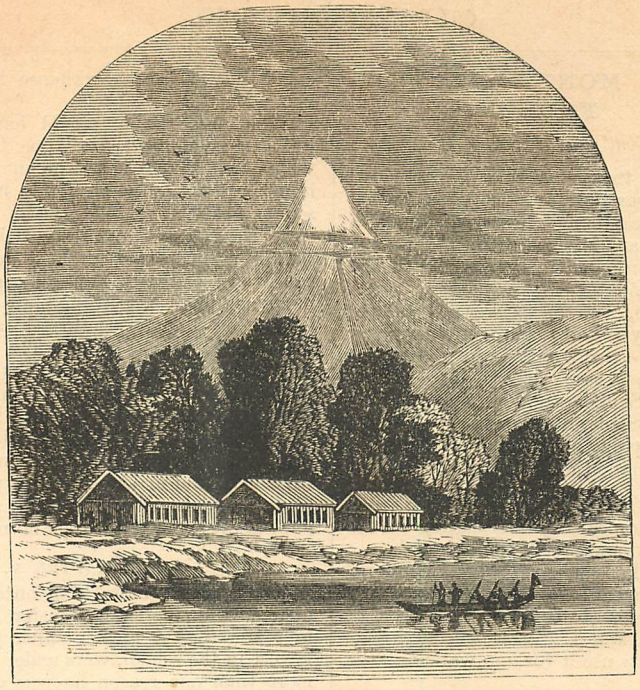
At the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, when Henry VIII. met Francis I. in the Valley of Andren, in France, it had been proclaimed in all the courts of Europe, some months previously, that the two kings would defend the lists against all comers. In the centre of the field was a mount, on which were planted a hawthorn-tree for England and a raspberry for France, and on the trees the shields of the kings were suspended; King Henry's being encircled with the Order of the Garter, and that of Francis with the Collar of St. Michael. The two monarchs, arrayed in splendid armour, rode side by side to the mount, and ran six courses a-day at tilting, for six days in succession, always coming off victors. Two more days were devoted to fighting on horseback with broadswords for weapons, and two to fighting on foot at the barriers.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, Master of the Armoury, constituted himself the Queen's Champion in Martial Sports, and vowed to present himself at the Tilt Yard on the queen's birthday every year. When grown very old, he publicly, at a grand tournament, resigned his office of President and title of Queen's Champion to the Earl of Cumberland. All round the Tilt Yard covered galleries were erected for the spectators, containing several rows of seats at different prices, the best being reserved for civic dignitaries, and paid for with gold pieces. The queen's gallery was right opposite the entrance to Westminster Hall, and was covered by a magnificent canopy.

But, however gorgeous the spectacle may have been, it was very different from the tourneys of the old knights: all was show, and mere breaking of lances. Though even this was something; for when the Earl of Eglintoun endeavoured to revive the glories of the tournament in the West of Scotland more than forty years ago, the gallant antagonists could not even break their lances: and so, to keep up appearances, the spear-shafts were privately sawn half through, and then they broke finely! This could not have been so much from inferiority in strength to the knights, as from want of skill and practice at tilting; for it is well known that



The Tournament.



Mount Egmont, Taranaki, N. Z.

when some of the noblemen tried to wear the armour of their ancestors they found it too small for them, and were obliged to have suits of armour made on purpose. Had the contest been boxing or wrestling, instead of tilting, it is probable that the knights of old would have met with their match in more than one of the noblemen and gentlemen present at the Eglintoun Tournament. A. R.

PICTURES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

OUR own town of Plymouth is connected with many stirring scenes in English history, and the baby-town named after it also has a little history of its own. It is situated in the province of Taranaki, which takes its name from a very high mountain. A native tradition says, that many years ago a great chief named Turi came thither in his canoe from Hawaiiki, and gave names to all the chief mountains and rivers. They found the people of the country not at all warlike, and soon subdued them. The long lists of their ancestors' names, and the traces of fortifications on the hills, show that this was perhaps some hundreds of years ago.

Unless Tasman, the Dutch discoverer, saw this part of New Zealand, the first European to sight it was Captain Cook, on the 10th January, 1772. After this whaling vessels touched there from time to time, but no settlement was made.

In 1831 a warlike tribe, the Waikatos, made a descent on the district to punish the holders for assisting a rival chief. They attacked one of their strongholds — Nqamotn Pa. But the defenders had the help of some English sailors and six small guns, and so were able to beat them off with great loss.

In 1834 the English ship *Harriet* ran ashore on the coast of Taranaki. The natives for a few days treated the crew as friends; but at last a quarrel arose in which some sailors and natives were killed, and one Englishman, named Guard, with his wife, children, and some sailors, were made prisoners. Amongst the cargo of the *Harriet* was a quantity of soap. In this the Maoris thought they had taken some remarkable delicacy, and therefore baked it in their ovens, and tried the experiment of dining off soap! It seems that one meal was enough for them.

The prisoners were at last released by a ship of war, and were able to give some account of the country around them. Attention was drawn to the wealth of the district, and a company was formed, called the Plymouth Company, for sending a colony there.

The few natives whom the emigrants met on first landing were living wretchedly in the deepest recesses of the forest. They soon gained some confidence, and came to wonder at the white strangers, their fire-arms and tools, and to exchange fish and fruit for blankets and cloth. And so, at last, New Plymouth was founded, and is now a thriving little town, touching the sea-shore, and with the great snow-capped cone of Mount Egmont, or Taranaki, rising up in the background. A. R. B.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 255.)

BAKER took post near the window, and was unrolling his paper, when the fickle moon went in behind a cloud and left the room in darkness.

'Can't you recite, Baker?' asked somebody.

'No,' was the answer; 'it's long, don't you know, and written quickly—quite thrown off in inspiration, as the poets say.'

'Never mind,' said Saunders; 'here's my box of matches. Now then, Slade, you stand by his side with Summers and keep one match always alight.'

With this scanty illumination Baker began:—

'LINES ON SEEING MY COUSIN STRUGGLING IN THE BRINE.'

'Brine! what do you mean by "struggling in the brine?" That means kicking in the pickle-tub.'

'That shows all you know about poetry, Saunders.'

'Why, what does it mean, then?'

'Struggling in the water, to be sure.'

'But brine is salt and water.'

'Never mind, the poets use it for *any* water.'

'*Do* they?'

'Never mind the brine, Saunders,' said Tickley; 'let us hear the poem itself. Fire away, Baker!'

Baker cleared his throat and began,—

'Oh, well may I be chary
Of the month of January!
Since then it was I saw my cousin tumble in the brine.'

'Brine again!' interrupted Saunders.

'Go on,' cried the rest.

'We meant to go for skating,
But I only got a rating,
And he got such a sousing that I'm glad it wasn't mine.'

'Hurrah! well done, Baker! you are a poet!'

'A regular Homer, and no mistake!'

Such were the words of applause which fell on the gratified author's ears.

'Go on, Baker, let us have Stanza 2,' said Tickley.

'Make haste,' cried Slade; 'there are only two or three more matches.'

The author, thus adjured, continued as follows:—

'Oh, sad my thoughts when he
Went through the ice so crack-lee,
And sank into the briny depths of water.'

'Ugh, pickle-tubs,' muttered Saunders.

'I thrust a branch to reach him,
And gently thus did preach him:—
It's all your fault, because you didn't oughter!'

'Bravo, Baker!' cried most of the audience.

'I'm glad you like it!' modestly said the author. 'I got rather stuck over those last lines, and must polish them up another time; they aren't quite grammatical.'

This intellectual feast being now over, there was nothing to further detain the visitors, and they now withdrew.

Blobbs, it will be remembered, had been a somewhat unwilling witness of George's triumph. He now left the room last, and, thrusting in his head, called out, 'Yah, workhouse boy! pity it wasn't you. But I'll ——'

What more Blobbs would have said is uncertain, but at that moment some one threw a wet sponge, which met him full in the mouth, and caused the immediate withdrawal of his head. Then all was soon quiet.

Walter Crabbe, as might have been expected, caught a severe cold from the ducking and the long run in wet clothes. For some days it seemed very much as though something more serious was likely to ensue, but happily it turned out otherwise, and he was soon in class as usual. The credit which George had got for pulling him out was rather a vexation to him. He had been most patronising to his younger cousin, and now here he was in his debt, and not likely to be out of it either! This was like fire to his skin, and he took more than one occasion to decry his cousin, and make as little as possible of the rescue from the pool. George was not slow to remark these unpleasant actions, but took no notice of them.

CHAPTER V.

MENTION has more than once been made in this history of an assistant master named Bigges. The first and second forms, which were, of course, the lowest in the school, were under his charge. But for more than one reason he was generally disliked by them. It was not so much that he was deficient in many things which appeal to boyish minds, for he had no liking for or skill in any outdoor games or sports; but there were certain points about him which would have kept him from being a favourite in any position. He had one or two pet boys in his forms, whose homage he repaid by many tokens of his favour, and not always in the fairest way. The other boys held him somewhat in disdain.

One morning during George's first term there was great excitement in Mr. Bigge's class when the boys entered it for work. A large blackboard stood in one corner, and upon this there appeared what was supposed, no doubt, to be an exact likeness of the master. Underneath it ran a legend to the following effect:—

'This is Bigges,
Only it is too good for him.'

Now it is not in human nature, especially when human nature is not at its best, to endure an insult of this kind in silence. Moreover, a very tender point of Mr. Bigges had been touched. It was his lot to possess a very long nose. Now many good and famous men have been thus distinguished. But in the case of Mr. Bigges this brought no satisfaction, since the length of that organ often provoked remarks from vulgar street boys. And here, in this so-called likeness, this member was depicted as of enormous length, more approaching the dimensions of an elephant's trunk, or, at least, of a tapir's snout, than the nose of a Bigges.

'Who did this?' he angrily asked, when his astonishment at seeing the drawing and its legend had a little subsided.

No answer.

'Which of you did this?' he asked again.

There was a look of blank dismay on all their faces, but nobody replied.

'I shall ask Mr. Walton to see it at once.'

He accordingly despatched a note to the head master, in answer to which that worthy presently came in person.

He looked at the blackboard, and then turned angrily to the two classes.

'If any boy knows anything of this disgraceful trick he had better speak out.'

But still no boy answered.

'Let every boy who can declare that he knows nothing about it stand up in his place.'

Every boy stood up at once.

'This is very curious, Mr. Bigges. I hope they are telling the truth. In that case it will be gratifying to you to know that this insult does not proceed from one of those who know you best. But we will speak of the matter in private after school.'

The offending matter was removed from the blackboard, and after school the discussion on it was renewed in the head master's study.

'Have you any reason to suspect a boy of this, Mr. Bigges?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'I have.'

'Perhaps you will explain it then.'

'This pocket-knife was found near the blackboard, as though it had been taken out for some purpose and forgotten.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Walton, 'I see it bears the letters G. S. Who can that be?'

'The only boy who answers to those initials is Summers, who came this term.'

The Head looked surprised at this and then asked,—

'Have you any other reason to suspect him?'

'Well, no satisfactory reason. But I fancy it was he who threw a snowball and knocked my hat off in the playground a few days ago. At first I suspected Crabbe, who was standing near, but he assures me he did not do it, so it must have been Summers.'

'I am surprised at this, and must certainly speak to him about it. Can you tell within what hours this drawing must have been done?'

'Yes. My boys and I left the room at eight. It was not done then. At nine it would, of course, be locked up. That leaves the hour between for the possible time.'

'Thank you, Mr. Bigges. Now will you send Summers to me?'

George was much surprised some minutes later by a summons to Mr. Walton's room. On entering it the Head said,—

'Summers, where is your pocket-knife?'

'I lost it, sir, two or three days ago,' was the prompt reply.

'Do you know that it has been found near the blackboard in Mr. Bigge's room?'

'No, sir.'

'It has; and here it is. Now how did it come there?'

'I cannot tell, sir.'

'Were you in that room last night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah! At what time?'

'Just before seven. I went on a message from Mr. Cuming.

'And not after?'

'No, sir.'

'Where were you from eight till nine last night?'

'In the long room, sir; we were roasting chestnuts at the lower fire.'

'Who were there besides yourself?'

'Saunders, and Jones, and Barry, and several others.'

'That will do. Send the boys you mentioned to me.'

Saunders, Jones, and Barry came to the Head separately, and were examined by him. All agreed that George had not been out of their sight the whole evening, except when he went on the message for Mr. Cuming.

The charge against him, therefore, broke down. Suspicion pointed to him. But his *alibi* seemed conclusive.

The culprit not being forthcoming, the whole school was punished by one half-holiday being stopped, and there the matter came to an end. But George puzzled himself a good deal in trying to make out how his pocket-knife could have come into that room on that evening. That *he* had not taken it there he knew. He remembered missing it about two days before, and afterwards fancied he must have left it lying about the long room after one of their chestnut-roastings. It was certainly surprising that the finder did not bring him back the knife, seeing that his initials were so plainly engraven in the silver plate on one side.

But after much thought with no satisfactory results he, like the rest, almost forgot the matter.

Blobbs, however, was not inclined to let the affair pass without notice. It furnished him with a fresh cry after George.

'Yah, workhouse boy! who got the whole school kept in because he wouldn't confess?'

These attentions became rather too pressing, and once provoked the object of them into losing his temper. Blobbs was yelling after him in the corridor one day, when he turned sharp round, and was about to fall on his tormentor tooth and nail. But Blobbs was in no humour for fighting.

'Yah!' he cried, 'going to hit a fellow when he can't use one hand?'

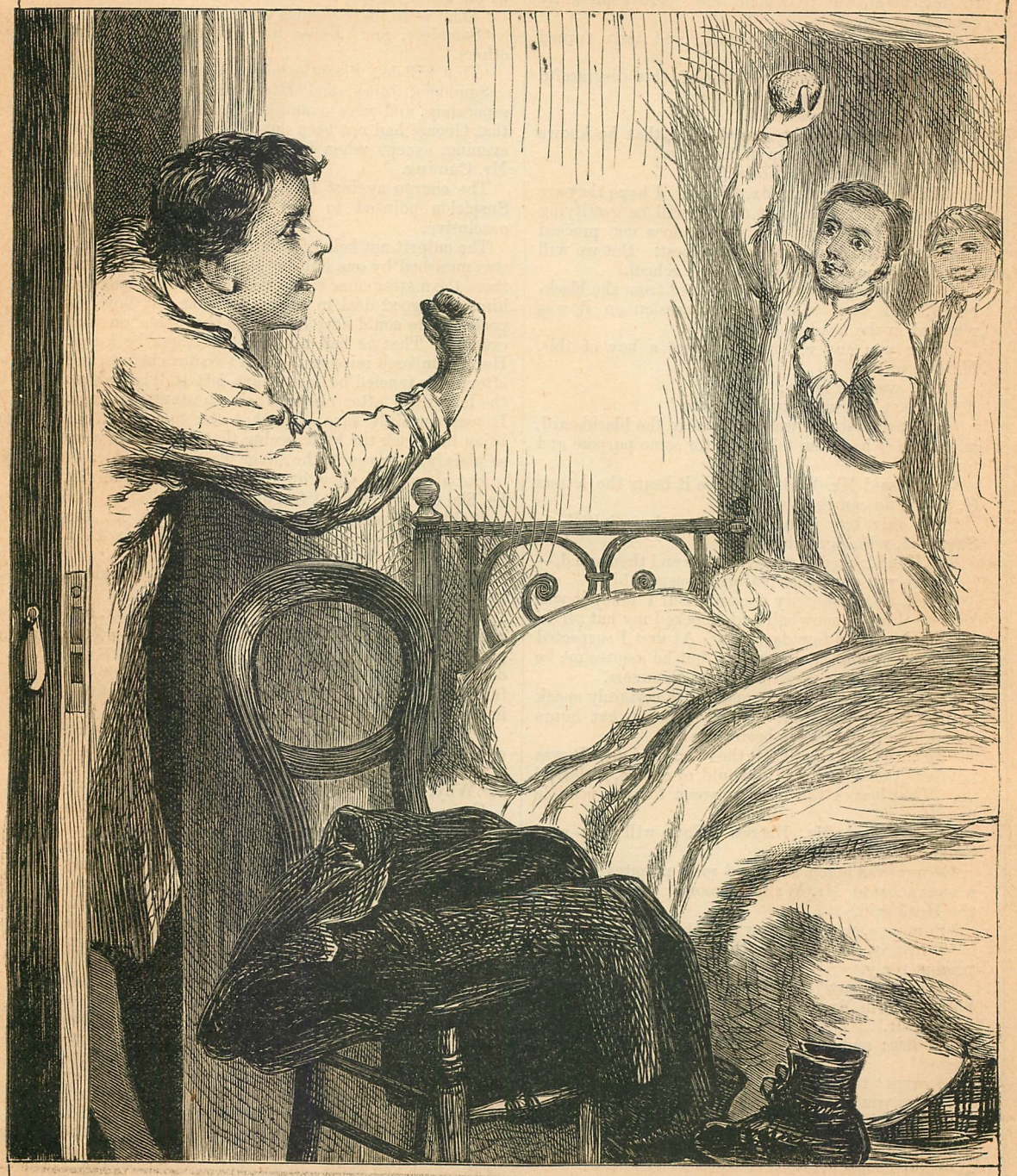
'What's the matter?' asked George.

'Why, don't you see I've cut this hand?'

On examination a slight scratch *was* visible in the palm of his left hand, so George, with an expression of disgust, left him. But this armed demonstration had an excellent moral effect, and the cuckoo cry was silenced for some time. But his enmity was still cherished. How could he forget that box on the ear when he, merely in a friendly way, tried the 'stamp dodge' on him? No, he would pay Summers out for it yet.

Nor was Blobbs without sympathisers in this amiable resolve. We have said that he and some few others clung pretty constantly to the bottom of the form. They seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to learning a lesson, and were therefore constantly getting kept in. The number of hours they spent in this way generally equalled, or even exceeded, the time for preparation which they had wasted. But it never seemed to come home to them that the first labour would have been the shorter; that to grind at the work and get it over would be much better than to miss the lesson, and then to be kept in after school until it was at last learnt.

(*To be continued.*)



Blobbs, thrusting in his head, called out, "Yah, workhouse boy!"



George on the Tiles.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 263.)

NOW George's success in class caused him to be looked on with ill-feeling by some of this set. Blobbs therefore found ready helpers in his plan for 'paying out' Summers.

One day he thought he had found out a way of at least getting his enemy into trouble. He ran up to Wimms and Barlow, two friends, quite out of breath, one Wednesday afternoon.

'I say, here, here's a jolly chance of paying out Summers! Somebody has left the library door open and the key is in it. Let us lock him in!'

'Hurrah!' cried the rest. 'But how can we?'

'Oh, we can find an excuse for it. Let us think now.'

'I know,' said Barlow. 'I took Macaulay's *Essays* out a month ago just to please Cuming. I'll go and ask him to put it back because I'm in a hurry.'

'Hurrah!' said Blobbs, 'that's it! He's in the long room now, and won't mind going. You must slip up behind him, Barlow, and lock the door quietly.'

'Jolly!' cried the others. 'What a lark if he gets no tea, and doesn't turn up at evening roll-call!'

In pursuance of this plan, Wimms crept into their class-room and took out the despised Macaulay. With this he rushed into the long room.

'Oh, I say, Summers, do a fellow a favour, and put this book back in the library for me. It's such a pull up to that corridor, and I want to play fives with Wimms.'

(This, by-the-by, was untrue. But envy is a fruitful parent of other sins.)

'Perhaps it isn't open?' suggested George.

'Yes it is,' said Wimms.

'All right,' said the other, good-naturedly.

Closing the book he was reading, he took the other volume and went towards the library. Barlow was in waiting in a class-room near, and crept up behind him. As soon as George was fairly into the library he banged to the door, and locked it. Having done this he set off to find Blobbs and Wimms. They were waiting the result of the plot in the playground, and quickly ran up to the room to triumph over the imprisoned foe.

'Yah, workhouse boy! Got him now! Do you begin to want your tea?'

'Will you come out now, or wait till we let you?'

'No chance of anybody coming this way till night. Won't you get it for not being at evening roll-call!'

But to these taunts there was no answer.

'Look here,' continued the ferocious Blobbs, who thought this silence might mean a sulky resolution to bring a master on the scene after they were gone. 'Look here; you tell Cuming about this, and I'll knock your head off!'

'So will I,' cried Wimms, whose courage rose behind a locked door with the key on their side.

'Don't cry, old fellow,' said Barlow. 'Shall we send for the governess, whom Crabbe told us about?'

Still no answer from the room.

'Well, good-bye, don't fret,' cried Blobbs.

'Good-bye,' said the others, and away they went to the playground again.

'What a lark!'

'Won't he be wild!'

'And won't he get it for not turning up at tea!'

With such reflections did they satisfy their hatred.

'Please, Blobbs,' said a little boy, who met them just as they got to the playground, 'I was to give you this.' And handing a small note he ran off with all speed.

Blobbs opened it, and read aloud as follows:—

'SOLD AGAIN. G. SUMMERS.'

The paper dropped from his hand in his astonishment. Nor was their surprise lessened when they saw George playing fives with Saunders on the nearest court. They thought it best to decamp without showing themselves to him, and accordingly went off to the long room, where they might discuss this mystery in peace.

'I can't make it out,' said Blobbs; 'are you sure he was inside the room when you locked it, Barlow?'

'As sure as I am that we are standing here,' was the reply.

'Then I give it up as a bad job.'

So ended this attempt to pay out the object of their dislike. His escape from the library was a simple enough matter. Neither Blobbs nor either of his confederates knew much of that room, for they never went into it of their own accord. They had never noticed that one window opened on to the roof of a small outbuilding, from which there was a drop of about eight feet to the ground—no great difficulty to an athletic boy. George, as soon as Barlow turned the key, saw through their scheme, and at once looked around for means of escape. When Blobbs and Wimms arrived he was already out on the tiles. To drop from thence, and find his way out from the back premises of the head master's house, was short work. He had ample time to get round to the playground, and to write the short note we have mentioned, whilst the confederates were alternately shouting and listening at the library door.

George saw no reason to keep the knowledge of this occurrence to himself, and the matter was warmly taken up by the sleepers in No. 3. The result was unpleasant to Blobbs and his two friends. They were constantly being plagued with questions of an insulting nature.

'Who locked the stable-door after the pony was gone?'

'Who locked nobody up in the library?'

These and similar questions were harmless enough in themselves, but taken in connexion with the recent event they were far too personal.

'I'll dish him yet,' said Blobbs, one day after a hot but ineffectual pursuit of two small boys who had shouted some allusions to the matter after him. 'I tell you what it is, Tickley, I shall go in for the scholarships, and see if I can't help keep him out.'

It was not easy to hear this astonishing resolution with becoming solemnity. Blobbs in for the scholarships! Would wonders never cease?

But what these scholarships were must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

A GOOD citizen of Rookesbury, towards the end of the last century, left a sum of money with which to found certain scholarships in connexion with the Grammar School. Their annual value was not great, but about equalled half the cost of education at the school. Two were awarded every year to the boys under a certain age, and there was generally a sharp contest for them. Now George was just under the required age, and by his master's advice resolved to compete. He knew that his education was a large item in his mother's expenditure, and he therefore made up his mind to do his best in the matter, and to say nothing about it in his letters until the matter was settled.

Now it so happened by a very curious circumstance that Blobbs also came within the required age. His lot was in one way a very hard one. He came into the world on the twenty-ninth of February, and therefore could only keep his birthday once in every four years. Had his birthday been on the first of March, instead of on this extra day, Blobbs would have been disqualified. As it was he could go in, and would go in too.

His resolution, when made known, caused some mirth. But mirth could not alter his course in this case. Go in he would.

But, if this was to be so, he must needs alter his ways, and shun idleness for the next month at any rate. He resolved to say good-bye to his old friends and habits at a select entertainment to be given on his birthday.

The invitations were issued on the morning of the day in question, and the expectations of the favoured ones were roused to a high pitch by the arrival of a corpulent hamper addressed to 'Mr. Vincent Blobbs,' and marked 'With care. Perishable.'

Those of the fourth who slept in No. 3 found themselves left out in the cold, but resolved to have a counter-entertainment upon such materials as their funds would allow. Thus both rooms were anxiously looking forward to the evening. Blobbs succeeded in getting his hamper smuggled upstairs to No. 2, and all the preparations went on as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell.

The hour came, and the light went. Then everybody sprang out of bed, and the entertainment began.

In order fully to do honour to the occasion three dark lanterns had been borrowed. These were quickly brought out and lit. Then the good things were rapidly unpacked, and handed round. The first consisted of sausage-rolls, which were for the most part eaten in dignified silence. Then came an enormous cake, glistening with white sugar, and ornamented on top with the letters 'V. B.'

'Who has a knife?' asked the host.

Ah! here was a difficulty. One has lost his, another's had recently been borrowed. Only two could be produced. The blade of one was so very dirty that its use was out of the question; the other was indeed a penknife, and the blade was absurdly small for the task of cutting a cake. There was nothing for it but to use this, and after a good deal of hacking everybody was supplied. At the same time the ginger-beer was handed round in its bottles.

Tickley, as the chief man of the room, now rose to address the company, bottle in hand.

'Brothers in arms——' he began.

'Don't say that,' interrupted Baker; 'it sounds so like babies-in-arms.'

'Besides,' suggested their obtuse entertainer, 'aren't we brothers in legs as well as arms?'

This idea was met with laughter, and the speech-maker continued,—

'Brothers—I won't say in arms—since that carries our friend Baker back to the recent times when he had a nurse——'

'No it doesn't,' interrupted Baker.

'But brothers in feeling, I speak to-night under an unusual sense of—of——'

'Fulness,' suggested Baker.

'Yes, fulness, and I think I shall be saying what you all mean when I say that—— Wimms is bagging the rest of the cake, Blobbs!'

This little matter having been settled, he went on,—

'I beg, therefore, that you will all——'

What Tickley would have wished them to do it is impossible to say, for at that moment the cork of his ginger-beer bottle went pop! Then the contents foamed out, and there was nothing for it but to clap the bottle to his mouth, and begin drinking the health of their kind entertainer without further parley. Nor was there any slowness on the part of the rest to follow his example, and for some few minutes little could be heard but the gurgling of the ginger-beer, and an occasional cough when some of it went the wrong way.

But the good things were not yet at an end. Blobbs plunged his arm deeper into the straw, and drew forth a black bottle.

'Wine!' he remarked, with a significant shake of the head, as though he would say, 'You don't get this every day in the year. When I do the thing I do it well.'

Search was made in the hamper in the hope that a glass might likewise have been put in; but none could be found. The only course was to drink out of the bottle again.

The cork was drawn, and then Blobbs handed the bottle to Tickley.

'You begin, Tickley; and everybody to drink for five seconds by my watch.'

Tickley placed the bottle to his mouth. But Mr. Blobbs' 'fine old crusted port' (at 35*s.* a dozen) was very fiery. The first mouthful must have gone the wrong way, for the drinker coughed and spluttered so much that his time was up before he was in a state to try again.

Baker now grasped the bottle, and became so attached thereto that he was loth to leave it.

'Time's up!' cried Blobbs.

But still Baker clung to the bottle.

'Now, Baker,' implored Wimms, the next appointed drinker.

No answer but the rolling of his eyes, and the gurgling of the fluid.

Wimms and *his* successor could stand this no longer, and violently seized the bottle. Baker resented the insult, and struggled to retain it. But the



The Gossips.—Speak kindly.

contest was soon over, for Wimms tripped up Baker, and the two fell to the ground. The bottle was broken, and both were a good deal cut by the glass.

'You have done it now!' cried Blobbs. 'Look at my wine!'

'Bother your wine!' was the reply: 'look at our hands!'

A great mopping up of the fluid with towels, and binding up of hands with handkerchiefs now took place.

In the midst of this the door opened, and in walked Mr. Bigges. A general rush for the beds took place. But the dark lanterns were casting their glare upon the scene, and there was no escape.

'Everybody out of bed! I have often lately been annoyed at night by this room. You will all be reported to Mr. Walton.'

No defence was possible under the circumstances, and the late scene of revelry was turned into one of mourning.

Leaving directions for the pieces of broken bottle to be collected from the floor, Mr. Bigges left the room. *(To be continued.)*

THE GOSSIPS.

HAVE you heard what that sly hypocrite, Annie Wilmot, has done?' cried Mary to her three friends, Jane, Bessie, and Mabel. 'I really could scarcely believe it, and I feel so angry I shall never, never play with her again.'

'What has she done, Mary?' cried the three friends with the utmost curiosity. 'Why, we used to think that Annie was a good girl!'



BRITISH POETS.—LORD BYRON.

School Room, Harrow.
Harrow.
Athens.

Newstead Abbey.

School, Harrow.
Tomb, Harrow Church.
Chillon.

'Good!' echoed Mary, in disdain. 'Well, what do you think of this? I made a heart-shaped pincushion as a birthday gift to our school-teacher (all the girls are to give her a present), and it looked so lovely, made of white muslin and lace; and now that mean creature has copied mine, and made one exactly the same; only hers is of pink satin, and of course much handsomer, and so I suppose I might as well throw mine away, after all my trouble. Is it not shameful?'

'Disgraceful!' cried Jane.

'I hate a cunning girl!' said Bessie.

'I have always suspected that she was rather sly,' added Mabel; 'but really this is too bad.'

'Too bad indeed,' cried all the four little gossips in a perfect whirl of indignation; but a surprise was in store for them all.

That same evening a small parcel and a note was handed in to Mary. It was from Annie Wilmot. The note was as follows:—

'Dear Mary,—I hope you will like the little pink satin pincushion which I have made for you. I have finished my gift for our teacher: it is a little work-basket lined with blue. Mother wants you to come to tea to-morrow evening; so do come. Your friend,

Annie.'

Mary's face flushed up with shame. Annie had been making the pink satin pincushion as a gift for herself all the time that she had been speaking so harshly and unkindly of her little friend! In her distress she ran and told her mother all about it.

'Well, dear,' said her mother, 'take warning for the future. Never be hasty in forming a judgment upon the conduct of any one; think as kindly as you can of all your young companions; and try not to have a bitter tongue, which is a sad fault in a woman.'

Mary pondered over her mother's words, and I have heard that since that day she has been a gentler and more amiable girl, while she and Annie Wilmot are close friends.

D. B.

BRITISH POETS.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, was born in London, at a house in Holles Street, on the 22nd of January, 1788. His father was an officer, a wild, unprincipled man, and his mother was a Scotch lady who had brought her husband a large fortune. This fortune Captain Byron soon squandered away, and then deserted his wife, who, with her little baby, returned to Scotland, and made her home for several years in Aberdeen. She was too poor to keep a house on her own account, so she lived in lodgings, and when her child was old enough she sent him first to a small day-school, and afterwards to the Aberdeen Grammar School. In 1796 the boy fell ill with scarlet fever, and on his recovery his mother took him to spend the summer at Ballater. There Byron passed some of the happiest hours of his life, rambling in the woods and upon the hill-sides with his favourite dog for a companion. In spite of the loneliness of Ballater, Mrs. Byron seems to have enjoyed her stay there as much as her son did, for she spent the two following summers in the same quiet spot.

Captain Byron died in 1791, and in the autumn of 1798 his uncle, Lord Byron, whose home was at Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire, died also, and the little George succeeded to the title and estates. Mrs. Byron at once left Aberdeen and came to England with her son, anxious now to give him a better education than she had hitherto been able to procure for him. Newstead was leased to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and the young peer and his mother settled in Nottingham for a time, removing afterwards to London. Lord Byron spent two years at a boarding-school at Dulwich, and from thence he went to Harrow. His favourite seat, a large flat tomb under an elm-tree in Harrow churchyard, may still be seen, and is called by the boys 'Byron's Tomb.'

In 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and won the friendship of many of the students, though he did not distinguish himself by any special attention to his studies. He was a great lover of animals, and kept a bear and some bull-dogs in his rooms. He had also a Newfoundland, which accompanied him wherever he went. He was passionately fond of boating; and notwithstanding his incurable lameness, he took an active share in all kinds of athletic sports.

In 1807 the young poet published a little volume of verses, entitled *Hours of Idleness*, which was very severely criticised. Byron's excitable spirit was thoroughly roused by the cutting remarks of the reviewer, and he revenged himself by the production of his famous satirical poem, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

In 1809 he went abroad, and spent two years in travelling through Spain and Turkey. On his return he published the first part of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which delighted the literary world. For the next three years Byron was one of the idols of London Society, and led a gay and easy life, numbering amongst his friends Lord Holland and the poets Moore and Rogers.

But in the midst of his honours and pleasures he was far from being happy. His unrequited love for Mary Chaworth, a lady whose estate of Annesley adjoined his own at Newstead, cast a shadow over him which no amount of dissipation could chase away, and he was also oppressed with an enormous burden of debt. To free himself from this burden he sold Newstead, and in 1815 he married a rich wife. He was still, however, unable to satisfy the demands of his creditors, and only his peerage saved him from being imprisoned. His passionate nature was goaded into fury by the continual annoyances to which he was subjected, and his conduct at length led Lady Byron to believe that he was insane. After living with him for twelve months she left him, and refused to return, and Byron in a fit of desperation turned his back upon his own country and went to Italy, where he remained till the summer of 1823.

The story of his life during these seven years is a story full of sin and sorrow, but it must not be forgotten that much of Byron's folly and wickedness was

the result of the imperfect training which he received in his boyhood. He was naturally high-spirited, generous, and affectionate, but he had never been taught to control his passions in any way, and his sensitive mind was open to the slightest impression for good or for evil. Unfortunately the temptation to evil of many kinds beset him on every side and he had no strength to resist it. But in spite of his grievous sins and follies, his biographer tells us that throughout his life he never lost a friend, and that those who loved him in his youth loved him to the day of his death.

In 1823 the struggle of Greece for independence roused the poet's sympathies, and he left Italy for the purpose of helping the Greeks with money, advice, and bodily service. But the last few years, spent in vicious indulgence, had robbed him of his strength, and after a few months he was seized with fever at Missolonghi. There he died on the 19th of April, 1824, to the inexpressible grief of the Greek soldiers, who had learned to look upon him as their devoted friend. His body was brought to England, and lies in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead.

Amongst his chief poems may be mentioned the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*, written in London; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, completed at Venice in 1818; and the *Prisoner of Chillon*, written at Geneva, where he spent a few months on his way to Italy.

H. L. T.

THE ROSE-BEETLE.

ONE autumn, while residing in a cottage on the banks of Loch Earn, Perthshire, a district celebrated for its wealth of wild roses, we entered one day a bed-chamber which had not been occupied for some time. Our attention was at once attracted by a dark mass in the upper corner of the window. The window faced the south, and the room was a warm one. Upon examination, the dark mass proved to be large green flies piled one upon the top of another, just like a swarm of bees. We touched them with a stick, but they were not inclined to move, and crowded the closer together. In the evening, when a light was brought into the room, then they seemed to wake up, and flew about with a loud humming sound. Two boys who were to sleep in the room tried to get rid of the intruders, but it was impossible to dislodge them all; many were killed, and we observed that the dead insects emitted a strong odour of honey. We afterwards learned that these insects were 'Rose-beetles,' a creature common enough in many parts of Britain, but especially frequenting districts where roses abound.

The rose-beetle is scarcely an inch in length, of a shining green colour above and a dusky red colour underneath. The grub, which is found among rotten timber, remains for three years in the larva state; it then forms a cocoon for itself out of pieces of rotten wood glued together by an excretion of its own. It passes the winter thus, and emerges in the spring a perfect insect. It flies with a humming sound, feeding on honey and the ripe fruit of the wild rose. Where wild roses are abundant, with large rich hips, these insects may be seen greedily feeding upon the sweet fruit.

D. B. McKean.

'PUT YOUR PAW UP!'

A True Story.

SHALL I tell you a story about a pussy-cat named Mew-mew? She was a very good cat, and never stole the cream which cook put on one side, nor frightened Gyp the canary, who used to sing so loudly from his cage in the window. No; she used to sit cosily on the rug before the fire in winter, or lie blinking in the sun in warm weather.

She had one fault, however. When she was a little sleepy or hungry she used to yawn with her mouth very wide open. She could not help that, because hungry and sleepy people can't help yawning; but the dreadful part of it was that she never put up her paw in front of her wide-open mouth!

Well, Mew-mew lived with a lady who was very fond of all sorts of animals, and one of her pets was a little yellow-hammer, a small bird with a yellowish and blackish coat.

This little bird, whose name was Pippin, was allowed to fly about the room quite freely, and Mew-mew never hurt him, for he was a great friend of hers, and they had grown up together. Pippin used to pretend to peck at Mew-mew's tail, and she would pat at him gently without putting out her claws, for she would not have hurt him for the world.

One day in the winter Mew-mew was dozing cosily by the fire, and Pippin was hopping about the floor, or flying up on the picture-frames, or looking at himself in the glass.

They had been going on comfortably like this, and their mistress was reading a book in her arm-chair by the fire, when she made a little movement with her foot, near which Pussy was lying. This disturbed Mrs. Mew-mew, and so she roused up and stretched herself, and then gave herself a good washing all over with her tongue, and by that time Pippin, who was tired of playing alone, came down on the rug and hopped in front of her, waiting for her to play. But Mew-mew was lazy; and when she had done her washing she folded her tail neatly round her, and gave, oh! such a great, long yawn! One would have thought her head must have split in two; and she never put up her paw!

And then, before you would have time to count *one*, Pippin had flown into her mouth; and before Puss knew what had happened, her mouth had shut again. But oh! sad to say, she had bitten off poor little Pippin's head! She sat staring before her as the poor little yellow body tumbled on the floor, and then ran away into a corner and sat huddled up there, looking so unhappy; and her mistress could not scold her because she had not done it on purpose, and because for days afterwards she went about the house looking so wretched.

And now that you have heard the story of what may come of this rude habit, I hope none of you will ever think of yawning, however sleepy or hungry you may be, without being very careful to 'put your hand up!'

M. S. C.



Mew-mew and Pippin.



Blobbs working for the "Exam."

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 268.)

AND now we must for a little go back to No. 3 and its occupants. We have said that they had resolved to hold a counter-entertainment upon the same evening. This was duly carried into effect. The provisions were smuggled upstairs, and a vesta was borrowed for the occasion from a fifth-form boy. By means of this it was thought that everybody might share in a drink of cocoa. Nothing was wanting to give completeness to the affair, for Slade had bought a half-a-pound of sugar, and had also procured a bottle of milk and a small mug.

Everything went off with conspicuous success, even to the cocoa-making. Saunders himself took this in hand, and very soon the water was boiling, the cocoa mixed, and a most refreshing odour came from the vesta. Sugar and milk were then called for. Unfortunately the sugar had burst from its paper, and had got mixed up with some odd marbles, a top, and a few other things in one of Slade's pockets. The milk also had gone a little sour through the churning it had undergone during the day. But these were mere trifles. As Slade observed, 'Soldiers often had to put up with worse things than that.' Why, then, should the warriors of No. 3 mind? They were in no mood to object, and everybody pronounced the cocoa delicious.

One good point about their dainties was that they were able to take them comfortably seated in bed, which in spring-time was no small matter.

'Look here,' said Saunders, as the fragrant cup went round, 'can't somebody spin us a yarn?'

'Good idea,' cried Slade, answering for the rest. 'Who shall begin?'

'Summers ought to,' suggested somebody, 'because he is the last new-comer.'

This proposal met with general acceptance, and George had therefore to comply. He racked his brain for something to tell, and at last fell back upon the story of the highwayman on Black's Patch, which the old gentleman with the cravat told him on the day he came to school.

'Now, Slade,' Saunders said, when the applause had subsided; 'your turn now.'

'I don't know what to tell,' objected Slade.

'Gammon!' was the general reply.

'Well, I'll tell you a story I once heard. It didn't happen in England, so you must not mind if any of it sounds strange.'

'There was once a tailor living in a large town, and one evening while he was at work in his shop a little man with a hump on his back sat down on his doorstep and began to sing. The tailor liked the music so much that he asked the hunchback to come inside. So he came in and sat down. Presently they had supper; but, whilst the hunchback was eating some fish, a bone stuck in his throat and choked him. They did not know what to do lest they should be charged with murder. But the tailor thought of a plan. He carried the body in the dark to the house of a Jew doctor close by. When the servant came to the door he told her to give that piece of gold to her master, and tell him there was a sick man downstairs. When the servant's back was turned the tailor ran off.

'The doctor ran downstairs, pleased with the gold, but found the man dead. Thinking he had died since entering the house, he was in a great fright. He soon thought of a plan to get rid of it. By his wife's help he got the body on to the roof and let it down a neighbour's chimney, who was out at the door. Now his neighbour had been often robbed; so when he came home and saw this man sticking out of the chimney, he fell upon him and beat him soundly. Then, looking closer, he saw he was dead. Thinking he had killed him, he was in a great state. At last he carried the man out and propped him against a wall. A merchant, who passed by, jostled the body, and it fell on him. Thinking it to be a robber, he turned round and hit away with his stick. As he was doing this up came the police, and found the dead man. So they at once carried him off to ——'

'I say, Slade,' cried Barrell, who had the credit of being fond of reading, 'you're bagging that story out of some book.'

'What book?' asked Slade.

'Why, *Pickwick Papers*, or something like that.'

'No, it is not, then. It's out of *The Arabian Nights*.'

'Ah! I knew it was in some book I read in the holidays.'

'Never mind where it comes from,' said Saunders; 'tell us how it finished up.'

'Well,' continued Slade, 'they took the merchant before the Judge, and he was ordered to be put to death. He was already on the scaffold, when the doctor's neighbour rushed up and said *he* was the murderer. They were going to impale him instead of the merchant, when the doctor cried out that *he* was the man. The doctor was then bound in his place, when the tailor came to the scaffold. The end of it was that the hunchback was found to be only in a swoon, and so nobody was executed after all.'

The story was received with great applause, and another was at once called for.

'Wait a bit,' said Saunders, whose bed was nearest the door, 'I believe I hear something.'

He slipped out of bed, and went quietly out to the corridor. Presently he came back.

'Just as I thought,' he said; 'it's the noise those fellows are making with Blobbs. Somebody will be up to see about it presently. Let us make all snug, and then go on.'

This advice was at once followed. All signs of the feast were soon put out of sight; and then everybody trimmed his bed into neatness, and lay soberly down thereon.

'Now,' said Saunders, 'we are all right. Who will give us the next yarn?'

Nobody volunteered.

'Well, a recitation, then. You go on, Barrell; you must have something at your fingers' ends.'

'Nothing but nails, old boy, and a thorn in the end of one. Try John Morland.'

'Yes, Jack, you go on.'

'How can a fellow recite lying on his back in bed, with the clothes tucked under his chin?'

'Never mind the bed-clothes; we couldn't see if you were out in the middle of the room.'

Finding protest in vain, Morland began: 'Rats!'—

But the word was scarcely out of his mouth when the handle of the door turned, and in walked Mr. Bigges, candle in hand. He had just come from No. 2, and, finding so strange a scene there, had thought it his duty to examine the other room with care.

The light from his candle, as brought to bear upon bed after bed, showing all eyes closed. Heavy breathing also was heard on all sides.

'Everybody is not asleep, I'm sure,' he said.

At these words Saunders unclosed first one eye and then the other.

'Saunders, did you hear any one speak just now?'

'Yes, sir, I seemed to hear somebody call out "Rats!"'

'Just what I thought. Who was it?'

'I, sir,' said Morland, bobbing up his head from the mass of clothes with which he had covered it.

'Rats! there are none here, surely?'

'No, sir, it's only a mouse that was out from a hole by the fireplace,' which was quite true.

'Well, don't cry wolf when there is no wolf. Good-night;' and with these words he left the room.

When the sound of his steps had died away conversation began again.

'No more row to-night,' said Saunders.

'Agreed. But I want to know about "Rats,"' said Bisley. 'What was it going to be, Morland?'

'Don't you know? Then ask Barrell to find out for you by next week; he ought to know.'

But it was now getting late, so the talk flagged, and soon all were asleep.

Thus ended that eventful twenty-ninth of February, and now Blobbs could settle down to his work for the coming examination.

Due investigation was, of course, made the next morning into the terrible state of things which had been detected in No. 2. Mr. Walton was, however, inclined to leniency, when Blobbs had made full confession as to the interesting occasion which had brought them together. The introduction of wine into a bedroom without leave was an offence which could not be passed over. A merely nominal punishment was, however, awarded to Blobbs for this, and then the culprits left the room loud in their praises of the Head's good nature. The wounds of Baker and Wimms were soon healed, and then everybody was once more happy.

CHAPTER VII.

'HALLO, Blobbs! you are looking quite pale. You must not overwork yourself, old fellow.'

It was Crabbe who spoke, throwing himself down by the side of Blobbs. In view of the coming exam. for the scholarships, the latter had sauntered down to the cricket-field on this fine Wednesday afternoon in March with a serious-looking book in his hand.

'You will cram too much, you know, if you don't look out,' said Crabbe.

'No fear of that,' said Blobbs, trying all the time to look as though it was very probable.

'I don't know,' said the other; 'I've heard of lots of fellows who ground hard for prizes and things, and got them, but were no good for anything afterwards—ruined their health, you know—and used up all the brain.'

'You don't say so!' exclaimed Blobbs with an air of alarm.

'Fact, really. Besides, what's the good of success if one's health is ruined? What a fellow wants is *mens sana in corpore sano*, as the ancient poet says.' This Crabbe uttered with the air of a person to whom the Latin language was as familiar as bread and cheese.

'Can't help it, old fellow,' said Blobbs, with an air of resignation. 'I must grind now I'm in for it. I should get on swimmingly if it wasn't for this Virgil.'

'Don't bother about that,' said Crabbe; 'I'll lend you my book.'

'What kind of book?'

'Why a translation, you know, I made it myself, you know, one year.'

'Not a crib?'

'Oh, no. Don't I tell you, I wrote it out myself?' (In point of fact the writing-out part was perfectly true, but it had nevertheless been copied from a printed translation, otherwise a 'crib.')

'Thanks, then, very much.'

'And while I'm about it I may as well let you have some of my old exercise-books. I think they will put you up to a thing or two.'

'That *is* fine! But why don't you lend them to Summers, your cousin?'

'Oh, bother Summers! I'm sick of hearing him praised. Serve him right if he is last.'

Just as he had uttered this amiable wish, somebody out in the field called his name, and Crabbe rose to go.

'I'll send you the books soon, Blobbs,' were his parting words.

Crabbe was true to his word, and the books were placed in his hand that evening, carefully wrapped up from curious eyes. From that time Blobbs began to get on with some of his work in the most surprising way. The improvement was very marked, and was, of course, set down to his extra work for the coming exam. (*To be continued.*)

RAGS AND BONES.

AMONGST the poorest of the poor in our great towns are the bone-grubbers and rag-gatherers. Old men and women, and sometimes children, make a scanty living by these means. In the very early morning the bone-grubber may be seen, with a greasy, grimy sack on his back, an old basket in his hand, and a stick with a spike or crook at the end of it, that he may more easily turn over the heaps of ashes thrown from the houses, and see if they contain anything that is saleable at the 'rag-and-bottle,' or as it is called 'the marine-store' shop.

The articles for which the bone-grubber searches



Rags and Bones.

are rags, bones, and bits of waste metal. Whatever he meets that he knows to be in any way saleable he puts in the bag at his back; and when he gets home from his round—which often takes him ten or twelve hours—he sorts the contents of his bag, and then takes his bundle of rags and bones to the marine-store dealer, who gives him twopence per pound for white rags, but only the same for five pounds of coloured rags and for bones. For old brass, copper, and pewter he gets fourpence a pound, and a farthing a pound for old iron. The bone-grubber thinks he has done a good day's work if he can earn a shilling. Sometimes these poor folk find a sixpence that has been dropped in the street, or even a silver spoon or some small article of value which has been thrown out with the ashes from some mansion, overlooked by a careless servant. But these pieces of good fortune are rare, and the collectors of rags and bones drag out a laborious and half-starved existence, and yet, alas! there are hundreds of them in our great towns.



THE MILL-STREAM.

ONE of the prettiest sights of rural life is the crystal stream which rushes down from some neighbouring hill, and ere it makes its downward voyage to the sea it helps man by turning the machinery of the mill. In our picture we see the repose of evening: the sun is setting, and the birds flying homewards, while the miller himself, released from another day's toil, stands on the rustic bridge watching his boy as he tries to tempt the silvery trout to come to the surface. The cottage at a little distance has a look of comfort and peace.

The machinery of the mill is often turned by the force of the wind in those districts where water-power cannot be obtained. Windmills, which are so common in the more level counties of England, are never seen in Scotland, for in the latter country there is an abundant water supply, and the rivers come down with such a rush from their mountain homes, that the wheel runs merrily round without having to depend upon the more capricious element of wind.

D. B. McKean.

STORY OF LONG DOG.

I HAVE no sympathy with the sensation stories that foster a wild ambition in beardless youths for the blood of the poor Indian. I used to know Long Dog, one of Sitting Bull's warriors, and a man whom you would suppose, from the massacre of Custer and his men, was a near approach to a brute. But he once did me a most noble favour.

'I was guarding the mail on one of the most dangerous routes in Dakota territory at the time of the last outbreak of the Sioux, when I was captured by the Indians and taken to their encampment. I was lashed upon a mule and driven before my

enemies. I received a lesson during that ride that made me an advocate of the protection of animals.

'The mule went slowly; the Indians whipped it, and half the lashes intended for the mule fell upon me. Since that day, or rather night, nothing has excited my anger more than to see a horse whipped. I know how it feels.

'On reaching the camp a council was held, and I was surprised to find an unknown Indian pleading for my release. It was Long Dog. I was set free.

'I afterwards met this Indian and asked him the reason of his friendship.

'"Long ago him give blanket to Indian child. Him forget; Indian never forget."'

'In other words,' said Charlie, 'you were in the West what you are here,—Gentleman Joe.

'What was the most thrilling adventure that you ever had in the West?' asked Charlie.

'When I was *chased*, if I may use the word, by one of the most dreadful foes that can imperil an emigrant.'

'What?'

'A prairie-fire.'

Charlie was eager to hear the story of adventure, and Gentleman Joe laid his hand on his arm, and said,—

'I have been accustomed to speak of this event as being *chased*, for so it seemed.'

He then related the following story:—

I was travelling with an emigrant and his family in a prairie schooner, as the large covered waggon in which pioneers move is called. The emigrant had a large family of children, whom he called Mercy Ann, Ned, Bob, Tom, Kit, and Nick. He also had a babe; to become some future Congressman, perhaps, from the West.

I pitied the mother. She was a true, good woman; nearly all pioneer mothers are.

One night I was roused from my slumbers by the children, who were awake, and the older of whom seemed greatly excited.

'O-o-o-o! I never *did!* Mercy Ann, get up and look!'

A second small, dark face, the exact counterpart of the first, peered into the starlight, and another low, wondering voice exclaimed,—

'Never did *I*, neither. Ned, get up!'

Ned rolled hastily over, disturbing Bob, who leaped erect, hitting his head against a saucepan, which fell heavily into the upturned face of sleeping Tom. A terrified bounce precipitated Tom across the stomach of little Nick, who cried out distressedly, calling forth from the next waggon the query,—

'What's the rumpus, children?'

'The prairie's all afire!' exclaimed a chorus of voices.

'And it's steerin' straight this way,' added Bob.

'And we're so scared!' said Mercy Ann and Kit, huddling close together with chattering teeth.

'Hear it roar!' shouted Ned, excitedly.

The father put his head through an opening at the back of the tented waggon, listened intently for a moment, and replied,—

'Fudge!' it's nothin' but the wind ye hear a roarin'. The fire's miles away, and a crick or sunthin' else'll stop its course long enough afore it scorches us. Pack yourselves away agin and stop yer cacklin' afore ye set the wee un a squallin', and rouse the mother up. Go ter sleep, go ter sleep,' he grumbled, drawing in his head and soon relapsing into sleep.

The 'cacklin'' subsided into mysterious whispers, and the little emigrants 'packed' themselves, but not to sleep. Six small faces were framed within the narrow opening of the tented waggon, and the starlight quivering over them revealed a pictured medley,—blended terror and admiration, eager excitement and awe.

'It's like the *very biggest* sea on fire,' said Mercy Ann.

'And the tide a-comin' in on fire, too,' said Kit.

'An' volcanoes busthin' up all over it,' said tongue-tied Tom.

'Red 'n' yaller 'n' purple 'n'—My! I see—y-e-a-s, as true as I'm an emigrant, I do—squads and squads of soldiers all afire, marchin' and counter-marchin'. Ye needn't giggle, Bob Fillerbuster—guess I know what 'tis to march 'n' countermarch,' said Ned, in a growing whisper.

'He's not gigglin'; he's shakin' with skeer,' interposed Tom.

'No such thing! I'm tryin' not to sneeze and rouse daddy agin,' said Bob, elbowing Tom wrathfully. 'Yes, I see the soldiers now; thousan's and thousan's on 'em, right down at the edge of the tide. Cricket! how their legs go! They're playin' crack the whip.'

'That fire'll rout the wolves 'n' snakes and prairie-dogs,' said Tom.

'Look! look! up yonder's all afire, too! Are there prairies in the *sky?*' whispered Kit, in amazement.

Wonderful! Above the purple blackness that overhung the burning prairie burst a crimson glow. Was it a watchfire set on high to lure the footsteps of that mystic host, marching and counter-marching down by the edge of the sea?

'Must be on the high land we came over to-day,' said Ned. 'Did ye mind how tall and dry the grass was up there? Wild hosses couldn't outrun that fire. Hark! Hear that!'

'Prairie wolves!' whispered the children, huddling closer together.

'Back to yer nests, all on ye!' whispered Ned, excitedly, seizing the old sharpshooter. 'I'll mount guard, and defend the camp, and watch the fire.'

Kit and Nick crept into a bedquilt together, and shaped themselves into a tight, round roll, that shook like a bowl of disturbed jelly. Bob and Tom lay down upon the straw and engaged in courageous whispers, and trembled in their boots. But the distant growling died away, and only the wind made noises in the tall, dry grass. The children stopped trembling and began to wink. Pretty soon they stopped winking and began to sleep.

The stars quivered on through the night; the watchfire in the sky burned brighter and brighter; the mysterious soldiers marched nearer and nearer, while the tired little picket slumbered.

Something more than the roaring of the wind roused our sleeping senses at length. The cattle were breaking camp. The baby's face was all aglow. The fire was coming upon us. I saw that we were in danger.

'For the horses!' shouted the emigrant, in a hoarse, excited voice.

'They've broken camp with the cattle,' cried Ned, pointing to the bellowing, neighing herd escaping over the prairie.

'Lord, pity us!' groaned the father, with a wild, white face. 'It's comin' fast. Run fer yer lives!' he cried, snatching the baby from the mother's grasp, and driving the children before him like a herd of frightened deer.

But alas! what was frail human strength when measured by that of the Fire Spirit? Faster and faster rolled the flames, and slower and slower grew our speed. The baby became a burden in the father's arms. The mother sank breathless upon the grass, and the children dropped sobbingly around her.

'Heaven have mercy on us! We can't go no further,' said the father, in a dry, choked voice. 'Say yer prayers, childrun, and speak a word fer poor wicked daddy, fer he can't.'

A sob choked away the rest of the sentence, and the father folded his arms in mute despair, looking down upon his family with the fear of a dreadful doom written on his countenance.

But a shout of hope arising from the lips of Ned reanimated the despairing family. Right into the glow of the oncoming flames dashed four horsemen, weird and wild enough in appearance to seem the leaders of the fire-soldiers, but they were human riders.

'Injuns!' muttered the father, with a gleam of hope lighting up his face.

'They've spied the waggons, and are makin' for 'em,' said Ned.

'Well, they're welcome to all they can get; though Heaven knows all we have on arth is in the waggons,' said the father, sadly. 'Can we make 'em hear, think ye?'

'Now boys shout with yer daddy. Now, then—Hip!' cried Ned, raising his voice lustily, joined by all the rest.

The 'hello' reached the ears of the Indians. They wheeled about in the direction whence it came, listened until it was repeated, held a hurried consultation, then turned again and were soon engaged in loading the ponies with the contents of the waggons.

'There'll be little chance for us with all the ponies packed with plunder. I'm afeared the red skins' greed will turn out stronger than their pity,' said the father, anxiously.

The fire was now hard upon the waggons, but the Indians worked fearlessly and fleetly, until a great portion of the goods were tied up in quilts and blankets, and placed upon the ponies; then leaping astride the plunder, they dashed along toward the place where we were waiting in breathless suspense. The children trembled with new terror on seeing the Indians draw near, with their scarlet blankets flying in the wind, and their dark faces making fierce pictures in the flickering firelight.

'They'll scalp us, they *will!*' cried Kit, clinging to her mother's neck, faint with fright.

'Hush! darlin'; they'll save your life, maybe,' said the mother.

The Indians halted to reconnoitre the group, one of them counting upon his fingers the number of the family, and shaking his head doubtfully at his companions.

'For the love of mercy, save the mother and children,' pleaded the father, with imploring gestures.

The Indians disputed together in unintelligible gibberish, measuring the distance of the oncoming flames, and viewing first the emigrants and then their plunder in an undecided manner. Suddenly, one of the company seemed to have hit upon a plan that was assented to by all but one, in whose breast avarice proved stronger than pity. With a disapproving grunt he spurred his pony and hurried away, leaving his companions heaping fierce execrations upon his retreating head. The remaining three dismounted, and in a twinkling threw the plunder to the ground and began hoisting the mother and the children to the ponies' backs, one of the Indians holding up two fingers and saying, "No," by a significant shake of the head.

'One of ye'll have to stay behind with daddy, he means; there's not room fer all. Go, Ned, yer the biggest; mother will need ye most. Which one will stay with daddy?' said the father, in a faltering voice.

The children looked into each other's pale faces. Mercy Ann and Kit stretched up their arms beseechingly to their mother. '*I* can't! I *can't!*' cried Bob, springing frantically on to one of the ponies.

Tom, little tongue-tied Tom, who had trembled in his boots at the distant growling of the wolves, stood out the hero of the night, with the spirit of a Casabianca shining in his face.

'I'll stay with daddy,' he said, slipping down from his place behind his mother into his father's arms.

'God bless ye, my brave sonnie! Ye'll stay with daddy, will ye?'

The Indians pointed to the baggage, made backward gestures with their hands, and the ponies dashed away.

'D'ye think they *will* come back for us, daddy? They made as if they would with their hands. We might run a little ways.'

'No, no, my boy; daddy's lame, ye know. We couldn't get fur, and they might lose us if we left the plunder. They'll have to git here very soon if—don't ye see 'm comin', Tom? Yer eyes are sharper 'n mine.'

'No; and the fire is comin' so fast. If God had made a crick right over there! Maybe there is a crick, daddy! We didn't see the hill. You know there most always is.'

A cry of hope interrupted Tom. 'I *didn't* see it! Likely's not—perhaps the good Lord—*run*, Tommy; can't ye keep up with lame daddy? Faster, faster, boy!'

On, on, over the hill. What was there below? Only a creek making music all to itself down among the rushes at the bottom of the ravine,—but the river of life it was to the father and little boy, who soon rested safely on the other side. It was that to which the Indians had mysteriously pointed.

The fire stopped there. From some safer place the Indians saw that it had been arrested, and soon out of the smoke they came returning with the mother and the children, but they carried off all the plunder. And then, with nothing in the world left but his family, the emigrant knelt down and gave thanks to God.



"Run, Tommy! Can't ye keep up with lame Daddy?"



"Hoy!" cried Farmer Butt in the distance.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 275.)

AS Blobbs was one of those people to whom a secret is a worrying thing to have, he confided his possession of the books to Baker, and the two often drew inspiration from their perusal. They helped one another, a good deal in class, but not always with success.

'Blobbs, the Latin for a goose?' said Mr. Cuming, in the course of one lesson.

'Tell a fellow,' whispered he to Baker, who was next above him.

'*Anser*,' said Baker, behind his book.

'Wish I could!' said Blobbs.

'*Anser*,' prompted Baker again.

'Now, Blobbs, we are waiting,' mildly said the master.

'Now, Baker!' urged Blobbs, enforcing his request by a dig at his elbow.

'*Anser*,' again whispered Baker.

Enraged at what he thought this mockery, Blobbs scowled vengeance upon Baker, nor was it until Wimms gave '*anser*' as the Latin for 'goose,' and went above him, that Blobbs saw how his own ignorance had misled him. But, on the whole, their partnership prospered well.

Baker, however, like Blobbs, could not keep a secret. In a moment of unusual candour he told Barrell the cause of their success. Barrell at once sought out Saunders, as being more experienced in such delicate matters.

'Look here, Saunders, Blobbs has an old crib, that's why he gets on with his Virgil now.'

'How do you know?' asked the cautious Saunders.

'Baker told me, and he goes halves.'

'Print?'

'No, written.'

'Hard lines for our men, especially Summers, who is new to these dodges. Let's go and find him.'

George was soon found reading a tattered copy of *Ivanhoe* in a shady corner of the playground.

Saunders opened the matter at once.

'How goes the scholarship?'

'About as well as usual.'

'Better look out; Blobbs and Baker have a crib.'

'How do you know?'

'Barrell saw it. Baker showed it to him.'

To this Barrell assented by a solemn nod.

'Can't be helped,' said George.

'Oh, bother!' said Saunders, 'you aren't going to let them lick you like that?'

'Not if I can win.'

'Then you must be down to their dodge.'

'How?' asked George.

'By getting a crib too; Griffen, in the fifth, would ——'

'Thanks, but I don't want one.'

'Not have one!' exclaimed Saunders; 'why, it's quite fair any way if they have one.'

'Not a bit of it,' was the reply. 'It's cheating in any case, making believe you did the thing yourself when you bagged it from a crib. I call it low.'

'Then you'll go on as usual?'

'Of course, and do my best.'

'Wish you luck,' said Saunders; 'but it isn't fair all the same. But never mind that now. Are you up for fishing this afternoon?'

'Rather,' said George, rising at once.

'Then let's be off, I've everything ready, so just pop in for your rod. Barrell can't come.'

George was soon back again, rod in hand, and the two set out together.

The afternoon promised some good sport, and they jogged along the road in excellent spirits. As was natural, the conversation soon turned to the old subject, that of using 'cribs.'

'Do you really think it wrong,' asked Saunders, 'when all the other fellows in the class do the same thing?'

'Well,' said George, 'that makes some difference. Of course, then it can't be cheating the other fellows. But it's wrong all the same. The school rule is that they are not to be used, and therefore to use them is wrong.'

'But hasn't a fellow a right to use anything that will get him on?'

'They won't get him on. Everybody knows that. It's like walking with crutches; it gets a man along, but doesn't teach him how to walk without them. You know fellows only use "cribs" because they are lazy or dull.'

'Thanks, old boy, very much. Now which am I?' asked Saunders.

'Oh, you must settle that yourself,' said George, with a laugh. 'I leave it to conscience, you know.'

'Well,' said the other, 'I believe you are right; so, as one must act up to one's belief, I shall try pegging away with dictionary and lexicon without using the crutches in future.'

Just then they came in sight of the stream, and changed the subject for a more exciting one.

The place where they were about to fish was where a small stream, the tributary of a large river, wound its way through some meadows. Upon the other side of the water to them the ground rose gradually to some height. The only objection to the spot was this—the farmer through whose land the stream there ran claimed the fishing as his own. His right was disputed, but that did not prevent him from taking summary vengeance upon such juvenile fishers as he or his men could catch. At times, however, a spirit of benevolence seemed to possess him, and visitors came, fished, and went in peace.

'Here we are,' cried Saunders; 'this is the place I ground-baited last night.'

They stopped, put together their rods, made all things ready, and then began fishing with all due gravity.

Who was it said that fishing was an exhibition of a rod with a fool at one end and a worm at the other? Doubtless somebody who had no taste for and no skill in the sport. Do we not know a great many people who never played cricket, and who think it sheer nonsense; who are innocent of football; indeed, who seem to think every game in existence, from

rounders to leap-frog, at which they cannot play, a waste of time, and only fit for lunatics? Lads who care for fishing are not likely to take their strictures much to heart.

While we have been talking, Saunders and Summers have been fishing. We must see how they have been getting on.

Inside the basket (the basket prepared for the spoils of both) were one or two signs of their success before the first half-hour had gone.

Presently Saunders found himself in a difficulty. A fish of larger size than the others took the bait, and ran out a good length of line, taking refuge amongst some reeds on the other side of the stream. The result was that the line got entangled.

'Look at this old customer, George, at the end of my line. What's to be done?'

'Don't know,' was the reply. 'Try and untwist it gently.'

'I have; but it must be done under water.'

'All right,' said George, 'I'll run round by the bridge and manage it.'

A small foot-bridge crossed the stream about a hundred yards below. He soon ran round and reached the place on the opposite bank. The reeds were too far out, he found, to reach from the bank, so he took off boots and stockings and waded into the stream. He had just cut through the reeds, and disentangled the line, when a cry was heard from the hill-top.

'Hoy!'

Saunders and George raised their eyes, and saw the well-known form of Farmer Butt on the summit. By his side stood a labourer, to whom he was apparently giving orders for their pursuit.

'We must get out of this,' said Saunders; 'make haste, Summers, it won't do to be caught.'

George needed no second warning.

'Bring along my rod,' he cried, 'and I'll carry this end of your rod round by the bridge. He shall not have the fish, any way.'

As he said this he scrambled to the bank. Then, with his own shoes and stockings in one hand, and the fish at the end of the line in the other, he set out for the footbridge at top speed. Saunders had an almost equally difficult task, having to run as best he could, carrying two rods and a fishing-basket.

'Hoy!' cried Farmer Butt in the distance. 'Come back!' At the same time he shook his fist, as though this was likely to have a soothing and attractive effect. Just then the labourer began to run downhill. But he was not in a good condition for much running. He had spent most of that day in a ploughed field, and his boots were heavily weighted with clay. Moreover, he had no interest in the capture of boys.

'Drat they lads!' muttered Giles to himself, as he hobbled down the hill. 'They do torment the measter, sure!'

Meanwhile George had crossed the bridge, and the two were shuffling along the foot-path through the meadows.

'Saunders,' said George, presently, 'what shall we do if he follows up the road?'

'Do?' said the other. 'Why——'

But there was no need for a plan to be formed, for just then they heard a splash behind. Looking around they saw Giles floundering in the stream. The impetus he gained in coming down hill had been too much. Instead of rushing just on to the narrow bridge, he missed it by a foot or two, tripped up over a large stone, and fell plump into the water.

Looking at this little tragedy from the safe distance of a hundred yards, it was impossible not to laugh. Giles soon scrambled out again, and shook his fist at the boys. They made good use of the interval, for Saunders took off the fish, wound in the two lines, and quickly took the rods to pieces, whilst George put on his shoes and socks with equal rapidity.

Pursuit was now out of the question; neither was it attempted, for the comic side of the affair made itself so clear to the old farmer that he, like the lads, fell a-laughing also. Then, bidding Giles go home and take his wet things off, he turned away from the scene.

When Saunders and his companion had recovered from their laughter they set off home. The interruption had come so soon that it was not more than four o'clock when they drew near to the school again.

'Let's see what is going on in the field,' said Saunders; and they accordingly went in that way.

On entering and looking around they noticed an interesting sight. It was none other than that of the studious Blobbs, sitting under a tree, and reading with great apparent zeal.

'There's Blobbs!' exclaimed Saunders. 'We must go and see what he's grinding at this fine afternoon.'

They crossed the field, and came quite near to the reader without rousing his attention.

'Hallo, Blobbs! what, reading this fine afternoon?'

Blobbs looked up, and, seeing the speaker, answered in a tone of equal civility, 'Well, you know, I have been trying.'

'Trying, eh?' continued Saunders; 'what is it, then?'

'Well, the fact is,' said Blobbs, 'I came out with my Euclid, intending to have a grind at that, but somehow the fellows made such a row on the ground that I gave it up, and began reading this.'

'And what is that?' asked the other.

'Oh, nothing much; it's called *Redhand, or the Perjured Witness*.'

'One of those pennyworth's of mystery and murder. What a fellow you are for that trash! Where do you get them?'

'Well, Crabbe lent me this just now.'

'Ah! Crabbe has lent you a good many books lately, hasn't he?'

Blobbs winced under this pointed question, and said,—

'Well, yes, he has been rather jolly lately—a lot of these you know—and some others.'

'Just so,' said Saunders, with meaning in his looks; 'but I'm afraid none of them will do you much good.'

The talk was now getting a little too personal, so Blobbs rose from the ground, took out a watch—one of the birthday-presents—and said,—

'Why, it's nearly half-past four! How time does



Watersmeet, Valley of the Lynn.

go! See you again soon.' And with these words he went off in the direction of the school.

'It's all true,' said Saunders, nodding his head at George; 'it's as clear as daylight that he has the crib.'

'Never mind,' said George, 'when the exam. is over you might talk to him about it. He'll soon find out that it can't do wonders for him.'

'We shall see,' said the other. 'I'm off to the house.'

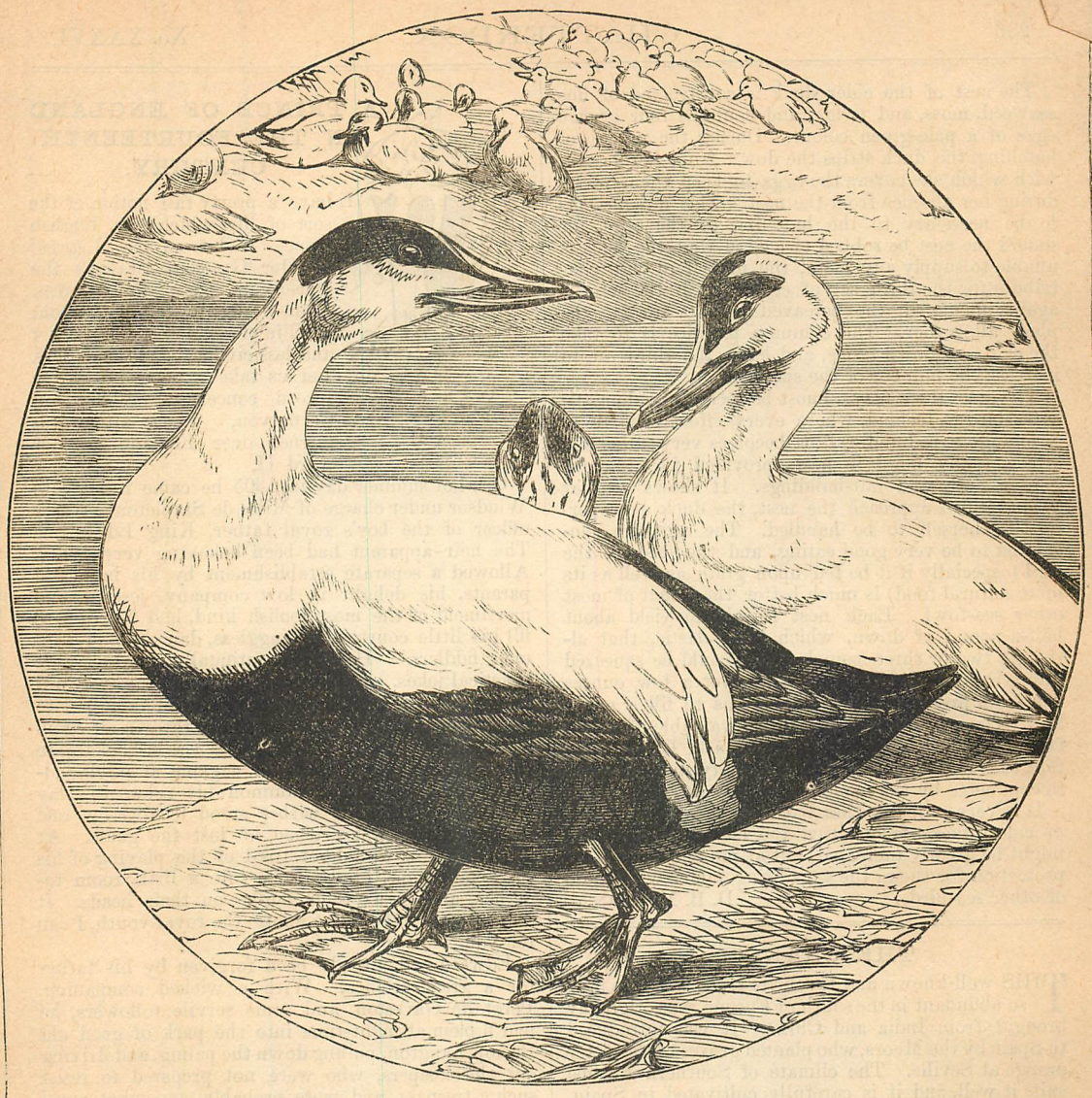
And so they parted.

(*To be continued.*)

WHERE THE WATERS MEET.

'I'M clear and loud!' 'I'm dusk and still!'
'I'm rapid!' 'But I'm sure!'
'My parent is a limestone hill.'
'And mine the purple moor.'

'I murmur by a Baron's halls.'
'I've castles like the Rhine.'
'Ah, you should see my waterfalls!'
'And where are trout like mine?'



'Famed artists stroll by me, and take
My beauties to the town.'
'I've made the poet's lyre awake;
World-wide is my renown.'

'I've run with blood in days of old,
When Saxon fought and Dane;
And bodies rolled . . .' 'Hold, sister! hold!
We will not strive again.

Men brag and boast, in rising pride,
Till murder foul is done:
Pray go in front, clear limestone tide,
And I will follow on.'

'Sister, not so; I was to blame:
I love your trouts and heather;
Stronger and wiser, you shall name
Our waters blent together.'

THE EIDER DUCK.

THIS oceanic duck is an inhabitant of the northern parts of the world, abounding especially in the Arctic regions, and penetrating as far south as the Fern Islands off the coast of Northumberland. It is somewhat larger than a common duck, and much heavier in the body. It is noted for the fine elastic gray down which thickly covers all the breast, and which is the valuable eider-down of commerce.

In Norway and Iceland, where those birds are very numerous, their breeding-grounds are carefully protected, a strict watch being kept against the ravages of dogs and foxes. These breeding-grounds are transmitted from father to son as a valuable inheritance.

The nest of the eider duck is constructed of fine seaweed, moss, and twigs, and contains four or five eggs of a pale-green colour. During the process of hatching the duck strips the down from her breast, with which she covers the eggs to keep them warm during her absence from the nest. This down seems to be necessary to the hatching of the eggs, for should the nest be robbed twice, so that the duck is unable to supply any more, the male bird will contribute for the third set of eggs; but if the nest is again plundered, the bereaved parents forsake the place altogether. The common practice is to take the eggs and down twice, and leave the third set to increase the number of the species.

The eider duck may almost be reckoned a domesticated bird in Iceland, where every effort is made to encourage it in building. It becomes very tame, and will actually build in nests provided for it about garden-walls and out-buildings. It shows no fear when visitors approach the nest, the duck even permitting herself to be handled. The eggs are considered to be very good eating, and the flesh of the bird (especially if it be fed upon grain as well as its more natural food) is much better than that of most other sea-fowl. Each nest is said to yield about half-a-pound of down, which is so elastic, that although two or three pounds of it could be squeezed into a ball and held in the hand, yet a few ounces free from pressure will expand so as to fill a man's hat. The down is not nearly so valuable if taken from birds which have been previously killed, as in that case it loses nearly all its elasticity, and is known in commerce by the name of 'dead down.'

It is very probable that with due care the number of eider ducks frequenting the islands of Scotland might be greatly increased, but at present there is no protection for them, the eggs being taken with those of other sea-birds. D. B. McKean.

THE ORANGE.

THIS well-known and favourite fruit, which is now so abundant in the south of Europe, was originally brought from India and China. It was introduced to Spain by the Moors, who planted groves of the bitter orange at Seville. The climate of Southern Europe suits it well, and it is carefully cultivated in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Sicily, these countries supplying the greater quantity of this fruit consumed in Europe. There are no less than nineteen different varieties of the orange. The tree is a beautiful shrub, with dark-green glossy leaves, and white flowers, which, though insignificant in appearance, have a delicious fragrance, possessed also by the fruit even in its unripe condition. The orange-tree has the peculiarity of exhibiting flowers, green and ripe fruit, all at one time. The bitter orange is used for marmalade, and the rind is of some medicinal value as a tonic. When the fruit is intended for exportation it is gathered before it is ripe, each orange being carefully folded in thin paper. The quantity imported into Great Britain is immense. A delicious variety of the orange is grown in Brazil, and sent in small quantities to this country. Tangier, also, in Morocco, produces a very small fragrant orange, with a delicate rind, and pleasant though somewhat peculiar taste. D. B.

A PRINCE OF ENGLAND IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have a pretty fair notion of the sort of life which our English princes lead from the 'Leaves' of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and from other sources. I am going to tell you about the life of royal princes in other and less civilised days than ours. Let us take a page out of the record concerning Edward of Carnarvon, who afterwards reigned over England as Edward II.

One hot summer day in 1305 he came riding into Windsor under charge of Miles de Stapleton, a trusty officer of the boy's royal father, King Edward I. The heir-apparent had been behaving very badly. Allowed a separate establishment by his indulgent parents, his delight in low company, jesting, and merriment of the most foolish kind, had led him to fill his little court with 'jugglers, dancers, and common fiddlers.' He was continually playing rude practical jokes. For instance, he would set awkward individuals, fat and clumsy, to dance on tables, or to mount spirited horses, to be quickly thrown off again at the peril of life and limb. His lesson-books were cast aside at any moment for a game at pitch-and-toss, which he would summon his usher to play with him; while his barber stood looking on, and lending him pennies when he lost the game. At other times he would get tired of the playing of his sorry musicians, crowd them into a little room together, and break their fiddles on their heads. It was no joke to be set to amuse the royal youth, I can tell you.

Edward had already been forgiven by his father for a great offence. With a wicked companion, Perot de Gaveston, and some servile followers, he had broken at night-time into the park of good old Bishop Langton, pulling down the paling, and driving out the keepers, who were not prepared to resist such a trespass, and were probably somewhat awed by the rank of the chief trespasser. Having thus cleared the way for further exploits, Edward began to shoot the deer. The Bishop, however, came to the rescue, and had the royal poacher taken into custody, and marched into his father's presence. The King was greatly displeased with the lawless conduct of his son and heir, the future King of England. He compelled him to sue for peace on his bended knees, to implore the Bishop's pardon, and to make a solemn promise to amend his ways.

The young man—he was now a tall, handsome stripling of twenty—made many promises, but he quite forgot to perform them. He went rioting about the streets at the head of his little gang of followers, and soon came again into collision with Bishop Langton. Because the worthy prelate lectured the evil friend and companion of the Prince—De Gaveston, ever the ringleader in mischief—on his wicked doings, Edward broke out into such vile and

impertinent abuse that the Bishop again held it to be his duty to take him before his father the King.

Edward the First was then at Cowdray Castle; and on June 13th, 1305, the Prince waited in custody before the gates. The King refused to see him; and after having had him tried and found guilty by a court hastily assembled for the purpose, he decreed his banishment from his presence. It was after this that the Prince, as we have already seen, was taken to Windsor by Miles de Stapleton. All his small ill-behaved household had been dispersed, Perot de Gaveston in especial being charged never again to show his impudent face in the company of his young master.

Prince Edward was now lodged in what was called the 'King's House,' near the Norman Keep of Windsor Castle. A strict watch was kept over him, and his outdoor exercise was strictly limited to the portion of Windsor Park thereto adjoining. The young fellow, used to so much liberty, was very miserable and impatient under this discipline. He implored his sisters to beg their royal mother to coax their father once more to allow him the company of his dear Perot de Gaveston; but that pleasure was not granted him. A few of the steadier members of his suite were restored, and he and they were put, as a penance, on a peculiar diet. It amuses us in these well-regulated and common-sense days to hear that the Prince was, in effect, ordered to live upon tarts and sweets; and probably some of my young readers would have had no particular objection to share this so-called penance.

But Edward was grieved and mortified. His Royal Highness, it appears, had been accustomed to strong diet, venison, and good wine, and the like; and he felt himself treated despitefully and like a mere boy when he found that the principal viands supplied to the Castle table consisted, by the King's order, of 'currants, dates, and figs, with plenty of raisins and jelly, rice, almonds, sugar, and candied orange.' Fish was allowed in moderation, but no butcher's meat, nor any kind of wine.

In six months Prince Edward got so tired of his luscious fare, that when his father, at the end of that time, sent to him for the purpose of making terms and restoring his erring son to the royal favour, the young man was ready to pay the utmost submission. For a while he resolutely put away his former follies, and strove to act as became the future sovereign of England. How far he carried out his resolves is a matter of graver history than this. I have only told you something about his youthful life.

H. L.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

GEORGE SELWYN once said in company that no lady could write a letter without adding a postscript.

'My next letter shall show you your mistake,' said one who was present.

Soon afterwards he received a letter from this lady. On the last page he found she had written,—

'P.S. Who was right, now, you or I?'

A. R. B.

LOST IN THE DESERT.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the African explorer and sportsman, gives in one of his works a story which painfully illustrates the dangers of travelling in some parts of 'the dark Continent.'

Many years ago, when the Egyptians first became masters of Nubia, one of their regiments in passing across a wide desert saw in the distance a mirage exactly like a beautiful lake. All were then upon short allowance of water, and under the burning sun their thirst was extreme. A guide had been sent with the regiment, and the soldiers at once demanded that he should lead them to this lake. He refused, and told them they were deceived—that the supposed lake was all unreal—but that if they would press on water awaited them at the journey's end. The soldiers refused to believe him; angry words led to blows, and in their madness they killed the man upon whose guidance their safety depended. Leaving him lying in his blood, the whole regiment rushed madly towards the enticing waters. Faint and weary they plunged deeper and deeper into the desert, every moment getting further from the track. Yet still the waters of the lake glittered before them—always before, yet never one step nearer their burning lips.

At last, when many had already fallen from exhaustion, the picture vanished. The lake was gone; only the burning sands remained around them on every side. They sought to retrace their steps, but all in vain. The path was lost, the guide murdered.

Not one man of that party escaped. Their bodies were afterwards found, parched and withered, by the Arabs sent out upon the search.

A. R. B.

HAYMAKING.

COME along, little children, as fast as you may,
Come! off to the meadow, and toss up the hay!
The morn is so bright, and so full of delight,
Who'd linger at home on this beautiful day?

The sun for long hours has been shining on high,
And list! how the lark trills aloft in the sky;
So green are the trees, and so fresh is the breeze,
That who could go moping and fretting? Not I!

The clear crystal river brawls down from the hill,
At first it is nought but a tiny wee rill;
But it comes with a dash, and a leap, and a splash,
And round with a creak goes the wheel of the mill.

Just look at the buttercups yellow and bright,
The bonny wee daisies, so soft and so white;
Then bairns come along with laughter and song,
We'll toss up the beautiful hay with delight.

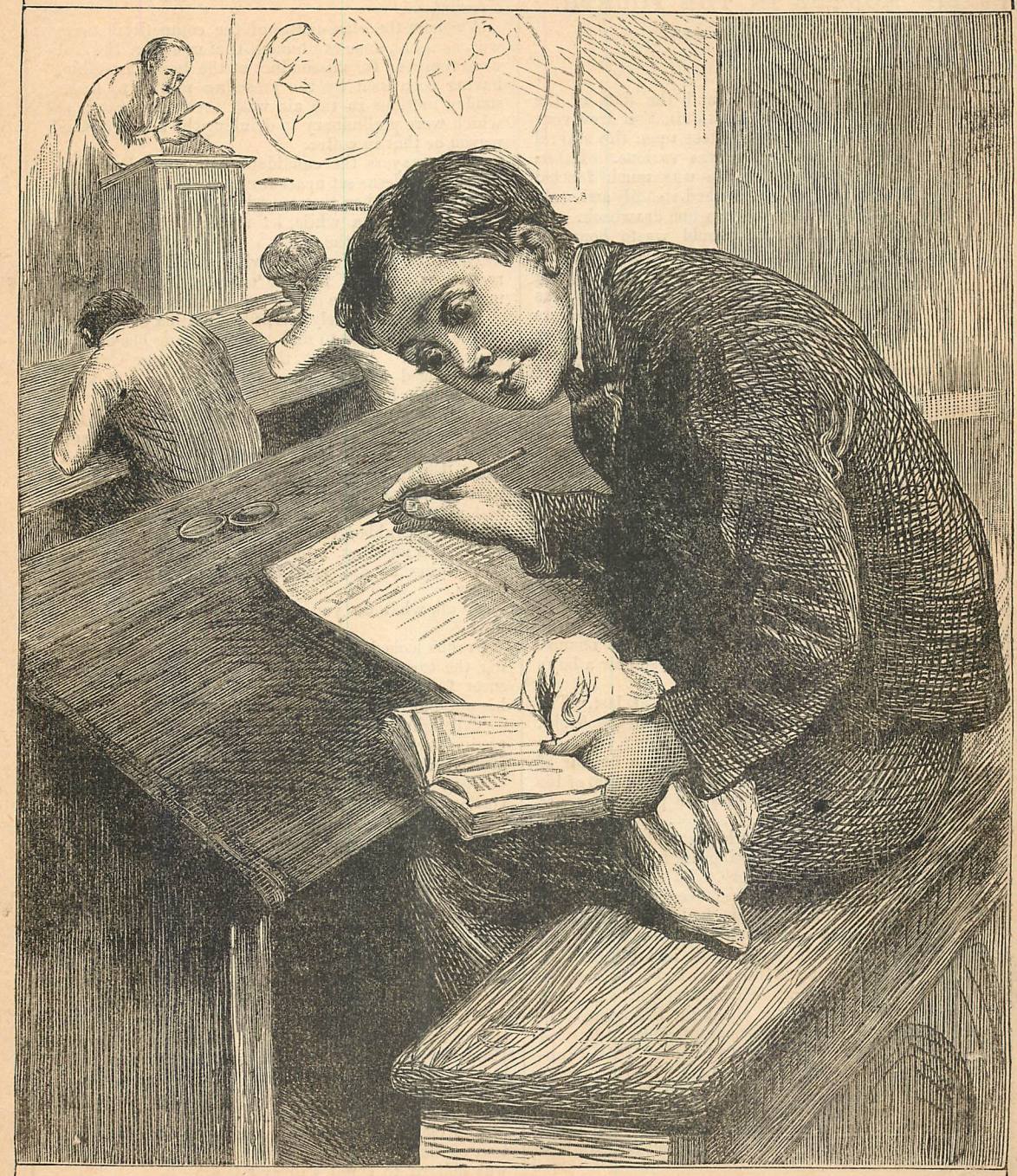
Come, Willie, and Mabel, and baby so sweet;
Come, toddle along on your dear little feet.
You'll gather the flowers through the long summer hours,
Among the soft daisies we'll give you a seat!

Then frolic, my darlings, and sport as you may,
Your chubby wee fists full of beautiful hay;
And when in the west the sun sinks to his rest,
We'll trot away homewards all weary with play.

D. B.



Haymaking.



Blobbs using the book freely.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 284.)

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME passed, and the date of the scholarship examination drew very near. Its effect upon the several candidates was various. Baker, whose chance was much fancied by some, worked steadily and well. But there was one drawback. At times he would waste hours of precious time over some poetical effusion quite unconnected with his work. The result of this was generally to be seen in disasters on the next day. But disasters or no disasters, Baker would not quit his odes and sonnets. Slade was a likely candidate. His natural powers were good, but he lacked steadiness. As long as any one could be found to play any kind of game, Slade would turn his back on books. Then, when time was gone, he would make the most frantic efforts to get up the leeway; but often in vain. Blobbs, as the time drew nearer, grew very excited and uneasy. His enemies had said, 'Blobbs will cut the whole thing after a week of it.' But Blobbs was resolved to disappoint somebody. If that somebody was not to be George, it should, at any rate, apply to those who prophesied an early retirement from the contest. Besides, now that Crabbe had come to his aid, he felt bound to do his best, if only for that reason. Those who knew Summers well thought he had some chance. The rest did not take much notice of so new a boy's appearance amongst the candidates.

The day of the examination came at last. The competitors had taken their last look at the books. Baker had been up at dawn that morning, trying to make up for time lost over a 'poem' in honour of Spring, which, to his delight and the admiration of his fellows, had found its way into the poet's corner of the *Rookesbury Chronicle*.

Tickley, in order to show his sense of the resolution shown by Blobbs in going in, had prepared a night-feast the evening before. To do this, as the end of the term was near, and everybody's pocket-money almost or quite gone, he had sold his precious pocket-knife, and a pair of white mice, which had long led a secluded but eventful life in his desk.

But the feast had not been marked with success. Mr. Bigges had been very active that night, and made more than one round after the light had gone. On each of these occasions there was, of course, a hurried hiding of eatables under the bed-clothes. As a consequence of this, when they lay finally down to sleep, everybody found himself tickled and tormented by the crumbs in his bed. Blobbs himself (as he had been very active in the consumption of stale buns) suffered greatly in this way, and found his slumbers much broken.

In the other room Slade and Summers had been called upon to shake hands in public, and had had success drunk to them in a glass of very thick wine, the remnant of a celebration, which Saunders had carefully put aside in his box in view of some such occasion.

Amongst the class-mates of the competitors there was, as usual, some excitement that morning. Several were reproved for misconduct at the breakfast-table, having been seen by the presiding master to make sundry motions in the air with their cups, motions which were preliminary to drinking the health of this person or that in coffee.

After prayers the candidates were marshalled to the rows of desks set apart for them, the papers were given out, and then the struggle began.

And now, for a while, let us leave them at their work, and change the scene.

The fifth were favoured with a holiday, as their room was required for the examination, and their master was in charge of the proceedings.

It was a fine day early in April, but still a good many of the fifth seemed to find the time hang heavily on their hands. Amongst these was Walter Crabbe, who lounged moodily about in the playground with his hands in his pockets.

He was presently accosted by Garland, a lad for whose company even he then did not much care. For Garland was notoriously of evil habits. He had not fallen from better ways. His ways and habits were a natural result of home example, and he, at first, may have been more sinned against than sinning.

'Hallo, Crabbe,' said he, 'you look down in the mouth this morning. Anything wrong?'

'Nothing at all,' said the other, with assumed gaiety.

'Well, what do you say to a stroll through the town?'

Crabbe looked doubtful for a few moments, knowing the town to be forbidden ground, but, seeing a sneer forming itself on Garland's face, he made up his mind at once.

'All right,' he said, 'only let us be back by about twelve, for I have a lot of work to do, and want this afternoon free.'

Upon this they set off together for the town. Garland beguiled the tedium of the journey by recounting some daring exploits in which he had recently been engaged, and which showed him to be beyond dispute (in his own eyes, at any rate), a youth of great courage and daring.

'My eye!' he said, as they passed into a quiet street, 'what a lark Paddy Green and I did have here last week!'

'What was that?' asked Crabbe, with the air of one used to such great things.

'Why, just about here an old blind man used to stand, with a little tray of apples, and cakes, and things in front of him. So, as we went by, I gave Paddy a push which sent him flying into the old beggar, and knocked all the cakes into the road. You should have seen the old boy groping about for them in the mud! It *was* a spree!' And here Master Garland was so overcome with the recollection of this—to him—very funny incident, that he was obliged to stand still and laugh.

Crabbe's better nature revolted against this kind of thing. But he stifled all right thoughts—Garland was an out-and-out fellow, who had seen more of life than he had, so it must be all right.

The latter, finding that he had a ready listener, continued his warlike reminiscences.

'Do you see that little shop there? Not the grocer's, but the toy-shop? It's kept by a fat old widow, who must be at jolly low water. Well, when we came back this term I brought a bad two-shilling piece with me. I gave my brother a tanner for it, knowing I could pass it off on some greenhorn down here. When I saw the old dame in this shop with a jolly big pair of specs on, I said to myself, "This is the place for the pewter!" So in I went one day with Paddy Green, and asked for a ball that would do for rounders—not that I ever play, though the old woman brought out no end, and we picked out a good one for fourpence, paying her with the two-shilling piece. She took it like a lamb, and then we hooked it.' And here again Garland was overcome with mirth.

'Oh, I say!' he cried, presently, 'I never thought of it before, but here's the "Barley Mow!" Let us go in for half-an-hour. They keep a jolly bagatelle-table inside.'

'Look here,' said Crabbe, 'we shall get into a row if Walton knows about our going into this place.'

'Bah!' said Garland, 'who is to know anything about it, unless you choose to tell? But don't come in if you are afraid.'

This last was too much for Crabbe. He had no moral courage, and went in great dread of being thought a milksop by such a fine young man as Garland.

'I only meant that we had better keep our eyes open,' said Crabbe.

'Trust me for that,' said the other. 'I rather fancy I sleep with one eye open, when there is anything in the wind at any rate.' And with this emboldening statement he led the way into the 'Barley Mow.'

In an upper room stood a bagatelle-table, and hither Garland led his companion, having previously called for a supply of ale with the air of an old customer.

'Now,' he said, 'what shall we play for? I fancy we are rather above a baby game for love, eh?'

'I should rather think so,' rejoined the other, who in his heart preferred the style ascribed to the babies, and even wished himself out of the place altogether.

'Then suppose we say a shilling on the game?'

'Agreed,' said Crabbe, and they began.

The first game fell to the younger player, who was charmed with his success. Garland demanded his revenge. Another game was played, and this Garland just won. Then another; and this also fell to him. Then a short game was played to decide who should pay for the drink, and, as Crabbe just lost, he got this privilege. He suggested another game. But Garland, pulling out his watch, saw that it wanted but some fifteen minutes to one o'clock. They therefore left, and set out at a round pace for school.

'By-the-by,' said Garland, as they walked swiftly along, 'young Summers, who is trying for a scholarship, is some relation to you, isn't he?'

'Cousin, worse luck!' was the reply.

'Why worse luck?' asked Garland.

'Because he's a young prig—a sort of I-must-not-do-this-because-it's-wrong, little boy.'

'How horrid for you! Why don't you fetch it out of him?'

'Can't; the young beggar is a long way too wily.'

'Look here, why not bring him around to the "Barley Mow?" we might soon take a rise or two out of him there.'

'The very thing!' cried Crabbe, snatching at the prospect of having a companion in his wrong-doing. 'But how shall we get him here? He won't come near the place if he knows what it is.'

'Nonsense! Couldn't you ask him to come and meet myself and two or three other fellows there?'

'No good; he wouldn't come.'

'Then we must think of some other dodge. To-morrow's Wednesday, and the town won't be out of bounds then. It would be a splendid time to get him there. I could bring in Charlie Sayers and Will Clifford, two young fellows from the town, who would rather astonish him, I fancy.'

'You leave it to me,' said Crabbe. 'I'll think of some plan by to-morrow and let you know.'

Shortly afterwards they reached the school gates, and parted with this understanding.

Crabbe went in search of Blobbs to ask what success he had had with the morning's papers.

He found the object of his search holding forth to a group from his own room, to whom he was expatiating upon the extreme difficulty of the papers.

'Well, Blobbs,' he asked, 'how did you get on?'

'Oh, pretty well,' was the answer; 'might have done better, you know, and might have done worse.'

'I suppose they could all say that,' said Crabbe.

'Well, I don't know,' continued Blobbs, in an impressive tone. 'It's my opinion that one or two made rather a hash of it.'

'Who?' asked Crabbe.

'Why, Summers,' answered Blobbs, 'and Slade, and Baker, to say nothing of Livings, and Wimms, and Tooter.'

'Why, that includes the whole lot of them, Blobbs, except yourself,' cried Tickley.

'Well, perhaps it does,' returned Blobbs, in the same impressive tone; 'though I don't want to brag.'

'Well, I'm glad you got on so well at any rate,' said Crabbe; and with this the little group dispersed.

With afternoon school came the last and hardest of the three papers set in the examination. The faces of the competitors as they sat down to their work showed that they knew this. At first all sat for some minutes looking at the paper. Then Blobbs was the first to begin active work. He seized his pen, and wrote in a frantic manner for some minutes, then stopped, and looked hopelessly at the ceiling. Meanwhile the others had begun to write, and the scratching of pens was general.

How aggravating and distracting it was to see the pens of the rest galloping over the paper, whilst his lay idle! Another study of the question paper. Then much biting of the end of the pen. Then he wrote furiously for a few lines, and soon came to a dead stop again. Suddenly he remembered that in his breast-pocket lay a little note-book containing the very fact he wanted for the question.

'Out with the book! Nobody will see, and you will get it done in no time,' said one voice in his ear.

'No,' said better feelings, 'don't sink to a common cheat: don't act a shameful lie. To win by such means would make you a thief.'



'Nonsense!' said the other voice; 'all is fair in love and war. Are you going to be beaten by the people who laughed at you?'

Just then he needed his handkerchief. His hand went to the breast-pocket for it. He felt the book, and drew them out together.

The presiding master was looking over some of the morning's papers. It so happened that Blobbs sat behind every one. He used the book freely, and his pen was soon running as merrily over the paper as anybody's.

'Blobbs,' said Mr. Cumming.

What a flush rose to the lad's face! He hurriedly thrust the book beneath his waistcoat and walked up to the desk.

A false alarm. Mr. Cumming only asked the meaning of a very badly written passage in one of his papers. But it was some time before he dared to use the book again, and then his nervousness made progress very slow. Meanwhile, Slade and one or two others were finishing page after page with provoking steadiness. *(To be continued.)*

A MATCH-BOY IN NAPLES.

MATCHES and Pipes! Matches and Pipes! Will you have some, gentlemen?'

The little match-boy is not begging, he is trying to get a livelihood by honest means. So buy something from him on that account.

It is a comfort in this land of beggars to meet even one who is not crying out, 'Give me a sou.' So buy something from this little Neapolitan, if it is only a box of matches, and send him away smiling.



SUMMER TIME.

I LIKE the cheerful summer time,
With all its birds and flowers,
Its shining garments green and smooth,
Its cool refreshing showers;

I like to hear the little birds
That carol on the trees;
I like the gentle murmuring stream;
I like the evening breeze;

I like the bright and glorious sun
That gives us light and heat;
I like the pearly drops of dew
That sparkle at my feet;

I like to hear the busy hum
Of honey-making bee,
And learn a lesson—hard to learn—
Of patient industry;

I like to feed the playful lambs,
So innocent and gay;
I like the faithful watch-dog
Who guards them night and day;

I like to think of Him Who made
These pleasant things for me,
Who gave me life, and health, and strength,
And eyes that I might see.

THE DEAREST SACK OF FLOUR IN THE WORLD.

DID you ever hear of common household flour being sold at 600*l.* the pound in the public market? I do not mean in time of famine or siege, for we all know that at such times fabulous prices have been given for anything that will satisfy the cravings of hunger: the price I have mentioned was paid at a time when wages were high and provisions plentiful. Tell us about it! you say. Well, then, once upon a time, as the children say,—or rather, for *this* is a true story, in the year 1862,—two men were contesting the mayoralty of the little city of Austin, on the western side of North America. These two men agreed—why, I cannot say—that whichever of them should be elected mayor was to publicly present the other with a fifty-pound sack of flour, which the defeated candidate was to carry home on his back. This was duly done. Gridley—for this was the name of the unsuccessful candidate—received the flour-sack, and carried it the two miles or so to his home, accompanied by a band of music and a procession of almost the whole population. Arrived at his house, Gridley inquired what he should do with the sack? A voice from the crowd shouted, 'Sell it to the highest bidder for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund.' This was a fund which was started during the war between the Northern and Southern States for the benefit of the wounded soldiers and sailors. No sooner said than done. Gridley mounted a tub that stood near, and the auction began, amidst tremendous excitement, for the Sanitary Fund was extremely popular, and each man tried to outbid his neighbour. After an hour's hard shouting the amateur auctioneer stopped, and the sack was knocked down to a man for 250 dollars—in English money, 50*l.*

'Where shall the sack be sent?' was then asked. 'Nowhere! Sell it again!' came the answer.

The cheers were deafening after this announcement, and Gridley again mounted his rostrum, and again the bids came fast and furious. Before sunset the sack had been sold and resold to three hundred separate people, and 400*l.* in gold had been paid down for it! This, however, was but the beginning. The account of this strange auction had been telegraphed to Virginia, the chief city, and a return telegram came quickly, 'Fetch along your flour-sack.'

So, in the interests of the Sanitary Fund, Gridley took his flour-sack to Virginia, and a mass meeting was held in the Opera House, and another auction of the sack began. This, however, was not so great a success. Gridley had come somewhat sooner than he was expected, and many people who intended to be there had not heard of his arrival, so that only 300*l.* was taken that night, and Virginia felt it a disgrace that the little city of Austin should have bid more than the capital. The citizens were deeply anxious to wipe out this disgrace, and begged for a second auction; but they had lost their chance, and must now wait their turn. Other towns were clamouring for a visit from the 'Sanitary Sack,' and on the morrow three of the nearest towns were visited, and most enthusiastic auctions held in each. A large sum was realised, and in the evening Gridley returned to Virginia, still with the sack in his possession.

This time Virginia was ready; the whole town turned out to meet him and his precious burden, and bands of music and numberless flags enlivened the procession, which made its way to the Market-place, and the auction began, and before it was ended Virginia nobly retrieved her character, by paying 600*l.* as the result of that night's auction.

The sack afterwards visited a great number of towns; for three months Gridley travelled up and down that western coast of America, holding auctions in each place he came to, and obtaining a sum of no less than 6000*l.* on behalf of the fund.

The final end of the flour was to be made up into little cakes, each of which realised a fancy price. The wounded soldiers and sailors had come to bless the idea of putting up to auction the 'Sanitary Sack.'

SHOWERS OF FISH.

SHOWERS of fish have at times fallen in different parts of the world, causing much astonishment in those who have witnessed the strange occurrence, and not a little incredulity in those who have it only on hearsay. The fact, however, is now beyond doubt.

Some years since a considerable shower of small sticklebacks fell at Merthyr Tydvil in Wales; the fish were strewed over an extent of several miles, many of them being alive when first seen, although they must have been conveyed a distance of thirty miles through the air from the ponds of brackish water near the sea, where those small fish are found.

Another event of the same kind took place in the island of Mull, Scotland, where herrings were found strewed on a hill at least five hundred yards from the sea.

This strange downfall takes place more frequently in tropical countries, where violent whirlwinds occur; and the fish that fall are always of kinds which abound in the sea or fresh water of the neighbourhood. The explanation of this apparent mystery seems to be that the fish are caught up into the air by whirlwinds, and thus conveyed, often for many miles, from the place where they were first sucked up from the sea.

In tropical countries fish sometimes appear anew in ponds which have been for months dried up by the heat of the sun. When this occurs, it has been supposed that such fish have fallen from the clouds, but in reality they have only been buried in the mud below, some fish being capable of existing in a semi-torpid condition during the great heat of tropical regions, just as many of our small animals exist during the rigour of a northern winter.

A certain pool in India, which had been so long dried up that grass had grown all over its surface, was found to be alive with fish seven or eight hours after it was again full of water. D. B.

THE GROWING OF HENRY MILLER'S HERD.

HENRY MILLER was the oldest of a large family of children, who lived on a farm in Pennsylvania. Accustomed to work from his childhood, without education, except such as he had received during a few winters at the district school, he grew up to manhood on his father's cold, lean, mountain lands.

On the day he was nineteen years old his father called him into the best room and talked to him, telling him of the great help he had been to him, of the hard work he had done, and ended by saying,—

'I have concluded to start you in life on your own account. You can stay here among the mountains on a farm if you wish, or you can go to the West, say to Nebraska or Kansas, and there farm in grain, or raise cattle, just as you see fit. When you have decided where you will go, let me know and I will do my best for you. I can let you have five hundred dollars, not more, but I have some valuable advice for you if you go West.'

Henry thought over the offer, and finally concluded he would go West, but whether to farm or raise cattle, he did not decide. He notified his father of his decision, and they had a long conversation.

The father was a man of great good sense, and Henry received the best advice. He said,—

'You will find in Kansas and Nebraska great tracts of land, owned by Eastern men who bought the land on speculation. This land is known as the Speculators' Land. There are no homesteaders there, and the land is free to all to graze their cattle.

'Raise cattle. Do not own real estate. You can drive your cattle to market, and not pay a cent for freight to any railroad. There are no expensive machines used in cattle-raising. You do not have to pay harvest hands three dollars per day. You can start your cattle for another State at an hour's notice. You can hold over a year's stock if the price does not suit, and the quality of the stock will be improved by the holding.

'Do not let your head be turned by the beautiful land you will see. Do not get greedy for real estate, but when you get there hire yourself to some stock-dealer as a herder; pay attention to what you see; learn the business of raising cattle, of feeding them; then invest your money. Don't marry until you get your start in life.'

This was in May of 1868. By the last of May Henry was in Nebraska. Here he succeeded in getting work from a cattle-dealer, who had just arrived with a big herd of beeves and stock-cattle from Texas. As a herder, Henry was to be paid twenty-five dollars per month, with board, and a pony and saddle furnished him.

Here Henry was instructed in the art of herding, was cautioned against running the cattle, was told that his duty was simply to keep the cattle in sight, to let them have their own way, not to let them get lost, and when the sun was low to help to drive them slowly to the bed-ground, there to watch them.

Henry had to take his turn 'herding o' nights,' and during storms the entire force of herders would be out. If a fierce wind-storm, accompanied by rain or hail, sprang up in the night, Henry had to ride round the bed-ground with the other herders, singing, so as to let the cattle hear the human voices, thus endeavouring to prevent the dreaded stampede to which the cattle of Texas are subject.

On the first of November he was hired by the owner to help herd and feed a 'bunch' of steers he intended to hold over the winter. And here he learned how to winter-herd cattle, a distinct thing from summer herding. Though exposed to the cold north storms that sweep over the Western plains in the winter, known as 'Blizzards,' he kept his health, and in a year he had earned three hundred dollars. After paying for railroad fare and clothing he had seven hundred dollars.

On the first of June he again hired himself to a man from Texas for twenty-five dollars per month, until the first of November. During July he hired two settlers to cut and stack forty tons of hay for him; he showed them where to stack it in a bend of a river, where the timber afforded some shelter, and where the water flowed rapidly, so that it would not freeze during the winter. The settlers stacked this hay for two dollars per ton of three hundred and forty-three cubic feet, to be measured when the stack was settled, and ploughed a fire guard around it.

During the summer, while herding, Henry became acquainted with the character of the cattle. He studied the two-year-old heifers under him, and by the first of November he had selected forty two-year-old heifers that did not stray away from the herd while feeding, that were short of leg and large in body, and that were comparatively gentle; for these he paid ten dollars per head. Henry paid eighty dollars for hay, four hundred dollars for his heifers, and twenty dollars for clothing, a total outlay of five hundred dollars. He had earned during the summer one hundred and twenty-five dollars. So he, in the fall of 1869, had forty heifers and three hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash.

That winter he tended his cattle and helped the settlers to husk corn and chop wood for his board. By the first of April he had thirty-six calves. By the first of May he had hired himself to a man who owned a herd of cattle, as a herder for twenty dollars per month, he to be allowed to put his cattle in the herd free of charge.

During the summer he had sixty tons of hay stacked in the same bend of the river. For this he paid two dollars per ton. He paid one hundred dollars for some choice stock, one hundred and twenty dollars for hay, twenty dollars for clothing, and twenty-five dollars for a pony and saddle,—a total outlay of two hundred and sixty-five dollars for the year. He earned one hundred and twenty dollars; so he had seventy-seven head of cattle and one hundred and eighty dollars in cash.

The history of the summer of 1871 was similar to that of 1870, and that fall found him with one hundred and seventy-four head of cattle.

In 1879 Henry Miller owned nine hundred and thirty head of cattle, four ponies, a team of horses, and a waggon, but not a foot of land. He must have been worth more than ten thousand dollars.



Henry Miller's Herd.



The Art-Critics.

THE ART-CRITICS.

'OH!' cried Edward, with a sigh,
'How I wish that both together
We might wander, Scamp and I,
Over all those hills of heather!

Bounding with a step so free,
O'er the Tyrol's lofty mountain:
Watching, if perchance we see,
The wild deer drinking at the fountain.

My horn the echoes all would wake,
Sounding loud through every hollow:
While Scamp would search each bush and brake,
And where I led my dog would follow.

Oh, yes! a hunter's life for me,
Removed from cities and their sadness;
A life so joyous, fresh and free,
Would fill my heart with joy and gladness.

What say you, Scamp?'—but Scamp's reply
Was—just to wag his tail the faster.
Still, one could read it in his eye,
He quite agreed with his young master!

D. B. McKEAN.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 292.)

TIME was up at last, and the papers had to be given in. It was a relief to him, and he breathed freely when school had been dismissed and the playground was reached. Whilst groups gathered around the other candidates and questioned them as to their success, Blobbs avoided everybody, and slunk away to a quiet corner, where he tried to keep the remembrance of the note-book out of his mind by reading *The Last of the Mohicans*, a tattered copy of which was a much prized possession of the poetic Baker. Even at tea his usual spirits forsook him, and when Tickley tried to raise them by the cheering words, 'Keep your pecker up, old boy,' he scowled so horribly that Baker was inspired with the idea of an ode to Melancholy, and suffered his neighbour to make an open raid upon his butter without offering any resistance.

Patience is not possessed by all; but, as the result of the examination could not be declared until Thursday, there was ample scope for its exercise by the candidates.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next day was Wednesday, and when morning-school was over Crabbe at once sought his new ally, Garland. He found that worthy in a quiet corner of the playing-field, making desperate efforts to smoke a cigar with an appearance of enjoyment.

'Well, is it settled about Summers?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Crabbe, 'it's all right. I asked him to do me a favour by running up to Mother Carey's, three doors from the "Barley Mow," and asking if they had strung my bat.'

'What bat?' asked Garland.

'None at all,' said the other; 'I haven't got one. But that dodge will do as well as any other.'

'You *are* a good 'un!' cried Garland, in admiration at this stroke of genius.

'We must keep an eye on the street, and then call him in as he goes by,' continued Crabbe.

'Right you are,' rejoined the other; 'and now I'll just run into town, and arrange for Charlie Sayers and Will Clifford to step into the "Mow" for an hour this afternoon, if they can get away.'

With these words he threw away the half-smoked cigar, and set off for the town. Crabbe followed him with his eyes for some distance, and then sat down at the root of a tree, looking idly on at a game of rounders.

He was presently joined by 'Doddy' Matthews, an ill-favoured lad, who filled a curious position in the school. His enemies said that he had Jewish blood in his veins. Whether that was so or not, he carried on an extensive trade amongst his school-fellows as general dealer and usurer. The worst, however, which could be said of him was that he drove a hard bargain. There was no reason to doubt his honesty, nor had he ever been known to break his word in any of his dealings. When the end of the term came a certain number of lads were always in want of money. They went to 'Doddy,' who very kindly lent them small sums of money on the deposit of pocket-knives, pencil-cases, and other articles, which, for the most part, they gladly redeemed on coming back the next term. 'Doddy's' rate of interest was rather high, but most of his borrowers were not well up in arithmetic, and made no attempt to understand his system. They had his money and paid him for it; that was enough.

'That's you, is it, Crabbe?' he asked on coming up.

'Yes,' was the sulky reply; 'you ought to know me by this time. I have been often enough to you.'

'So you have. There's no denying that. But I wish you would come sometimes now, and bring some money with you.'

'I dare say you do.'

'Do you know how much you owe me?' asked the money-lender.

'No,' said Crabbe; 'and I don't want to.'

'Perhaps not, but I'll tell you. It comes, with compound interest, to just twenty-two and threepence; and you have not paid me a penny these six weeks.'

'How can I, when I haven't got it?'

'Well, you had it once. And you had no business to borrow if you couldn't pay.'

'Perhaps not; but I did borrow, and there's an end of it,' said Crabbe.

'Not by any means,' said the other. 'I want some of my money, and I must have it, too.'

'How much do you want?'

'Nothing less than half-a-sovereign will do.'

'It can't be done,' said Crabbe, desperately. 'I'm at low-water mark, and the term is nearly up.'

'It must be done, or I'll ——'

'What?'

'Never mind what; but don't drive me to it. Do you remember the night somebody drew a likeness of Bigges on his own blackboard? Well, I remember it too; and, what's more, I know who did it.'

'Suppose you do; it's nothing to me. But look here, I don't want to be mean. How long will you give me to pay up the coin?'

'Not a day longer than this week; must have it then.'

'You shall. But don't let anybody know I owe it to you.'

'No fear of that. So good-bye, and don't forget the day.'

'Good-bye,' said the other; 'I'm not likely to!' which was no doubt the truth.

When 'Doddy' had gone, Crabbe sat still at the root of the tree until the first bell told him it was time to be in for dinner.'

He passed Summers as he went through the playground.

'Don't forget that run into town for me this afternoon, will you?' he asked.

'All right,' said George; 'I'll run in about three, because I want to meet Saunders here at four.'

Dinner passed off as usual, although it was observed by more than one that Blobbs had suffered in his appetite by the recent examination. He still seemed dull and spiritless; and when Baker offered to read to him the first part of the 'Ode to Melancholy,' he confounded the poet by wishing his 'wretched trash' were at the bottom of the sea. 'Wretched trash!' And this to one who had got a poem into the *Rookesbury Chronicle!* Baker was aghast at the idea, and privately confided to Tickley his belief that Blobbs was 'off his chump,' that being his poetic way of describing incipient insanity.

As soon as the meal was over Crabbe set out for the town, in company with Garland.

George, according to previous arrangement, stayed to make one at a game of rounders—a great institution at Rewent. Then, getting tired of this, he put on his jacket and sauntered off towards the town, in order to call at Mother Carey's.

He was just passing the 'Barley Mow,' deep in thought about the examination, and the result to be announced the next day, when he heard his name called.

'Summers!' cried somebody in a tone of alarm.

Looking up he saw Garland looking out of the first-floor window.

'Summers! your cousin's in here and wants you badly.'

'In *there*, and wants me? What's the matter?'

'Don't know. Something's wrong with him, I fancy.'

'Not ill, I hope?' said George. 'But what is he doing in here?'

'Never mind about that. But be sharp and see if you can make anything of him.'

Without further parley George hastened into the house, and was shown the way to the room 'where the young gentlemen were.'

On entering the room he found himself greeted with shouts of laughter. Garland was there, of course, laughing as though the scene was one of the merriest possible. Crabbe was sitting in one corner trying to follow Garland's example. Two pale-faced, unwholesome-looking youths were standing by the bagatelle-table, and several pewter pots decorated the mantlepiece.

'How do you do, sir?' said the taller of the unwholesome ones. 'I am pleased to have the honour of receiving the doctor who comes to cure my friend, Crabbe. Allow me to drink your very good health, sir, coupled with that of your respected mother.' And with this he buried his face in one of the pewter pots.

'Walter,' said his cousin, going up to where he sat, 'what may this mean? Is anything really the matter?'

'Nothing,' said Crabbe; 'never was better in my life.'

'Then why was I called up here?'

'Simply,' said Garland, taking up the conversation, 'that we might enjoy the pleasure of your company.'

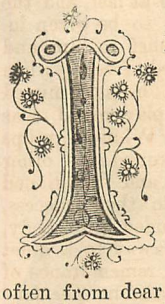
'Then you won't have that long,' said George, moving towards the door.

'Don't go yet, my dear fellow,' said his cousin. 'You might stay a little while and join in a game.'

'Not I,' was the answer in firm tones.

'Then you don't go out of this door, young man,' said the unwholesome Sayers, who still held a pint pot. (*To be continued.*)

THE DAH RUNNER.



FANCY I hear my readers ask, 'Who can a dâh runner be?' as they look at the picture, and I doubt if they will at all understand the meaning of the word 'dâh.' They will also wonder what the man can have in the bag which is slung over his shoulder. I will tell you: that man is the Indian letter-carrier; and in that bag is contained many hundreds of letters, often from dear friends far away: for, by means of the dâh runners, letters are conveyed to parts of India which are far from any line of rail. These men each run for six miles at a stretch, until they reach a small hut, where they can rest, and another man is in readiness to relieve them of their burden, and continue the journey for another six miles, and so on, until the letters have been taken to the place to which they are to go. The word 'dâh' means 'post,' in Hindostanee, and is pronounced *dauk*.

You will also notice in the picture that the bag is held on to the man's shoulder by means of a spear with bells attached to it, and you can hear them from some distance, coming chink, chink, along the road. The spear is used for protection against either robbers or wild beasts: they are sometimes attacked by the former and cruelly murdered, for the sake of any valuables or money which may be enclosed in the letters. Also they frequently run the risk of



The Dâh Runner.

encountering either a tiger or panther; for which reason they carry bells as well as a spear, for wild beasts are often frightened away, as well as poisonous snakes, by the sound of noise, and have been known to scurry away at the jingling of the bells. You see these poor men have not a very easy life of it; but they are fairly well paid for their trouble, and being as a rule, like all natives of India, brave by nature, there is seldom any difficulty in finding men ready to risk their lives as dâh runners.



BRITISH POETS.—WILLIAM COWPER.

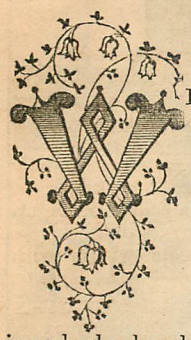
Summer-house, Olney.
Hares.
House at Berkhampstead.

Olney Church.

House at Olney.
Old Grammar School, Huntingdon.
Westminster School.

BRITISH POETS.

WILLIAM COWPER.



WILLIAM COWPER was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, and was born on the 26th of November, 1731, at the Rectory of Great Berkhampstead. He was a delicate little fellow, and for the first six years of his life received the tenderest care from a gentle and devoted mother. But in 1737 Mrs. Cowper died, and the child was sent to a boarding-school, where he spent two miserable years. He was too small and too timid to take care of himself, and his companions bullied and frightened him, until his constant crying brought on a severe inflammation of the eyes, and it was found necessary to remove him from school, and place him in charge of an oculist. He afterwards went to Westminster for seven years, and there also his delicate health and sensitive nature interfered sadly with his happiness.

He left school at eighteen, and entered the office of a solicitor, Mr. Chapman, with whom he remained three years. His fellow-apprentice there was Edward Thurlow, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor. In 1754 Cowper was called to the bar, and led a pleasant though somewhat idle life in the Temple for several years. His family being well connected, he had plenty of friends who were both able and willing to help him on in the world, but his extreme dislike to any work which led him before the public hindered his advancement. One post after another was procured for him, only to be given up; and at length his nervousness weakened his mind to such a degree that, after a few months of unusually hard study, his brain gave way altogether, and he attempted to commit suicide.

Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans, took charge of him for eighteen months, and he then recovered so far as to be able to take lodgings in Huntingdon, where he formed an acquaintance with a clergyman, Mr. Unwin, and his family. After a short time the friendship between them grew so strong that Cowper gave up his lodgings and became an inmate of Mr. Unwin's house; and when, in 1766, his good friend died from the effects of an accident, he accompanied the widow and her daughter to their new home at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he found another friend in the curate of the parish, John Newton, and for several years he remained happily in this quiet spot, enjoying the simple pleasures of country life.

But in 1773 the cloud of insanity once more overshadowed him, taking, as it had done before, the form of religious melancholy. The unhappy man was impressed with the idea that he had sinned beyond hope of forgiveness. For three years Mrs. Unwin watched over him with all a mother's devotion, and at the end of that time his reason returned.

He was now a middle-aged man, and there was, of course, no hope that he would ever again be able to employ himself in legal work. His days were spent in drawing, and in the care of his flowers and of his pet hares, and Mrs. Unwin at last suggested to him that he should try to divert his thoughts by writing poetry. He had already composed a few hymns for his friend, Mr. Newton, and the suggestion seems to have pleased him. From that time poetry 'became the serious business of his life.'

His first volume appeared in 1782, and did not excite much attention. It contained several carefully written poems, of which 'Truth,' 'Table-talk,' and 'Expostulation,' were perhaps the best.

The widowed Lady Austen, a lively, good-natured woman, who was then living at Olney, did much to brighten Cowper's life. To her we owe the famous ballad of 'John Gilpin,' for noticing one afternoon that the poet was sinking into a fit of melancholy, she told him the comical tale in the hope of rousing him. It had the desired effect, and on the following morning he told her that he had been unable to sleep for laughter, and that he had woven her story into a ballad. To Lady Austen also we owe 'The Task,' Cowper's greatest poem, which was published in 1785, and delighted the hearts of his countrymen. In the same volume appeared a poem called 'The Tirocinium,' in favour of the private education of children. In 1791 he published a translation of Homer. He had found that, in order to keep his mind in health, some regular mental occupation was necessary; he therefore set himself a daily task of forty lines, to be translated from Greek into English verse. He always worked, if possible, for three hours every morning.

Throughout his whole life he was a sincere lover of Nature, and many of his most peaceful hours were spent out of doors. He was fond of rambling by the Ouse, which ran through the valley, close to Olney, and in several of his minor poems reference is made to the little incidents which occurred to interest him during his walks. In his garden he had a summer-house, a square wooden shed, roofed with red tiles, and though it was not very spacious or very comfortable, he found it a pleasant retreat in summer time. His two favourite hares, Tiney and Puss, were a constant source of amusement to him, and in 1784 he wrote an entertaining account of their habits for the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In 1786 Lady Hesketh, who was the poet's cousin, came to live in the neighbourhood of Olney, and she persuaded Cowper to remove to a house at Weston, about a mile from the town where he had spent so many years. Weston was a bright little village, standing on higher ground than Olney; and Lady Hesketh fancied that purer air and more cheerful scenery would help to ward off the attacks of melancholy to which her cousin was so liable. But, in spite of his own and his friend's efforts, his mind again began to show signs of weakness; and from 1794 until his death in 1800 he only enjoyed brief intervals of peace and happiness. Mrs. Unwin, who had been his faithful friend and companion for thirty years, was taken from him in 1796; and on the 25th of April, 1800, the poet himself died at Dereham, in Norfolk, where he had been staying for the sake of his health.

Amongst his minor poems may be mentioned the beautiful lines 'On his Mother's Picture,' and 'The Castaway,' which was his last production.

H. L. T.

ABOUT GOLDSMITH.

SURELY there never was a more unsuspecting person than gentle Goldsmith! His good-nature and trustfulness made him an easy victim. The following story of his earlier life in London, when he had just gained some fame by his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, shows how he was imposed upon. He had been rambling on Hampstead heights with a fellow Irishman—one Glover, a clever mimic, and a man of ready wit. Returning towards town, thirsty and tired, they saw through the open window of a cottage a party cosily seated at tea.

'How I should like to be amongst them!' exclaimed Goldsmith.

'Nothing more easy,' said his companion, with a confident air. 'Allow me to introduce you.'

With these words he entered the house, although an entire stranger to the party, followed by Goldsmith, who naturally thought him a friend of the family. Glover entered the room, and shook hands in the most cordial manner with the owner of the house. Then he plunged into an amusing story regarding some event, addressing some members of the company quite as though they were old friends. The host imagined this to be the case, while the friends thought him an acquaintance of their host. In a moment the strangers were seated round the tea-table, and Glover told story after story in a way that kept all in roars of laughter.

In due course he rose to go, and led the way from the house, after a most cordial parting from the company. When told by Glover that it was all a hoax, that he never saw a single member of the party before, Goldsmith was greatly vexed and dismayed. But he yielded to his companion's advice not to return and apologise, lest the story should get known. However, Glover himself raised many a laugh by reciting the details of this incident.

OF Goldsmith's generosity his life affords us many examples. On one occasion, whilst at Leyden, and about to set out on a journey, he borrowed a sum of money from a friend to pay his expenses. But as he walked through the streets he saw a shop in which some beautiful tulips were for sale. Remembering how an uncle in Ireland, who had befriended him, admired these flowers, he entered the shop and expended his little capital in buying a large selection of roots and paying for their carriage to Ireland. As a consequence of this he had to leave Leyden with one guinea in his pocket, and one shirt and a flute, as the whole of his luggage.

IN the earlier days of his London life the merry, thoughtless ways of the poet, together with his lack of money, led him into the company of all kinds of characters.

When he had become famous, and his works yielded him a more respectable income, he sought to shake these off, but did not find it easy. One day, when seated in his chambers taking wine with two aristocratic friends, one of the old acquaintances appeared, and disregarding his coolness behaved in the usual way. After conversing for some time he rose to go, and, drawing a couple of small packets from his pocket, said,—

'My dear friend, as it is not in my power to pay you the last two guineas you lent me, I have brought you half a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar. No one shall ever say that I am ungrateful!'

Goldsmith dismissed the unwelcome visitor with some confusion.

A. R. B.

A SCHOOLBOY'S SOLILOQUY.

WHEN little Jack with sober face
Had seen his father drive away,
And leave him all alone at school
Upon a dark and dismal day,

'Heigh ho!' said he, 'I do not see
The need of all this education;
I wish that I did not belong
To such a very learned nation.

Oh! had I been a Zulu born!
(At home they'd think it very shocking,)
But learning lessons I would scorn,
Nor would I wear a shoe or stocking.

What fun to range about all day,
In summer, winter, or all weathers,
With spear in hand, or assegai,
And nothing on but paint and feathers!

But since I am a British boy,
And cannot disavow my nation,
I'd better try to make the best
Of all this weary education.

So now to Latin, Greek, and French,
I'll give myself with due devotion;
But when I grow to man's estate
I'll carry out the Zulu notion!'

D. B. McKEAN.

A TRUE STORY.

THE dog in our picture belonged to the Ven. Archdeacon Bland. It was half-Danish, and it was attached to a pony belonging to the same owner. On one occasion the pony was severely hurt, and when he was well enough to be turned into a field carrots and other good things used to be taken to him. Frequently the dog, whose name was Traveller, was a contributor to the pony's taste; he used to run into the garden and collect the fallen apples, which he would bring in his mouth and lay them before the pony, and would sit and watch his friend eat them with many signs of pleasure.



"Traveller" and his friend.



"Stand away from that door, if you please!"

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 299.)

'STAND away from that door, if you please!'

'Thank you, I prefer standing where I am. You may think it an odd fancy, but I like standing against doors. Don't be put out now,' he continued, as George began to look dangerous; 'it spoils your very pretty ——'

But he got no farther than this, for George, who was a sturdy lad for his age, seized his puny opponent around the waist, brought him heavily to the ground, and was out at the door before the rest could recover from their surprise.

Sayers sprang to his feet and ran downstairs. But he speedily returned with the news that Summers had met two or three other fellows in the street, and gone off with them.

'I knew how it would be,' said Crabbe; 'he won't stand anything like this.'

'I would teach him better, if *I* was his cousin,' said Garland.

'I would knock him black and blue,' said the enraged Sayers.

'You ought to have begun just now, Charlie, when he put you on your back,' said his friend Clifford.

'Put me on my back! Why, I fell over the door-mat: anybody could see that!'

'Of course they could,' said Garland, anxious to make peace; 'but don't let us bother any more about that brat. Suppose we play for half-an-hour, just to rub him out of our minds. You are not going, Crabbe?'

'Yes, I am; I want to get back early.'

'Well, just one game.'

'No, thanks; I must be going.'

'Don't be shabby,' urged Garland.

'I don't want to be shabby, but I'm going all the same,' returned Crabbe, taking up his hat.

'Then you are shabby, that's all about it, after I took the trouble of bringing two fellows like Sayers and Clifford here.'

There was no chance of saying more, for Crabbe had left the room before he finished, and was walking moodily back towards the playground. Now that it was too late, he heartily repented of the trick played on his cousin. He had not yet fallen low enough to be really happy in the company of Garland and his boon companions. Moreover, it had just come into his mind that George might be able to lend him something towards satisfying the demands of Matthews. Was it too late? It might be. But there could be no harm in trying. To ask such a favour of George was a bitter pill to swallow. But anything was better than that Matthews should let out what he knew about——

Hallo! There was George himself, just coming into the playground alone.

'I say, George, I hope you'll pardon a fellow for that stupid affair. It was only a game, you know—a bet that we could get you into such a place somehow.'

'I hate lies,' said George, shortly.

'Well, never mind this once. I wish you would lend a fellow a helping hand?'

'How can I?' asked the other, in a friendly tone.

'Well, the fact is, I'm very hard up for coin, and must get some this week. Could you lend five bob?'

'That's a good deal. Why not write home?'

'Can't. I have written twice already for extra money this term. They said the last should be the last. Come, do lend it. I know you have the coin.'

'I haven't, really; but I'll try to get it for you, if I can.'

'When?'

'By to-morrow evening, if at all.'

'Oh, thanks, very much! You *are* a good fellow, George, and no mistake.'

'You aren't very thick with Garland and his set, are you, Walter?' asked his cousin, anxiously.

'No, really; only he's a fellow with a good deal of influence, and thought a lot of by some.'

'I should cut him if I were you.'

'I think I will,' said Crabbe, and at the time he really meant it. But therein lay his weakness—he could make good resolutions, but never kept them. Nor was the reason for it far to seek. It lay in his self-satisfied opinion of his own great powers. 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' was a prayer he could not understand. He thought his own miserably weak will was strong enough to resist anything, if he chose. It was a mistake for which he paid bitterly.

CHAPTER X.

'HURRAH!' cried Slade, jumping out of bed upon the eventful morning upon which the scholarship award was to be made known. 'There will soon be an end to all anxiety about this exam., and jolly glad I shall be.'

'So you ought to be,' rejoined Saunders from his couch. 'It has made you as gloomy as an old owl lately, and horrid thin, too.'

'So it has,' chimed in Barrell. 'Don't you fellows breathe too hard upon him; what should we do if he got blown away?'

'Stow that chaff,' returned Slade.

'Chaff?' said Barrell, with well-feigned amazement; 'you mustn't think it so. Now do be wise, and get Mary to let you have a couple of weights from the kitchen to tie on to each trowser leg. Listen to the wind! I wouldn't be as thin as you for worlds'

'I'll tell you what! I'll——'

'Carry some shot in your pockets? Yes, that's it.'

'Bother you and your shot; I'll——'

'Tie a clothes-line round your waist? Splendid idea. But——'

Here he stopped, for Slade dropped his sponge, and made for the tormentor's bed. During the chase which ensued Slade's next-door neighbour contrived to abstract the water he had just poured out for his use. When he returned from the infliction of summary punishment on Barrell it was to find his basin

empty. Everybody was washing with great diligence, and not a drop of clean water could be had.

'This is showing gratitude to a fellow after trying to do honour to his room,' grumbled Slade, as he went off in a light and airy costume in search of water. Happily for him he had not to go far. In the corridor he met the smallest boy from No. 2, who had been despatched on a similar errand. To run with a full jug of water in the hand is no easy matter. The enemy's convoy was soon caught, and the water poured from one jug to the other.

'My compliments to Tickley and Blobbs. Say I'm sorry to keep them waiting, but necessity, you know.' And saying this he went off with the spoil.

At breakfast that morning the candidates eyed one another askance, as much as to say, 'I wonder, now, who are going to be the happy two after all?'

The announcement was made immediately after prayers, and from the fifth downwards the interest in the event was always great.

Mr. Walton appeared at his desk with a sheet of foolscap in his hand, and at once began his report of the examination.

There had not been quite so many candidates as usual, but to make up for that the average excellence of the papers sent in had been above the ordinary standard. Indeed, it had not been an easy task to decide who stood first and second. However, after going very carefully through the papers, he had awarded the first scholarship to Slade. For the second there had been a hard fight between Summers and Baker. In the end, however, the marks showed a clear balance in favour of the former. That a new boy should take one of the scholarships was very creditable to his industry. He hoped the example would stir up others to work for a prize so well worth having. The papers of Blobbs were on the whole fair, but very uneven. Parts were very well done; parts very badly or not at all. There had been no conspicuous failure in the examination. It only remained for him to congratulate the successful candidates.

Thus ended the head master's speech, and then came the usual applause.

To settle quietly down to work after this was no easy matter. But it had to be done, so comment on the result was reserved until morning school ended.

On the whole the award gave satisfaction. Some few were rather nettled at a new boy coming out above their friends. But Summers was not unpopular, whilst Slade was a general favourite.

That the dwellers in No. 2 should be satisfied was not to be expected. The praise bestowed on Blobbs brought him no satisfaction. As for Baker, he felt it so keenly at first that the Ode to Melancholy went fluttering about the playground in a hundred pieces, and its dejected author vowed for the hundredth time to cast poetry to the winds.

Amongst his own set George found himself quite the hero.

But amidst all his pleasure and thankfulness at such unexpected success (for his own hopes had never gone further than praise or mention of some kind), a cloud hung over him at the thought of his promise to Walter Crabbe. All the money he had then in hand only amounted to a penny or two over half-a-crown. And he had promised to find five shillings. As he walked up and down the playground, thinking the matter over, Saunders came up.

'You haven't lost your watch and a five-pound note as well, have you, Summers?' he asked.

'No; why?'

'Because you looked as though some frightful piece of business had taken place. What is it?'

'I'm rather bothered.'

'I dare say. Lots of fellows are. Wimms is, because he's in for a licking for letting a frog loose in school. So is Barrell, because he'll get the same for sticking Smith to his seat with cobblers' wax.'

'Yes, I know; but it isn't anything like that.'

'What then?'

'I want some coin, and have only half as much as will do.'

'Why didn't you say so before? My excellent aunt sent me some a day or two ago. Will half-a-crown help?'

'Just the thing. You *are* a good fellow.'

'Not a bit of it. You see I can't spend it now till you pay me back, so it will turn out quite a save in the end.'

'All right; but I can't promise to pay till next term. You shall have it as soon as we get back.'

'That will be quite soon enough,' said Saunders, fishing out half-a-crown from the depths of his waistcoat pocket.

Returning towards the school, as dinner-time was approaching, these were met by Slade with the news,—

'Here's a jolly row! Blobbs has been cheeking Bigges, and the head has sent him off to his bedroom till wanted.'

'I knew he would get into it some day when one of his sulky fits was on him,' said Saunders.

'He seems a good deal cut up over this exam.,' continued Slade.

Just then they reached the house and separated.

(To be continued.)

GOLD.

THAT the most precious of all metals should in some places have been obtained with the least labour is very remarkable. Iron, tin, lead, and copper, are not to be obtained in paying quantities without proper machinery and great toil. But in the early history of the Californian and Australian gold-fields it was no uncommon thing for a man, provided with a tin-pan, to obtain as much gold in a week as would keep him for a year. Nay, one Australian native, whilst keeping his master's sheep near the town of Bathurst, found upon the surface a block of quartz, weighing about three hundred pounds, from which more than one hundred pounds of pure gold, valued at four thousand pounds, was extracted.

Gold is most frequently obtained by washing the sands of rivers and the soil of alluvial deposits. The



Gold Quartz Mining, Otago, New Zealand.

grains have been in some places found on the surface, so that a panful of earth taken up almost at random has amply repaid the trouble of washing. According to an Australian paper, a gentleman who went to the diggings as a spectator 'begged a dishful of earth, to have, as he thought, a few grains to take home with him: a few minutes' washing gave him nearly two ounces of gold.' Every miner was not equally fortunate. Many worked hard, and remained beggars, whilst neighbours a few yards off were rapidly becoming rich.

In some cases much labour is required before gold can be reached, and the miner has to penetrate layers of sand, gravel, and quartz before reaching the metal. The ground then becomes broken up by innumerable pits, in which the diggers work. Our illustration represents such a gold-field in New Zealand. The lake district of Otago abounds in gold, alike in the beds of its streams and in the alluvial deposits. Gold was not found in this country until 1861, but the result has been very satisfactory.

Before the exciting discoveries in California and Australia gold had been found in Africa, Japan, and South America. Large quantities have also been drawn from the Ural mountains in Russia. It is not generally known that gold has been and still is found in Great Britain. The value of that obtained in 1861 was over 10,000*l.*; but the returns have since been smaller. Our real gold-mines may be said to be in Australia. In was in 1849 that a Mr. Smith, who was employed at an Australian iron-works, appeared at the Government House, Sydney, with a lump of gold. For a certain sum of money he offered to show where he got it, and where more could be obtained. His offer was declined. In 1851, a Mr. Hargraves was struck with the likeness some parts of Australia bore to the gold-fields of California. He made experiments and was satisfied. The Government was informed of his discovery of gold, the news spread, and a rush to the favoured districts at once set in. In the ten years between 1851 and 1861, gold to the value of 96,000,000*l.* was brought to England from New South Wales and Victoria.

A. R. B.



An Indian Nurse.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

IN India a woman is looked upon as quite a different creature to what she is in England; indeed, I am sorry to tell you, she is often considered, amongst the lower castes of native women especially, as a *thing* which can be bought, beaten, and abused. It will sound curiously to my readers to hear of any person being bought and sold like a piece of merchandise, but such is often the case with the women of India. The birth of a daughter in a house is looked upon as a great calamity, and when such an event happens the parents of the child receive visits of condolence from their friends and relatives; but on the other hand, should a son be born unto them, there is great rejoicing—a grand dinner is given, and the mother is considered to be highly favoured by the gods. When a daughter is about two years old, she is sold in marriage to the parents of a boy of about the same age, but remains at home until she has attained the age of about fourteen, when she goes to her husband's house to live; but should the boy chance to die after the marriage contract is sealed—say even at three years old—then the poor little wife becomes a widow, and is looked upon as having incurred the wrath of the gods, and so she is neglected, and often ill treated. One of the most frequent forms of abuse among the people is, 'You father of a daughter!' In this respect both the Hindoos and Mahommedans are alike, and their sacred books teach them such wickedness. A Hindoo wife must never speak to her husband in public; when on a journey she must walk several paces behind him; must never, except on their marriage day, eat with him; and on that day, as the marriage procession marches through the street, she must support the train of her husband's dress.

In one of the Hindoos' sacred books it is written, 'By a girl, or by a young woman, or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her mere pleasure, and a husband must be revered as a god by a virtuous wife.' In others of them the following wicked passages occur: 'Women's sin is greater than that of a man; women are they who have an aversion to good works; women have hunger twofold more than men, cunning fourfold, violence sixfold, and evil design eightfold. Let a wife, who wishes to perform sacred ablution, wash the feet of her lord (husband), and drink the water; for her lord to a wife is greater than Vishnu (the name of a Hindoo god): her husband is her god, priest, and religion.'

With such teaching can it be wondered at that women occupy the position they do in India? Thousands upon thousands of them are shut up in their houses, and never allowed to pass the threshold, nor to hold communication with any one but their own husbands or their family; they have received no education, can neither read nor write; and while the lower castes spend their time in attending to their children and cooking food for their husbands, the higher castes mostly spend it in eating sweetmeats and in frivolous conversation.

THE SONG OF ROLAND.

ROLAND was a famous Christian knight who died of his wounds in the battle of Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees, A.D. 779. According to the song, written by some poet unknown, and long ago, the story is as follows:—

The Christian Emperor Charles (commonly called Charlemagne, or Charles the Great), had been seven years in Spain, fighting the Moors. He had had great success, but had failed to capture Saragossa, where the infidel king Marsile held his court. Charles was preparing to attack that city when ten Moors arrived at his camp, offering to surrender Saragossa peacefully on condition he would go back to France. The Moors also promised that their master would become a Christian, and receive baptism on Michaelmas Day at Aix, Charles's capital.

The ten Moors were kindly treated by Charles in a splendid tent which was pitched for their use. After their departure the Emperor called his peers together to decide whether Marsile's offer was to be accepted, or not.

Roland, the first in council as in war, said no terms ought to be had with a king who had already treacherously slain two Christian ambassadors. But other advice was tendered by Count Ganelon, and loudly applauded by most of those present, because if it were followed there would be an end of the war, and all would see fair France once more without delay.

Roland was too noble to be affronted at the rejection of his advice; and he at once offered to go and tell Marsile what had been arranged; but his firm friend Olivier (one of the famous band of twelve who looked to Roland as their chief), said that Roland should not go, and Charles forbad his going. Roland then proposed that Ganelon should be sent. Ganelon was a valiant man, yet this proposal was hateful to him on account of its danger and trouble. He was filled with fury, and he vowed that he would be Roland's enemy for ever. He made a wistful appeal to Charles on account of his wife and only son; but the Emperor told him he was too tender, and bade him go about the business with a glove and bâton as gages of his authority. As Ganelon hurriedly took the glove he dropped it, and those who saw it fall said that it was a bad sign.

Now, as Count Ganelon wended his way pensively to Saragossa, he fell in with the wily envoys of King Marsile. One of these men contrived to worm himself into Ganelon's heart, and found out his secret thoughts. Before they had reached Saragossa the Moor and the Christian had agreed on a plan for the ruin of Roland.

When Ganelon stood in Marsile's presence he behaved like a brave knight and loyal subject. No baits could lure him aside from his devotion to his sovereign. His heart had, however, one very black

spot—he hated and envied Roland. And he represented him to King Marsile as the fire-brand, the restless spirit who stirred up these endless wars; and it was agreed that Ganelon should go back to Charles's camp with Marsile's pretended submission; that the French army should return over the Pyrenees at once to France; that Roland should be placed in the rear-guard of the army; and that, whilst the Christian host was winding in a long thin line through the passes of the mountains, the whole of Marsile's troops, aided by others, should fall on Roland and crush him with their superior numbers.

When Ganelon returned to the camp Charles had a strange dream or two, which made him fear that some evil was brewing. In his dream he saw Ganelon approach and wrench the spear out of his hand. It broke, and the shivers flew up to heaven. This dream so affected the Emperor, that when Ganelon suggested placing Roland behind the retiring army Charles turned savagely upon him and called him a devil. But, in spite of the Emperor's fears, Roland was put in the rear with his eleven famous companions, the brave Archbishop Turpin, and many another gallant Frank.

Olivier was first to suspect treachery. He soon believed that they were not to be allowed to retire from Spain in peace, but were to be harassed by a vast mob of the enemy. When he looked behind him from a high crag, the whole country-side seemed a moving mass of armed men. Olivier called Ganelon a traitor, but Roland would not believe it. Olivier then urged Roland to sound his ivory horn, and recall the main body, but Roland would not. Several times Olivier begged Roland to sound the horn, but he scorned the idea. If he blew his horn in the hour of danger every one would call him a coward.

The enemy drawing nearer and nearer, Archbishop Turpin mounted his horse, and placing himself on a small eminence, preached his last sermon. Few and stirring were his words. He then gave absolution to the soldiers as they knelt before him, and he said, 'The only penance I impose is to strike as often and as hard as you can.'

And then the dreadful fight began, and deeds of wondrous bravery were done by the Christian knights and soldiers. So utterly fearless and so skilful were those Franks, that the huge hosts of the infidels had to recoil twice in confusion. And after a third and final onset they fled away altogether, leaving heaps of their bravest dead on the field. Long was that dreadful day remembered in the homes of Spain. Nor did France soon cease mourning over her noble sons who were lost to her through the treachery of Count Ganelon.

When Roland saw too late the results of his pride he wished to sound his ivory horn; but now it was his old comrade Olivier who would not allow it, and the dispute between them was so hot that they nearly came to blows with each other. However, the good Archbishop stood between them, and pointed out that it was needful that the horn should be sounded and the main army recalled; not to save their lives, it was too late for that, but to protect their bodies from the wolves and vultures. So Roland blew his horn, though the effort told fearfully on his fast-failing strength.

The Emperor was thirty leagues away, but he plainly heard 'the blast of that dread horn,' and he reined in his horse and said, ''Tis Roland's horn. He is engaged in battle, and sorely beset, or he never would have sounded it.'

Count Ganelon tried to laugh it off, saying with a sneer, 'Roland would never stoop to cry for help. Much more likely he was hunting somewhere; for he often blew his horn a whole day whilst after one poor hare!'

The Emperor looked angrily at him, and ordered the whole Christian host to return as quickly as possible to the fatal pass of Roncesvalles.

Meanwhile, Roland and Olivier bade each other a most touching farewell; and the latter, after confessing his sins and crying for mercy, blessed his king and his dear brother Roland, whom he loved above all men, and then he fell back and died.

At this sight Roland was filled with anguish, and swooned away. When he recovered he found the Archbishop, and did what he could to restore him to consciousness; and then he tottered about the slippery field, picked up the bodies of his eleven peers, and laid them one by one at the Archbishop's feet, that he might bless them altogether once more. And when he saw his eleven dead comrades he was so overcome that he fainted a second time.

Seeing him thus in a swoon the Archbishop, though mortally wounded, tried to stagger to the brook and fill Roland's horn with water; but the effort was beyond his strength, he had not gone many steps when he fell down and died. Roland recovering once more saw what had happened, and placing the good bishop's hands one over the other on his breast, he commended his heroic spirit to God.

Roland was now the last man alive on that field of carnage, and he prepared to follow his brave companions in arms. With his face turned towards the enemy, as one who disdained flight, he commended his peers to God's mercy, invoked blessings on his kindred and fatherland, confessed his faults, great and small, and calmly resigned his soul, sometime before the pass of Roncesvalles began to echo with the tramping war-hoofs of the Christian army.

G. S. O.

THE NEST ROBBER.

IN a nook of our orchard an old apple-tree,
All covered with blossom you cannot but see,
And peeping from out of the branches so green
A gay pair of chaffinches often are seen;
And what are they doing there? eating the leaves?
Or hunting for apples like naughty young thieves?
Oh, no! but they've built there a snug little nest,
And there lie their little ones calmly at rest;
And oh, that our Willie, our loved little boy,
The home of these dear birds could wish to destroy!
Oh, Willie! your fate is a sad one I know;
But you really deserved it; now, isn't it so?

D. B.



The Nest Robber.



Blobbs receiving sundry applications of the cane from behind.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 307.)

THERE was a good deal of talk at dinner that day as to the probable punishment of the contumacious Blobbs. Afternoon school passed off as usual, and everybody began to settle down again to ordinary work.

But fresh excitement was in store. Towards four o'clock Mr. Bigges sent a small boy upstairs for some book he had left in his bedroom. After a long absence he came back with a half-suppressed grin on his face.

'Please, sir, I can't get into the room.'

'Why not, pray?' asked the master.

'Because it's locked, sir.'

'Locked? Are you sure?'

'Yes, sir. I can see the bolt.'

'Then just go to Mrs. Turpin, and ask her to lend you her key of the room.'

'Yes, sir,' replied little Tucker, who went off with great glee to investigate so remarkable an occurrence.

He soon returned with great amazement on his countenance.

'Well?' asked Mr. Bigges.

'Please, sir, the door into the passage is locked, and I can't get through to Mrs. Turpin's room.'

'That locked, too? There must be something wrong,' said Mr. Bigges.

He hastily wrote a note to the head master, and then called little Tucker again.

'Just take this to Mr. Walton's room.'

'Yes, sir,' said Tucker, who now found himself quite an object of interest.

He was soon back, looking very serious this time.

'Please, sir, I can't get in. His door is locked. So is the French room, sir; and Herr Meyer is kicking at the door, and calling for somebody to open it.'

'Silence!' cried Mr. Bigges, to repress the laughter which the account of Herr Meyer's condition excited in his class.

'Yes, sir,' continued Tommie Tucker, with a terrific effort to look solemn; 'and Mr. Cuming is calling through his keyhole for somebody to open the fifth's door.'

'What does it mean?' exclaimed Mr. Bigges: 'the whole school locked up in their rooms except ourselves!'

'Please, sir . . .' said Tommie, with another effort at self-restraint.

'Well?' said Mr. Bigges, in a tone of resignation.

'I think we are locked in too, sir; all the doors in the corridor are locked.'

'What *is* to be done?' said Mr. Bigges, looking helplessly around at his class.

'Let me get out of the window, sir?' suggested Tommie.

'No, sir, let me?' cried a dozen more members of his class.

Something must be done, for already sounds came from the corridor which showed that the prisoners in the class-rooms which were lighted from the roof were getting tired of captivity. The windows of the long room were only some five feet from the ground. Tucker and another boy soon got out at two of the windows, dropped to the ground, and ran to the head master's entrance. The result of their activity was soon heard in the turning of a key in the door at the end of the corridor. Then Mrs. Turpin entered the long room with her bundle of keys in hand. These were kept by her in order that she might enter every room for her domestic purposes, even when culprits had been locked up therein.

'Well, sir,' said the good dame, holding up her hands in amazement, 'to think it should ever have come to this! Who *can* have done such a thing?'

'That we shall soon find out, Mrs. Turpin,' replied Mr. Bigges, with great fierceness. 'And now will you open all the class-room doors, please?'

This Mrs. Turpin quickly did, and the head master was soon questioning his subordinate as to this extraordinary incident. Eventually the school was dismissed, and the masters in a body, accompanied by Mrs. Turpin, went upstairs to see what had been done there.

One room after another was found locked, but opened in obedience to Mrs. Turpin's keys, until they came to No. 2, in which the unfortunate Blobbs was a prisoner. The key turned in the lock, but the door refused to open. It was bolted top and bottom. Mr. Walton was in no humour to be played with.

'Blobbs, undo these bolts instantly!' he cried.

There was no reply. He did not wait long, but, stepping back, took a kick at a lower panel, which sent it into the room.

'Mr. Bigges, will you be kind enough to creep through that aperture and draw the top bolt?'

Mr. Bigges did so, and the party entered the room.

Blobbs was discovered lying composedly upon his bed, and reading a paper-covered novelette, by which he had been inspired with the necessary daring for this deed.

Those were the days when corporal punishment was thought to be the one remedy for dullness, sloth, or any crime.

'Mr. Bigges,' said the head master, 'will you kindly step downstairs and bring up my cane? Not the small one with the handle, but the stout one bound at the bottom.'

Mr. Bigges started cheerfully upon the errand.

'Now, Blobbs, where are those keys?'

'Up the chimney, sir,' replied Blobbs, upon whom the word 'cane' had a very stimulating effect.

'Up the chimney? Then you will fetch them down.'

'I can't, sir.'

'But you must. Off with your coat. I won't have that spoiled. Now, then, reach them down.'

The room was at the top of the house, so that a good deal of light came down the chimney. Blobbs looking about for a hiding-place, had bethought him of this, and lodged the keys on a little ledge some few feet up.

'Now, sir, fetch them down,' said Mr. Walton, grimly, quickening the dull intelligence of Blobbs by a stroke of the stout cane, which had now arrived.

Slowly Blobbs introduced his head and shoulders above the fire-grate; but his movements were a good deal expedited by sundry applications of the cane from behind. He presently withdrew himself, and produced a handful of sooty keys.

'Wash them in that basin,' was the next command.

This was soon done, and then the culprit was placed under the care of his master, Mr. Cuming, who was to keep him separate from the other boys until it was decided what steps should be taken.

All feeling of romantic heroism had now vanished, and Blobbs had ample room for thinking of the plight into which he had got himself. What would they do? Perhaps send him home for good after more administrations of the cane. Tea-time was near, but still they let him sit in the punishment-room alone. Would they send him tea and supperless to bed? He wished *The Merry Boys of Birchem* (this was the novelette he had been reading) at the bottom of the sea!

But we must leave Blobbs in prison, counting the flowers on the wall-paper, and see how our other friends have fared in this short interval.

CHAPTER XI.

Just after four o'clock on that famous day of Blobbs's feat, whilst the masters were still interviewing him in his bedroom, George met his cousin in the playground.

'It is all right about the money, Walter. I have it here, if you will stay whilst I fish it out of my pocket.'

'Well, you are a good fellow,' was the reply; 'I don't deserve it from you.'

'Never mind deserts,' said George, producing two half-crowns. 'I'm glad I can help, as you really want it.'

'That I do,' said the other, and there the conversation ended.

It was not long before Crabbe sought Matthews. He found him exposing a purseful of foreign postage-stamps to the eyes of a youngster in the third.

'Wait a bit,' said he; 'I'll be with you presently.'

Crabbe waited accordingly, whilst 'Doddy' concluded his bargain with the youngster.

'You are bringing some coin, I know you are,' he said, wagging his head with a greet of great sagacity on joining Crabbe.

'Quite right,' said the other, pulling out the five shillings; 'it isn't all, but I will do my best to get as much again before the week is out.'

'Yes, do,' said the money-lender, 'for I must have half-a-sovereign.'

Crabbe heaved a sigh, and hurried off. Seeing Garland in the distance he thought some aid might be got in that quarter. But the mention of the word 'lend' was quite enough for that worthy.

'Not a bit of it,' he answered; 'you will never catch me lending a penny to anybody. Why, I wouldn't trust my own father!' (It occurred to Crabbe that, considering his father's reputed dishonesty, there was nothing remarkable in that.) But clearly no help was to be got out of Garland, who found himself called upon to make for the house at great speed. For the remainder of that term he was afflicted with temporary blindness when near Crabbe. It was only when the next term came, and with it, of course, a fresh supply of money, that his affection for him again broke out. But we must not anticipate.

There was no lack of conversation during the free hour in the long room that night. What was to become of Blobbs? That was a fruitful subject for discussion. Another topic of great interest to all who slept in No. 3 was this, how best to celebrate the victory won by Slade and Summers in the examination.

'A quiet feed to-night,' said one.

'That won't do,' said Saunders, decisively. 'Bigges will be on the look-out, and we shall get caught at it.'

'Let us ask leave, then, to have the French room till half-past eight.'

'Good idea,' said Saunders. 'There isn't much time to get ready; but let everybody be prepared with something, and I will go and ask for leave.'

Saunders accordingly went to Mr. Walton and begged that those of the fourth who slept in No. 3 might celebrate the success of their fellows by spending the free hour together in the French room.

Now the head master, notwithstanding his use of the stout cane, had a kind heart, and readily gave his consent.

Saunders returned with joy to tell the news.

'Look here,' he said; 'I think it would be mean of us not to ask Tickley and the fellows in No. 2.'

This proposition also met with approval. The invitation was accepted with great readiness, and every member of the fourth was soon busy, or pretending to be busy, in preparing something for the evening.

At last everybody was free, and flocked to the French room.

There was a difficulty at starting, for little Tommie Tucker and another small boy were found to have concealed themselves in the room. Would they go out? No, they had as much right there as the fourth, and there they would stay as long as they chose.

'As long as *we* choose, you mean,' said Saunders. 'Lend a hand here, Tickley.'

Tickley and Slade willingly lent both their hands, and the obstreperous youngsters were borne ignominiously from the room.

'Now,' said Tickley, 'I propose that Saunders takes the chair.' ('Hear, hear,' in loud tones, especially from the No. 3 boys.)

'I second that,' said Slade. (Renewed applause.)

Another difficulty here arose: there was no chair for him to take. Mrs. Turpin with commendable forethought had removed the master's cushioned chair from the room, lest it should suffer some damage in the course of their revels. But this was of slight importance. The chairman seated himself upon the front of the master's desk, from which position he could command an excellent view of the entire room. The general company sat upon the desks and forms.

(*To be continued.*)



WHICH IS THE TALLER?

WHICH is the taller, the beautiful flower,
Or sweet little Jessie, so fresh and so fair?
She patiently stands nearly half a long hour,
While Bessie all smiling is measuring with care.

Ah, well, the flower has it! we cannot deny it,
It sends its tall stem over Jessie's fair head;
But soon its bright blossoms will wither and perish,
And Jessie's fair rival lie scentless and dead;

While our little maiden we hope will be growing
In beauty and goodness each day by our hearth,
Till over the household, so tender and loving,
She throws a bright halo of gladness and mirth.

D. B.



WHAT DO THE BELLS SAY?

O'ER the pleasant meadows stealing
Comes a sound of church-bells pealing:
—Sweet bells ringing,
Softly singing,
What is it ye say?

'To the house of God, most holy,
Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly;
Thus we're ringing,
This we're singing;
Oh, turn not away.

Age and infant, youth and maiden,
Joyful, sinful, sorrow-laden,
Hear us ringing,
For we're singing,
Come and kneel and pray.

Bounteous are the gifts of Heaven,—
Wants supplied and sin forgiven,
So we're ringing,
And we're singing,
Praise the Lord alway.'

SOME CORONATION INCIDENTS.



WILLIAM the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster on the Christmas Day after the battle of Hastings. As the Archbishop of Canterbury would not put the crown on his head, Aldred of York performed the ceremony. William was attended by many of his famous warriors, and a crowd of people. When Archbishop Aldred asked those present whether they would have William for their king, they shouted 'We will!' so loudly, that the soldiers outside the Abbey were alarmed, and some of them set fire to the wooden houses close by the building. Other soldiers burst through the Abbey doors with swords in their hands. Great confusion followed, and William was left standing in amazement at the altar, with Aldred and a few terrified monks, who managed to complete the ceremony in great haste.

William, called Rufus, was crowned by Lanfranc in the same place, and on a Sunday in September. And when he died, his brother Henry, having forced the crown out of the hands of its keeper, by drawing his sword and threatening him with instant death, compelled Maurice the Bishop of London to put it on his head.

The primate Corboil crowned Stephen on the feast-day of his namesake, the saint and martyr. This also was at Westminster. Henry II. was crowned with his Queen in the same place by Theobald, the Archbishop. Then did the people shout for joy, when their handsome brave young prince came forth wearing England's crown.

The Earl of Albemarle carried it when the lion-hearted Richard became king. Over his head was a silken canopy supported by four spears, each of which was held by a great noble. On the path up to the high altar was spread a magnificent purple carpet. Richard, having made the usual promises, took the crown from the altar and gave it to Archbishop Baldwin, who placed it on the king's head. An unhappy massacre of Jews took place on this occasion. They had been forbidden to appear at the coronation banquet, but some of them disregarded the order, and came to lay their offerings at the king's feet. A Christian near the door, more zealous than wise, struck a Jew who was trying to enter, and a general tumult ensued, in which many Jews were killed, and every Jew's house in London was plundered.

John was crowned twice over. The second time he had his fair young wife, Isabella, at his side. No particular event seems to have occurred on either occasion.

The coronation of Henry III. was a very scanty affair, for the crown had been lost in the Wash, and the Pope's legate, Gualo, placed a plain ring of gold on the boy-king's head. It was this king who caused the ancient Abbey to be pulled down and a new abbey to be built, and in it he was buried.

Far away was the first Edward when his father's death made room for him on England's throne. When he returned with his noble-hearted wife Eleanor, they were crowned after a splendid fashion. Then did the rich merchants fling heaps of gold and silver from their windows, and then the conduits in the streets ran down with streams of red and white wine. It was this Edward who fixed below the coronation-chair a stone called 'The Stone of Destiny,' which he had brought from Scone in Scotland.

The coronation of the unhappy Edward II. was also celebrated in the usual place, with great magnificence. His favourite, Piers Gaveston, carried the crown, and many were the sour looks darted at him by the jealous old nobles.

Richard II. was, like Henry III., a boy when he was crowned. It was summer time, and he nearly fainted under the toil and excitement of the long and splendid pageant. He was carried from the Abbey to his bed, whence, after resting awhile, he was led to the grand hall, and there partook of the coronation feast. When Henry of Bolingbroke ousted this unfortunate king the two Archbishops placed the intruder on the throne. Before he sat down he knelt for a few minutes on the steps, praying silently. He was crowned shortly afterwards, the Earl of Northumberland walking by his side and carrying a sword.

What the crown of Henry VI. was like may be seen in the crowns of stone which adorn the glorious chapel he reared at Cambridge. He was a babe of nine months old when his father's early death called him to share in the troubles and sorrows of a kingly life.

The bold and fortunate Edward IV. was but twenty-one when he mounted the throne. Loud were the shouts of the London citizens. 'Long live King Edward!' was repeated over and over again by the immense crowd.

His brother Richard, called Crookback, was crowned with his wife Anne at Westminster, and again were they crowned in the noble cathedral of York. This was because he wished to gratify his friends in the north, and nothing he thought would better please them than such a compliment. The crown he used to wear was found hanging on a thorn-bush after the battle of Bosworth, and the cautious Henry of Richmond, who succeeded him, did not venture on his own coronation until a terrible malady, called 'the sweating sickness,' had abated. This plague began in September and lasted about six weeks. During that time it carried off very many persons. Not one in a hundred who fell sick of it escaped. Henry's nobles rode to his coronation 'two and two upon a horse.' He had been already crowned,

after a rough-and-hasty fashion, by the Earl of Derby, on the blood-stained field of Bosworth.

Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine (to whom he had been married three weeks) were crowned on Midsummer Day. She was eight years older than her husband, and the union brought her great sorrow.

Edward VI., another boy-king, was too weak to endure the tediousl ength of an old-fashioned coronation, and several changes were made in the ceremony lest they should 'weary and be hurtsome to the king's majesty, being yet of tender age.'

The poor Lady Jane Grey was publicly received as Queen in the Tower, which was to be her prison unto the hour of her death. Mary was crowned by Gardiner, the Bishop of Winchester, the Archbishop being now disgraced and a prisoner. A Bishop of Carlisle set the crown on Elizabeth's head, because every other Bishop had refused to perform the deed. They all believed, or pretended to believe, that she had no right to the throne.

A Dutch print shows us the coronation of James I. He had, of course, been crowned already in Scotland, and when he took possession of the English throne he was crowned again. Another plague, perhaps '*the* plague,' was raging at the time. The weather, though it was July, was dark and stormy, and people were forbidden to assemble, lest the infection should spread.

In the old Dutch picture you see the inside and outside of the Abbey. Within are nobles and statesmen, bishops and courtiers. Outside are men firing guns, blowing trumpets, holding halberds, and bonfires are seen blazing away in queer-shaped cressets on the tops of poles.

The unfortunate Charles I. was crowned by an unfortunate archbishop. Abbot, such was the Archbishop's name, had killed a man whilst engaged in a hunt—by chance, of course.

But the coronation service was 'one of the most punctual since the Conquest.' It was, however, not a joyful one. Very few cried 'God save King Charles,' when the Archbishop presented him bare-headed to the people, and told them to show their consent and willingness to receive him by their loud shouts.

Our remarks must end here, at present, as we fear we may otherwise tire our readers with these scraps of history. How true it is that 'Westminster Abbey is a part of the English Constitution!' And with what wondering eyes must we all gaze, when we pay a visit to that fine old place, which is connected with so much human glory and sorrow! G. S. O.

THE NEST IN THE KETTLE.

COME, Robinette, it's spring-time,
The air with life is fill'd,
All birds seem very busy;
We too, my love, must build.
Last year we were unlucky
Beneath the apple-tree,
We lost our precious young ones,
And a sad, sad time had we.'

'Well, Robinette is ready
To do what Robin begs;
It's May, I know, dear husband,
And time to lay the eggs.
I see that you are thinking—
O tell me, have you seen
A nursery for our children,
In all this sea of green?

You are a knowing Robin,
And you can fight and sing;
And few of all our neighbours
Can match you on the wing.
Man loves you, and admires you,
You are his feathered pet;
But best of all, dear Robin,
You love your Robinette.'

'Well, Robinette,' sang Robin,
'I've found a place at last.
Which, if I know a little,
Is not to be surpass'd:
I cannot well describe it,
It's not a box nor tree;
It's hard, and round, and hollow—
Come, Robinette, and see!'

So the pair went together
The leafy alleys through;
A happy little couple,
How lovingly they flew!
And many a feathered songster
Poured from the budding spray
His praises to Our Father,
As Robin led the way.

'What! leave the wood, dear Robin!
O do not, pray, forget
Our weeping in the orchard,'
Sang little Robinette:
'Better be in the forest,
Where thickest thickets be.'
'It's hard and round,' said Robin;
'Come, Robinette, and see.

It's quite a little castle—
You'll be a queen, you will—
With walls so strong about you—
I tried them with my bill.
A roof there is above you,
To keep you from the rain;
We shall be there directly,
It's only in that lane.'

Now in it, and now on it,
Now round it, all delight,
While Robin sang, beholding,
It was a pretty sight;
When, turning to her husband,
With all her loving eyes,
She said, 'You famous Robin,
You're worthy of a prize!

'Good Mister Weir will draw you
(For he *can* draw, you know),
Upon our nest-roof singing
To Robinette below;
And, looking on the picture,
A sight unseen before,
Thousands of little children
Will love my Robin more.'



Robins' Nest in a Kettle.



Blobbs caught by Farmer Wyborn.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

'BROTHERS all!' began Saunders; but he was interrupted at that moment by the poetic Baker, who imprudently sat down upon one end of an empty form, which at once tilted up and landed him on the floor. When the laughter thus aroused had subsided he continued his address thus:—'You all know why we are met here to-night. We are going to celebrate, in a quiet way, the success of Slade and Summers. But we must get out of this by prayers' time, so I will at once proceed with the items on our programme. Barrell, you sing us a song.'

'Oh, my! Not the first, you know; that isn't fair!' urged Barrell.

'Silence for Barrell's song,' shouted everybody, thereby producing anything but silence.

Resistance was vain. He cleared his throat, and, as a proof of his much-talked-of love for the sea, began 'Tom Bowling'—

'Here a sheer——'

But at this point his voice cracked, owing to his having pitched the tune in too high a key.

Encouraged by cries of, 'Never mind, old boy, try again,' he started a second time,—

'Here a sheer hulk——'

But when he landed on the proper note for 'hulk,' his voice went down so exceedingly low that the sound amounted to a grunt. He stopped and looked around for sympathy.

'Go on, Barrell,' said the chairman, with dignity.

'He is looking for his voice,' said one.

'It is gone into his boots,' suggested another.

'Or into the cellar. Hadn't we better have the boards up and look for it?' asked a third.

'Go on, Barrell,' urged the chairman again.

'Shan't,' said the songster, sticking his hands in his pockets with an air of great determination.

'Go on, old fellow,' mildly urged Tickley.

'Go on yourself,' was the reply.

'A fine singer you!'

'As good as you!'

Affairs were now assuming an unpleasant aspect. The chairman saw that it was time to interfere.

'Look here, we mustn't have any rows on a night like this. Shake hands and shut up.'

They shook hands accordingly, and then everybody looked at the chairman for the next item on his programme. The latter examined a crumpled paper in his hand, and was going to summon the next victim, when a tapping was heard at the door.

'Who's there?' asked Slade, who was near it.

'Wimms. Let me in,' was the answer.

'What for? You said you wouldn't come.'

'I want to tell you something about Blobbs.'

'What about him?'

'He is gone. Open the door, and I'll tell all about it.'

The door flew open in an instant, and Wimms was assailed with questions. Several of the fourth at once dashed out to get the news from others.

All that could be gathered was that Mr. Bigges, passing the room where Blobbs had been confined, noticed the door slightly ajar. Pushing it open, he found the room empty. The catch of the lock being on the inside of the door, had easily been unscrewed with the aid of a penknife, and the prisoner had managed to slip downstairs and out without detection, probably during tea-time. When evidence was quickly brought together it seemed that he could not have gone for more than an hour when his absence was found out. The porter, Mr. Walton's gardener, and two of the masters, had gone off in the most likely directions. It was soon found that he had not taken the direction of the town. Indeed, no news could be heard of him upon any of the roads.

'He must be in hiding somewhere at hand,' said Mr. Walton to Mr. Cuming, as they sat together in the head master's study.

'I think so, too; and in that case we are sure to hear of him, now that the police have been informed.'

'Shall we communicate with his parents at once, or wait?'

'I should say wait. The lad has very little resolution, although, no doubt, easily excited by the reading of foolish tales. He is as likely to come back himself as not.'

The head master shook his head doubtfully at this, and was about to reply, when a loud ring of the door-bell was heard. He at once started for the door and flung it open. There stood the truant Blobbs in the hands of Farmer Wyborn, whose land adjoined the school, and who had a standing grudge against the boys for trespassing thereon in search of their balls.

'Here you are, sir; here's one o' your genelmen. You know I always said I'd make it warmish for 'em, if I caught any. It's been took out o' this 'un in another way.'

'He is not hurt, I hope,' said Mr. Walton, dragging Blobbs into the hall.

'No,' continued his captor; 'I don't think there's much harm done. It was like this, ye see. I was taking a turn around the rickyard with Snaps—that's our bull-terrier—a smartish dog as ever you see'd with your eyes, and suddenly this young fellow jumps up from by a hay-rick and cuts off. But Snaps had 'im in a moment, an'——'

'Goodness gracious!' exclaimed Mr. Walton, 'you don't say he is lacerated by——'

'No-a,' said the farmer with a grin, 'there weren't no lass by to rate 'im—only me an'——'

'Tush!' said the other; 'I mean bitten by——'

'Not a bite, your honour; the dog just gripped him by the seat of his breeches, and took a biggish patch out. He yelled out, I can tell ye, at that. But there's no harm done—not a bit, not a bit.'

'Thank goodness!'

'Well, he was a-wanting to cut away again, but I brought 'im along to you, so as you should know the rights and wrongs of it.'

'And very thankful I am that you did so. We are very grateful to you, indeed, Farmer Wyborn.'

'Oh, don't mention, sir; I can't make out how

Snaps missed gripping 'im in arnest. It's not like 'er.'

'Will you take a little refreshment?' said Mr. Walton, wishing to end such unpleasant reflections.

'No, thank you, sir; I'll just hand this young man over to you and go. It's a mercy that Snap didn't grip 'im, though.'

Shaking his head over this unaccountable fact, the farmer shook hands with the two masters and backed out of the hall. The latter were then free to attend to their captive. He had sunk into a low seat in the hall, and buried his face in his hands.

'Now, Blobbs!' said Mr. Walton.

The wretched boy looked up with such a face that the master asked, 'Are you ill, Blobbs?'

'I—I think so,' was the reply, and his white face corroborated his statement.

'Indeed, there was evidently no deception in the matter. The excitement of the last few days had done its work. He was despatched to bed and a doctor summoned, who ordered care and quiet to avert, if possible, an attack of fever.

But what of our merry party during this time?

The news about Blobbs was held to be of such importance that the gathering at once broke up. Groups gathered here and there in the long room discussing this last event, and the chance of a speedy capture. When supper-time came the news spread from mouth to mouth that he had been brought home by Farmer Wyborn, and had been dreadfully mangled by his dog Snaps. This news had a most salutary effect on the smaller boys, who were inclined to look upon running away as a great and glorious feat, but whose views now seemed to change since Snaps had appeared on the scene.

Bed-time came in due course, and this day of excitement was soon at an end.

But excitement was not yet at an end for that term. A long consultation was observed to take place between the head master and Mr. Cuming during morning school. At twelve o'clock the former took his place in his desk with an evident intention of saying something. That something occasioned no small surprise.

'I am sorry to say that a very unpleasant discovery has been made this morning, namely, that we have a thief among us. A sum of six shillings has been stolen from the desk of a boy in the fifth form. This is a deep disgrace to us, and I hope the culprit will be forthcoming. Our suspicions at this time would naturally point to one boy, namely, Blobbs. He has confessed a great many faults to me, but this offence he denies all knowledge of, and I am constrained to believe him. Now I am very far from wishing to set boys as spies one over another, but in this case I feel that your own credit is at stake, and that you should do your best to discover the offender. No pains will be wanting on the part of the masters for the same purpose; and there the matter must rest for the present.'

When Mr. Walton had ended, the boys looked at one another in dismay. A thief amongst them! Who could it be? They met in angry groups and talked the matter over from beginning to end, as far as it was known to them. All they could learn was this, that on the night when the scholarships had been awarded, Garland had left a purse containing six shillings in his desk. The next morning, on searching in the desk for it, the purse could nowhere be found.

'I tell you what it is,' said Saunders to a group, who discussed the matter for the tenth time on the evening of that day, 'I don't believe Garland ever lost the money—there!'

'What do you mean?' cried two or three.

'Why, I believe he wants to make out that this money was bagged just to get it made up for him by Walton.'

'But how about the purse?' asked Slade; 'two or three fellows say they saw him with it the day before.'

'Well, he could easily hide that. Who was more likely to want money than a fellow like Garland?'

'That's it,' said Slade; 'who is likely to have wanted money just now?'

'Everybody,' said Barrell; 'I do for one.'

'Yes, of course; but is anybody very hard up?'

'Why, for matter of that ——,' said Saunders.

'What?' asked two or three, seeing a look of concern on his face.

'Why, Summers ——' he began hesitatingly.

'Go on, what about Summers?'

'Well, I don't suppose it has anything to do with this, only he borrowed half-a-crown of me the other day.'

'Pooh,' said Slade; 'lots of fellows might do that.'

'So they might,' said Tickley; 'but how did it come about? Tell us all about it?'

'I met him looking rather glum one day, and asked what was the matter. He said he wanted some money, and only had half enough. So I lent him half-a-crown.'

'That looks rather queer,' said Tickley.

'Nonsense,' said Slade. 'Nobody shall make me believe that Summers had anything to do with it.'

'I'm with you, Slade,' said Saunders.

But one or two thought the circumstances rather suspicious.

Nobody, however, felt inclined to take upon himself the unpleasant task of asking Summers any question upon the subject, and he went on unaware of the suspicion. But no evidence was forthcoming against any boy, and as the end of term was drawing near the excitement soon grew less. During the week before the break-up an arrangement had been made that Slade should spend the greater part of the short Easter holiday with Summers at Rewent, and they were anxiously waiting for the day to come. Blobbs had been spared a long illness, and was well enough to go home the day after the rest. But the journey home of George and his friend must wait for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

CORFE CASTLE.

OLD Corfe Castle, stern and gray,
Say, can you recall the day,
Many a hundred years ago,
When King Edward was laid low?



Corfe Castle.

Queen Elfrida wished him dead,
That her own son, Ethelred,
King of England then might be,
Ruler both by land and sea.

Fair Corfe Castle saw the day
When, ere Edward rode away,
False Elfrida lifted up
In her hand the stirrup-cup.

As he drank, one hid from view,
From his belt a dagger drew,
Quickly plunged it in his side,
And King Edward fell and died.

Old Corfe Castle, stern and gray,
Can your stones recall that day—
That dark day so long ago,
When King Edward was laid low?



INQUISITIVENESS.

A HAMPER from grannie! Go, fetch mother, quick;
I can see something good, though the straw is so thick:
Brown pears, and ripe apples, a chicken or two,
And, oh, Sister Mary, a dolly for you!

'I can reach it quite well,' cries the dear little boy;
'Oh, gently,' says Mary, her face full of joy,
'You might spoil its fine clothes, or its beautiful hair—
A hamper should always be opened with care.

'Besides, 'tis addressed to our mother, you see;
It must not be opened by you or by me.
So please let us wait till she comes to the hall,
There is sure to be something inside for us all.'

But little Inquisitive could not refrain
From peeping and peeping again and again,
Till mother came down and unfastened the string
And gave her wee boy such a beautiful thing.

A rake for his garden, a little spade too,
While Mary's wax dolly lay full in her view;
A paint-box our Edward received with delight,
And oh, but the young folk were happy that night!

D. B.

A SWIMMING TALE.

'What man hath done man may do.'
Old Motto.

TWO lads just home for the holidays were walking rapidly along a dusty road, and talking, as lads do, at the top of their voices. One was about eleven, the other a year or so older. The last, Lawrence, was an only son, and rich; the first, Arthur, one of a large family, and poor. Both were in the same class at school, and, as their homes were near together they often were walking the same road in company, not from any similarity of taste or character; you could see that in the self-sufficient strut of the elder, and the eager, absorbed look of the younger, who, whatever he might be thinking of, did not think of himself much. There was a bright, steadfast look about his thin face, and an open gaze which said plainly that he never did in secret what he was ashamed of in daylight; and it gave a fearlessness to his whole tone which the other utterly lacked, though, as usual, he was boasting of his prowess and cleverness, and laying down the law 'no end.'

'Oh, it's easy enough! any duffer can do it; you spread your arms so; hold your breath for the first plunge, and then strike out—you know.'

'Ah, it seems easy, but I don't find it so; can you do it?'

'I have practised it on the dining-room table fifty times; you've only to watch a frog.'

'Watch a frog!' shouted the other; 'what an interesting animal to watch!'

'For *my* part I'm not too proud to learn from anything, I hope, and heaps of people have learned to swim from frogs.'

'Very cheap way,' said the younger boy, still laughing. 'I suppose they don't charge you anything in their establishment.'

'You are such a stupid!' said the elder, rudely, 'that there's no teaching you anything. I was going to explain to you how the thing is done.'

'All right,' said the other, good-temperedly; 'it's far too hot to quarrel to-day; pray go on with your explanations, though I suspect it's a thing to be learned by practice only.'

'Well, but you *must* know how it is done, and *I* should *strike* out at once, and——'

'Come to the bottom,' put in the other, merrily.

'But what a noise there is at the river yonder! Let's go and help the row.'

Off they both ran full speed, and soon joined a group of about fifty people, who were talking loudly and gesticulating.

'What is it?' they gasped.

'A little girl has rolled down the embankment into the river!' cried a boy.

Tiny white arms were waving for an instant, and bright golden curls gleamed in the midsummer sun, and a weak little agonised voice, 'Oh, save little Janny! oh, save little Janny!'

A gentleman sent his dog in, who fetched the child's hat and laid it at his feet.

'Good dog! go in again!' screamed the cravens on the bank. One pushed a pole, which the poor baby, only four years old, had not wit to grasp.

'Where are the drags?'

'In some of the trees somewhere,' said a man, vaguely.

'Oh, why does no one go in after her?' cried Arthur, wildly.

''Cos nobody can't swim,' answered a man at his elbow.

'Let *me* go! let me try!' said the boy, in a passion of tears; 'I *will!*' and he struggled wildly whilst the other tried to restrain him, and at length, with a violent blow, sent him, half stunned, on to the grass.

'There, you fool! do you want *two* drowneded 'stead o' one?' he muttered, angrily.

He gathered himself up and looked round for Lawrence, the elder boy, who had decamped.

'Ah! it's all over—her's drownned,' said a woman in a sobbing voice, and the lad looked at the smiling, sunny river, placidly sweeping on, with no ripple to tell where the baby curls had disappeared. A policeman sauntered up, and the crowd slowly dispersed, perhaps not altogether easy in their minds that they had let a helpless infant perish before their very eyes without an effort to save her. Well might the coroner say grimly, 'It's simply a *disgraceful* thing!'

Arthur was flying home as fast as his feet could carry him, a burning sense of wrong in his heart, an aching at the remembrance of the mournful little voice which he felt he should never lose. He burst into the room where his mother, the baby asleep, sat quietly mending their many socks.

'Oh, mother!' he cried, and laid his throbbing head in her lap; 'oh, mother! mother! I have seen a little child drowned, and no one tried to save her!'

'Oh, dear, dear! poor baby! Whatever will her mother do? Oh, where were you, my boy? and how was it?'

He told her all between his sobs. 'And they would not let me try!' he almost shrieked.

'My lad, my dear, you, too, would have been drowned; you cannot swim, you know.'

'Oh, mother, I *must* learn at once! Could you possibly spare a little to pay the man to teach me?'

'My dear, I have but just enough to pay the bread-bill. No, indeed, dear! I am truly sorry, for you are quite right: you *ought* to learn to swim. Father's too busy; can no schoolfellow?'

'Oh, no, mother; there's Lawrence—that very moment he was telling me of imitating a frog and

swimming on a table,' and a smile gleamed over his tear-stained and awe-struck face.

'Ah, yes; but things can only be done by practice; you must be in the water to learn to swim. But don't go *alone*, my boy.'

'No, I see how helpless——' and a great sob choked him; 'and I *must* learn. I *will* go in after the next I see drowning—no one shall stop me!'

'Hush, Arthur! go quietly to your little room now; kneel down and thank God *you* are saved; talk to Him about this dreadful thing, my dear, and ask Him to help you learn to swim; some means will be pointed out, and, who knows, you may be the means of saving a human life.'

She kissed him; she knew her brave, rash boy, and how to manage him. He left her without another word, and took her advice.

The next day, full of his determination, 'Father,' he said, to the worried-looking head of the family, who was rapidly eating his breakfast and reading an apparently disagreeable letter at the same time.

'May I go to Dalesburg to-day?'

'What for?'

'Just to ask how much swimming-lessons cost, and to——'

'I've no money, my boy, for lessons.'

'No, father, I know, I don't ask for it. I know I'm a great expense, father; but soon I shall be educated, and then I can help you,' said Arthur, eagerly.

'You help me *now*, Arthur,' said his father, kindly; 'more than you think, I dare say.'

'I! how, father?'

'By being such a good lad at school,' said the father, as he rose to go off to his business.

His mother not objecting, in a few moments afterwards Arthur was rapidly speeding to the large country town at which was the grammar school where he received his education.

He made his way to the public baths, not long erected, and presided over by an old sergeant, much decorated with medals, including two from the Humane Society.

He was a clever old fellow—a great oddity, and his glum-looking old face might have been carved out of a bit of walnut-wood, for all the expression there was in it, except on unusual occasions.

'What might *you* want?' he said, eyeing Arthur, and, as he afterwards confessed, 'liking the look of him.'

'Oh, if you please, Mr. Dobbs, I want to know if one or two swimming lessons would come very expensive.'

'Who wants to learn?'

'I do.'

'I warrant you haven't got too much money,' with what he intended for a smile.

'I don't know how you found that out, Mr. Dobbs,' said Arthur, colouring a little; 'but it's quite true. However, I wanted to find out what the cost really is, and then, perhaps—I don't *want* to—but I've some very fine rabbits—I fear they must go; and perhaps I might earn some money and——'

'Earn!' said the old sergeant, again eyeing the lad keenly; 'but you're a gentleman's son, I take it.'

'Oh, yes, father's a gentleman,' said Arthur, decidedly, for he felt that was truth; 'only we're a great many, and there isn't much pocket-money, you see.'

'I see, and your parents has got the common sense to teach you it's no disgrace to earn money. Well, if you'll help me, I'll help you. But what's put it in your head to want to swim? I can't get a decent lad to teach it to; I never saw such a lot; they've got no pluck, most as comes here,' he said, contemptuously.

'I saw a little girl drowned,' said Arthur, in a trembling voice, 'and they wouldn't even let me try to go after her.'

'And right they was, if you can't swim. But come you in along o' me,' and he opened wide the door of his little room, muttering to himself, 'I knowed he was one of the right sort moment I clapt eyes on him. Sit down, sir; Arthur's your name, is it? same as great Wellington. Well, if you'll transact a little business for me, that is, write me a few letters to my wife, and mother, and friends, now and then, and help me to cast up some of these blessed swimming accounts, as bothers me, before the end of autumn I'll make such a swimmer of you as would gladden the heart of Captain Webb. Do you agree?'

Arthur felt confidence in his writing and arithmetic, having just had prizes for them, and, grasping the sergeant's hand, he cried, 'I'll ask my father, Mr. Dobbs; but I'm sure he will agree and thank you.'

'If you'll answer this letter as I'll dictate to my old mother now, sir, I'll take you straight and give you your first lesson. And don't you be daunted at nothing; go straight ahead, pay your way, and look the *old* world in the face, as the poet says, and I'll learn ye to swim across the Atlantic.'

Before many weeks had passed, the delighted sergeant and his pupil used to swim side by side down the river and back again, crowds looking on; and that very autumn Arthur went to the rescue of a lad who had cramp, and got him safely to land, on which the Humane Society awarded him a medal. As he laid it on his mother's knee he said, softly, 'Ah, poor little Janny! I wish I had been able to swim then!'

As to Lawrence, he continued to *talk*, and also to swim—on the table.

A. A. D. W.

THE PET BIRD.

NOW, is he not a pretty fellow,
A little fluffy ball of yellow?
My little dickie, darling bird,
Whose joyous music may be heard
From early morn to twilight gray,
For our wee pet is always gay.
Now, Alice, keep your hand quite still,
See, how he stretches out his bill,
Impatiently resolved to take
A morsel of your tempting cake.
There now! he's got it, little pet!
But Willie has not fed him yet,
And Willie waits with anxious eye,
He loves the bird as well as I;
I shall not disappoint you, dear,
You'll have your turn, so never fear.

D. B.



The Pet Bird.



Sailors in pursuit of my Uncle.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 323.)

CHAPTER XII.

HOME for the holidays!

Mrs. Turpin had seen that the boxes were duly packed, and Mr. Walton had shaken hands with all the boys, except two boarders who came from Scotland, and always spent this short holiday at school. These lads lounged about the gates, looking wistfully after every fresh cab or 'bus-load.

George and his friend left early, as they had to catch the afternoon coach to Grooby.

The first part of the journey went off quite safely; and in due time they arrived at Grooby, and took their places on the coach.

Everything was ready, the coachman had the reins in hand, the helper stood by ready to drag the cloths from the horses, when a voice was heard behind.

'Wait a bit,' cried the guard; 'here's old Mr. Twimpig.'

Just then a stout old gentleman came panting up, carpet-bag in hand. He was quickly hoisted up to the place he had booked, and then the coach started. Two or three children raised a feeble 'hurrah!' and the other idlers looked approvingly after the vehicle, as the four grays carried it down the main street.

'A narrow escape that, sir!' said a very thin and melancholy-looking passenger to Mr. Twimpig, as the latter began to bind around his throat a huge cravat.

'Yes, sir; pretty near, sir; but nothing to boast of. Things aren't like what they were when ——, why, bless my heart! you are the young dog who came up with me from Rewent about three months ago!'

These last words were addressed to George, who had recognised the old gentleman with the cravat, and had been calling Slade's attention by thrusting an elbow into his side.

'Yes, sir,' said George; 'I am coming back, you see.'

'So I see,' said Mr Twimpig; 'and very glad you are of it, I dare say. But, pooh! things aren't like what they were when I was a boy.'

'Very true, sir,' said the melancholy passenger; 'just what I was going to observe myself.'

'Perhaps, sir,' said George, 'you would tell us something about your own school-days, and then we should see the difference.'

'What good would an old man's tale do?' asked Mr. Twimpig, evidently inclined to agree.

'Just what I was going to observe myself,' said the melancholy one.

'Well, sir,' said Slade, 'it might tell us how much better we are off now in this way than in your days.'

'Exactly so,' said the melancholy one; 'just what I was going to say myself.'

'Then why didn't you say it, sir?' asked Mr. Twimpig, fiercely.

'Really, sir! Really!'

'Yes, sir,' continued Mr. Twimpig; 'pray tell them something yourself.'

'My dear sir!' pleaded the melancholy outside.

'Yes, do, sir,' urged Slade; 'then this gentleman ——,'

'Twimpig is *my* name,' said he of the cravat.

'And Smoodle *mine*,' rejoined the melancholy one.

'Well,' continued Slade, 'Mr. Twimpig will follow after you, Mr. Smoodle.'

'The lad is right, sir,' said Mr. Twimpig; 'pray go on, sir.'

'Well,' said the melancholy passenger, settling himself in his seat, 'it was but little I saw of school after all. I mind well the day I went. It was winter, and I had to go all the way from Taunton to a boarding-school kept by my uncle at Plymouth. We had to start at six o'clock in the morning, before it was light, and a long, long journey it was for a boy of twelve on the outside of a coach. We got to Plymouth all right, and a very curious place it seemed to be. It was in the year 1810, and I need not tell you, lads, that a great war was in full swing then. The town was alive with troops, mostly new recruits, who were being drilled and got ready to be sent out to Spain, where Lord Wellington was snugly encamped behind the lines of Torres Vedras. There were several ships of war in the Sound just then, looking out for men to fill up their crew. These and a good many more things were told me by the usher, who met me at the coach office. I had been sent to school a day or two before the time in order to get used to my uncle, so another boy and myself were alone at first. But the day after I got there my uncle found us idling about in the small playground.

'"Boys," he said, in his rough way—he was a very stern man—"what do you say to a walk?"

'"We should like it very much," said I.

'So he took us one in each hand, and away we went.

'It was getting late in the afternoon when we turned to come back, and then I said, "Uncle, will you take us to look at the ships in the Sound?"

'"That's no joke just now," said he; "but here goes!" so away we went. We walked up and down the Hoe, and he showed us several men-of-war out in the Sound. He was just telling us all about Sir Francis Drake and the Spanish Armada, and how Drake and the rest were playing bowls there when the news came that the Armada was in the Channel; and how Drake said they would finish their game first, and then finish the Spaniards afterwards; when we heard a noise behind. We looked around, and saw a man struggling with a group of sailors, whilst an officer looked on. When my uncle saw it, he took to his heels and ran.

'"Bring that fellow, too, my lads," cried out the officer, and three or four of the sailors started after my uncle. He was a young man, but too fat to run well. It happened, too, that as he turned at full speed into the first street by the citadel he ran into the arms of a stout fish-wife. Down they went together, but when my uncle got up she grabbed his coat, and before he could get loose the sailors had him.

'"Run home, and tell your aunt I'm pressed," he shouted, as they led him back to the boat.

'We saw him dragged into the boat with some other men, and rowed off to one of the men-of-war.

Then we ran home, and, like young lunatics, dashed at full speed into the house.

'"Uncle is pressed, aunt!" we shouted, at the tops of our voices; and of course when my aunt heard it, she fell down in a faint. Well, you may be sure there was not much school after that. As fast as the boys came they were sent back home again, and my aunt went to live with her father. When I got back to Taunton my father said that was enough of boarding-schools, so I just picked up a little in the town itself. That's my tale, sir.'

'Stay, sir,' said Mr. Twimpig; 'you have not told us what became of your uncle.'

'Well, sir,' continued Mr. Smoodle, 'he did well enough in the navy. They made him a purser, or something like that, and he never took to the school again.'

'Quite right,' said Mr. Twimpig. 'He was a patriot, sir.'

'Very likely,' said Mr. Smoodle; 'but now, sir, for your story, as you promised.'

'Well,' said Mr. Twimpig, 'there will be nothing about wars in my story; but perhaps it may be a word of caution to our young friends here, though, of course, things are not what they were when *I* was a boy. I was brought up in a Gloucestershire village, where my father kept the only shop in the place. He did a good trade, and I grew up to be a mighty proud youngster. The other lads in the village were not good enough for me—so I thought, and the consequence of that was that we did not get on well together. The only school in the place was kept by a very decent man, long since dead. His wife taught the little ones, and he managed the big boys and girls. I learned my A B C at home, and did not go under him till I was about twelve. It was not to my taste at all, and I thought the right thing for me to do was to plague old Norton in every possible way. But I overdid it at last. One day I got a lump of cobblers'-wax, and went early to school, and put plenty of it on his stool and the front row of desks. He came in, sat down as usual, and called over the names. He looked over some exercises, and the lads gabbled away at their lessons. Then came a pause.

'"First-class, come up," he cried.

'The first row rose from their seats, and there was heard such a rending of trowsers as filled me with dismay!

'"What's this?" cried Norton, rising to his feet. But the wax held fast, and the stool clung to him as he took a step or two from his desk.

'He pitched on me at once.

'"Twimpig, this is your work. I won't stand any more of this. Take your books and go!"

'When I got home, after wandering about a good time, my father had heard the story, and met me with his strap in his hand. I was sorry for the wax then. But worse troubles were in store. My father died suddenly. My mother married again, and I was sent out to earn my living at the neighbouring town. Then I found my loss. I was a sheer dunce, and knew nothing. Many is the time I sorrowed for the hours lost at school. I never made up for the time frittered away as a boy, and I have never ceased to be sorry for my folly.

'Well (nodding at George and Slade), things are different now from what they were. Young people in shops get a chance of self-improvement now. But take an old man's advice—don't waste your time at school; you will never have it over again; and don't fancy that foolish tricks are brave ones; be boys, play, and get as much muscle as you like; but be sensible, God-fearing laddies all the same. There's my say.'

'And just what I should have said myself,' observed Mr. Smoodle.

'And we are very much obliged,' said Slade. 'I suppose you would not favour many games at school, sir?'

'Yes, I would, and as many as you like, so long as they do not interfere with your work. Don't forget that you go to school to learn, that is what I say.'

'But many people learn after leaving school.'

'Quite true. They are the right sort. But many do not, and so they know less of some things at twenty than they did at twelve.'

Whilst this conversation had been going on, the 'Tally-ho!' had been bringing them nearer and nearer to their journey's end. The nearer they drew, the higher rose George's spirits.

'Here we are!' he cried; 'I can see the church tower. And here's Peg Whiffler's cottage—and here comes Billie Jackson, who used to go to school with me—I wonder who will come to the "Royal George" to meet us—perhaps mother and Lil—we shall just be in time for tea—what fun we will have!' And then he stopped for want of breath.

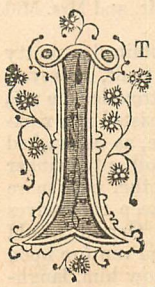
Meanwhile the coach rattled up the High Street, and pulled up in grand style at the door of the 'Royal George.'

'There they are!' cried George, waving his cap in the air.

Slade and he sprang quickly to the ground, and were soon carried off by Mrs. Summers to her little villa on the outskirts of Rewent.

(*To be continued.*)

A BITTER LESSON.



IT was the Midsummer holiday-time, and Gerald Middleton was expected home to-morrow. I need not say how pleased his mother was at the prospect of seeing her only son once more, and how cheerfully she got everything ready for his reception in the old home, which was so quiet and dull in his absence. 'Cheer up, Rover,' she cried, as she passed the kennel on her way to the garden; 'Cheer up, old fellow, your master will soon be here!' But Rover, lying in the sunshine and not understanding the joyful intimation, only thumped his tail on the ground in lazy acknowledgment of the lady's presence, and fell off into another doze.

Gerald was now fifteen: a great favourite with his school companions, and indeed with every one who knew him; he was frank-hearted and joyous, fond of athletic sports; a good cricketer and wrestler, and the best at football in all the school; while with regard to lessons, although he was never in the very



Mr. and Mrs. Middleton at the Cottage.

first rank of students, he always maintained a pretty fair place in his class. He had a fault, however, which sometimes brought him into trouble: he was possessed by the idea that bravery consisted in a reckless disregard of all danger; therefore, as he wished to be brave, he exposed himself in a foolhardy manner to all sorts of mishaps, out of which other boys more gifted with prudence contrived to keep themselves free. Were the boys skating? then Gerald would go to the extremest limit of safety, and venture upon the thinnest ice, where none dare follow him, laughing all the time at the horrified looks of his companions; was a tree to be climbed? then he would aim at the topmost slender branches, at the imminent risk of crashing downwards to the earth. Often it had been pointed out to him, that to expose one's self to danger in order to help a fellow-creature in distress was true courage, but to do so needlessly was reckless and foolish in the extreme; but Gerald's fault was not amended by these exhortations, it required the stern teaching of suffering before he became in this respect wiser than he had been.

Gerald, as I have said, was an only son; his father had been long dead, and he was under the guardianship of his uncle. This uncle was kind, but not foolishly indulgent; he kept a watchful eye upon the lad's progress in life, often visiting him at school and taking an interest in everything that concerned him. His mother, to whom he was much attached, loved her boy with such exceeding fondness that it was well for the lad that his uncle was at hand to prevent his being utterly spoiled by over-indulgence.

At this holiday-time a great treat was in store for Gerald, to which he had long looked forward with delighted anticipation. His uncle, who had business to transact in Norway, had promised to take his nephew with him; and as the business consisted in selecting timber they would visit the interior of the country, with its vast pine forests and lonely lakes and mountains.

It need scarcely be said that to any boy this would be a pleasure indeed, while to a lad of Gerald's ardent and active disposition it seemed almost like a promised visit to fairyland itself. We can easily imagine, then, that when the following day arrived and he rushed through the garden-gate and into his mother's arms,



The Doctor and Mrs. Middleton.

while his uncle stood smiling and waiting for his welcome, there was not a happier lad than Gerald Middleton, nor one whose holiday-time promised to yield such a variety of pleasure.

But a little patience was necessary, and of this commodity Gerald had but a very small supply. Ten days must elapse before Mr. Middleton could arrange to leave home. How was Gerald to occupy himself during this trying period?

Fortunately, three of his school companions were within reach—at least, within six or eight miles of Oak Cottage; and what are six or eight miles to lads of fifteen? They contrived to meet nearly every day, and to get as much fun out of the neighbourhood as the country could yield. At last every amusement had been exhausted, and then Charles Sidney came out with a brilliant suggestion.

'What do you say, Middleton, to an expedition to Glen Whinnie? There are some fine geological specimens to be found there.'

'Oh, bother geology!' cried Gerald; 'I would rather go in for ferns. I have never been at Glen Whinnie.'

'Never?' exclaimed Charles. 'Why, it is only eleven miles away, and a beautiful place, I can tell you. Suppose we all go to-morrow. You can hunt for ferns and I shall hammer rocks. And these two fellows can help us.'

These two fellows were brothers, both younger, and in a lower class than Gerald and Charles; therefore they left the elder boys to arrange the plans, while they considered it a privilege to be allowed to follow.

All was speedily settled, and Gerald applied to his mother for a well-filled picnic basket, as they intended to make a day of it in the glen.

'My dear boy,' said his mother in a somewhat alarmed manner, 'the glen is a long way off, and very damp; you will get your feet wet, and you were somewhat hoarse yesterday, Gerald, and ——'

But here Mr. Middleton came to the rescue. 'Oh, come, I say, the boys are not delicate. It is the very place for a day's enjoyment. But, Gerald, remember there are tremendous precipices there; you need not throw yourself over, you know.'

'No fear of that,' cried Gerald, cheerfully; 'so,

mother dear, look out something good for us; cold pie and all the rest of it.'

And mother, who had great faith in Mr. Middleton's opinion, gave in at once.

It was a lovely day when the boys found themselves in the glen, scrambling down through the broken ground and gorse-bushes till they reached the bed of a mountain stream, now almost dry. Here they made a pause, and explored the contents of the basket, wisely arguing that it was much easier to eat everything up at once rather than carry that weighty larder along with them. The basket was then laid in a snug corner to await their return from the head of the glen.

Soon the geologist's hammer was to be heard tapping away upon every rock within reach, while Gerald began leisurely enough his search after ferns. Several very beautiful specimens were growing in profusion, and very soon he was quite interested to secure the best of these, which, of course, were the ones growing in the more inaccessible places. One of the brothers at last, with an exclamation, pointed out a magnificent bunch of the graceful maiden-hair fern, which hung its delicate fronds from a crevice high overhead, where a constant oozing told of a hidden spring of water.

'What a beauty, to be sure!' cried Gerald; 'but it won't be so easy to get it.'

'Oh, no!' cried the brothers; 'don't think of it, Middleton: even you could not climb that rock—it is too steep.'

These were unfortunate words, for Gerald did not like the idea that anything could be impossible for him.

'I can do it; only it is a tough piece of work,' he said. 'Where is Sidney? Oh, look here, Sidney, let me get on your back, then I can grasp that ivy branch, and swing up into that tree, and so on to the higher part of the rock ——'

But Sidney began to expostulate: 'Now, Middleton, that is just like you; for a paltry plant you will risk breaking your neck: it is really too bad; why, there is as fine a specimen growing lower down.'

But, as usual, Gerald was not to be turned from his resolution, and his companions at last gave way. Cautiously he ascended till he got into the higher branches of the mountain ash, then reaching forward he caught hold of a projection on the face of the rock with one hand, while still retaining a foothold on the branches, but he had lost his balance. Fain would he have backed again into the tree, but he found it impossible to do so: almost for the first time in his life his courage failed, and his head began to swim; this unfortunate condition being aggravated by the confused directions of the alarmed boys below; and in a shorter time than it takes to write it Gerald crashed backwards down upon the broken ground underneath, where he lay stunned and motionless, till his heavy groans assured his companions that life still remained.

It was ten o'clock at night, the lamp was lit, and supper ready, but the lads had not returned. For the last two hours Mrs. Middleton had felt uneasy, but now her alarm was shared by Mr. Middleton.

'The foolish lads,' he exclaimed, 'to stay away so long! I shall look out and see if I can see anything of them.'

But at this moment the door-bell rang. It was a man from the glen, with the terrible news of what had happened. 'The young gentleman has been carried to my cottage, sir, and my wife is attending to him; and I called for the doctor on my way here; he will be at the house by this time.'

Who can describe the agony of both mother and uncle as they were driven rapidly along towards the cottage in the glen? The boy was very dear to them both. Oh! could it be that they were to lose him in such a dreadful manner as this? Mrs. Middleton strove hard with her emotion, but it was with difficulty that she maintained an outward composure as she was led into a small sitting-room, and looking into the chamber beyond, could see the prostrate form of the one who was dearer to her than any other in life, while the good woman of the house bent over him with looks of deep compassion.

Mr. Middleton held up a warning finger as he saw her emotion. 'An injudicious word,' he said, 'or an over-anxious look, might do irreparable mischief. Are you sure you are able for it?'

'Quite sure,' she replied, firmly, as she turned away and removed her outdoor dress preparatory to sitting up all night with her boy. Soon she had an interview with the doctor, which somewhat reassured her. Though grievously injured, there was no reason to apprehend a fatal result. Gerald certainly could not be removed home for days, or it might be weeks; still he was young, and would undoubtedly rally.

We need not enter into details of the weary time passed by the poor suffering patient in that small chamber. Even with his mother's tender care it seemed to be almost insupportable; but at length the time came when he was able to bear removal. He had been two days at home, and was enjoying the change greatly, when his uncle came to bid him good-bye before he started on the voyage to Norway. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'to leave you behind is as great a disappointment to me as it is to you; but live in hope, Gerald, lad, and I shall take you with me next year, if all is well.'

'Oh, uncle,' said the poor boy, turning his pale, weary face up to the kind eyes looking down upon him, 'what a treat I have lost, and all through my own folly! I thought it was so brave of me to stick at nothing. I think I am wiser now, but, oh, uncle, it has been a bitter lesson!' D. B. McKean.

AILSA CRAIG.

AILSA CRAIG is a remarkable island rock rising sheer out of the sea, at the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, ten miles off the coast of Ayrshire. It is two miles in circumference, and rises abruptly to the height of 1180 feet, being accessible only at one point. It is of greenstone arranged in lofty columnar rocks, far exceeding in dimensions those of the far-famed Staffa, although not so regular in shape. A peculiar cave exists on one side of the rock, with the remains of an ancient stronghold, containing several vaulted chambers. Large flocks of solan geese, and innumerable rabbits are the sole tenants of this wild and romantic spot. D. B.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

COLERIDGE was a great talker; but sometimes his hearers were little edified. Rogers, the poet, relates that he one day went with Wordsworth to call on Coleridge whilst he was lodging in a street near Pall Mall. They stayed about an hour, and during that time Coleridge talked away with scarcely a word from his visitors.

When they had taken their leave, Rogers said to Wordsworth,—

'Well, for my part, I could not make head or tail of what Coleridge was saying. Pray, did you understand him?'

'Not a syllable,' was the reply of Wordsworth, who during the visit had been listening with great respect, every now and then nodding his head as though agreeing with all that was said.

'HARMONIOUS BOWLES,' a writer of sonnets which once had favour with some readers, is now little known except from the mention made of him by other writers. He was very timid, and always on the look-out for imaginary dangers.

He once came up to London, being fond of music, to attend the last commemoration of Handel. He entered the Abbey. The door was shut behind him. Seeing this, he ran to the doorkeeper,—

'What! am I to be shut up here?'

And, finding this was to be so, he at once left, without having heard a note!

THE boyhood of Lord Clive did not seem to promise well for his future in life. A strong will, unusual courage, and no liking for books, caused him to be sent from one school to another. Some people pronounced him a hopeless dunce. Others said even worse things of him. And certainly his acts would seem to give grounds for these verdicts. Clive is said to have formed all the daring and unruly boys of Market Drayton into a small army, which kept the shopkeepers in constant fear for their goods and windows. Some of them used to pay the leader tribute, in return for which he engaged that their shops should not be molested. Clive himself was seen one day to mount the lofty steeple of the church, and to quietly seat himself on a stone spout near the top.

What wonder that the neighbours should say, 'That boy will come to no good!'

Even his father agreed with them; and it was not until after the victory of Arcot that he began to change his mind, and to think that 'there was something in the booby after all.' A. R. B.

BRITISH POETS.

SAMUEL ROGERS.



SAMUEL ROGERS was the son of a banker, and was born at Newington Green, near London, on the 30th of July, 1763.

He published a few poems in 1786, but his first important work, *The Pleasures of Memory*, did not appear until 1792. Shortly afterwards his father died, and he then left Newington Green, and lived for five years in the Temple. He had always had a great desire to purchase an estate in the neighbourhood of London, and to build upon it a house exactly according to his own fancy. He did not, however, carry out this plan, but in 1800 removed from the Temple to a house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park. There he lived for more than half a century, and in that time gathered together a splendid collection of pictures and other art-treasures. He took an intense delight in everything beautiful, whether in nature or in art, and being very wealthy (he had succeeded his father in business) he was enabled to gratify his refined tastes to the utmost. In his beautiful home he drew round him a circle of friends whose names were then and are still famous. Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Southey, and many others, partook of his hospitality, and spent pleasant hours amongst his pictures and cabinets. His famous 'breakfasts' were attended by almost every man of note in London.

The third Lord Holland, who was a nephew of the celebrated statesman, Charles James Fox, was then living at Holland House in Kensington. This grand old mansion became one of the chief centres of literary life in London, and there also Rogers frequently enjoyed the society of men whose tastes and pursuits were like his own.

He was not a very rapid writer, and his poems followed each other at rather long intervals. In 1798 he published the *Epistle to a Friend*, in which he describes his idea of a pleasant, peaceful home, far from the whirl and excitement of London society. His next volume, *The Voyage of Columbus*, did not appear until 1812, and was succeeded by *Jacqueline* in 1814, and *Human Life* in 1819. His last important poem was *Italy*, published in 1830, when he had reached the age of sixty-seven.

He was a man of active habits, and, even in his old age, a most persevering walker. Towards the end of his life his deafness made it exceedingly dangerous for him to walk alone through the crowded streets of London, but he persisted in doing it, until at length he met with a serious accident. He was returning from a dinner-party, and in crossing the road somewhat hurriedly, in order to avoid a passing vehicle, his foot slipped, and he fell heavily, fracturing his thigh-bone. He was then nearly ninety, and the misfortune deprived him of the power of walking altogether. He died in his ninety-third year, on the 18th of December, 1855, and 'in him was snapped the link which bound living authors to a long-past period.' His body rests in Hornsey churchyard, in the same vault with the remains of his sister and his brother Henry.

Although born and brought up in the midst of luxury, and following a lucrative profession, so that he never himself felt the touch of poverty, 'there was no man who remembered the struggling more sympathetically, or held out a more generous hand to the aid of unfriended merit.'

After his death his house and most of its contents were sold, and realised a sum of 50,000*l*. Three of his pictures he bequeathed to the English nation, one being the beautiful 'Ecce Homo' of Guido.

H. L. T.



BRITISH POETS.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

Hospice in the Alps.
Summer-house, Holland House.
St. James's Place.

House at Stoke Newington Green.
Holland House.
Green Park.



"What, two more of you! Well I never!"

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from p.* 331.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Summers family consisted of Mrs. Summers, a daughter named Olive, who was sixteen, George, and a younger sister, Lil. Their kind ways soon caused Slade to feel quite at home amongst them, whilst they were equally pleased with his active, cheerful temperament.

The first few days of the holiday passed rapidly away. There was much for Slade to see. His home was in London, and the country, therefore, had many charms for him. Just then, at the end of a fine April, it appeared doubly attractive, now that the hard winter was past.

When they were at breakfast on the morning of the fourth day the conversation turned upon excursions.

'There is one thing we have not had yet,' said Olive.

'What is that?' asked George.

'We have not been for a row yet.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Summers, 'you know I am never comfortable when you are on the water.'

'Yes, but we have two protectors, now, mother.'

'We can both swim,' said George.

'But I scarcely like the idea.'

'Let us go, mother,' pleaded merry little Lil.

Mrs. Summers looked around the table. Everybody seemed anxious to go; their little river was neither wide nor swift; and the two boys could swim.

'I cannot come myself, you know; but we could easily ask Miss Kelp to accompany you.'

'Oh, no; please do not, mother! We like Miss Kelp, but we would rather have our holiday to ourselves.'

'Let me be Miss Kelp for this once,' said Slade.

'Oh, yes!' cried Lil: 'a new governess to go with us on this row!'

'Well,' said Mrs. Summers, 'it is clear that I must give way; but be sure to take care and be steady.'

'We will,' said George; 'and may we take our lunch with us as well? Then we can have all the sunshine, and be back in time for tea.'

'As you like. Think what a quiet day you are giving me!'

Well-pleased with the plan, George ran off after breakfast to secure the boat used by them on their water excursions. In due course he returned with the tidings that all was ready at the river.

In the meantime Olive had been putting together the materials for their out-door meal. George carried these in a basket; Slade carried a rug and some wraps for Olive and Lil; and in this style they all set out merrily for the boat.

It was a glorious spring morning, and the ripples on the stream leaped and danced along in the sunshine. The river here, no more than thirty feet wide, was fringed on one side by trees, some of which nearly dipped their branches in its waters. Along the other bank ran the towing-path, much traversed by the feet of patient donkeys, dragging heavily-laden barges up and down the river.

At starting, Olive was appointed to steer, Slade and George each taking an oar. Lil, by her own especial desire, was ensconced in the bows, where she acted as a look-out.

Their journey was not tedious nor unvaried. To begin with, Lil nearly fell head-foremost into the water in grasping at a flower which floated by. Then George 'caught a crab,' and in falling backwards, nearly overturned Slade likewise. Scarcely had they recovered themselves from laughter at this than a piece of erratic steering, ran the boat into the bank. Sometimes they drifted idly for a while with the stream. Then would come a spell of steady rowing.

'Where are you going to stop, George?' asked Slade, when they had been out about an hour.

'Anywhere. It does not matter. We can go on till a good spot turns up, and then stop.'

'Let us go as far as we can,' said Lil, who was always in favour of exploring expeditions.

'But don't forget you have to row us back,' put in the more prudent Olive.

They had reached a part some five miles from home when Lil from the bows bade them stop.

'Look at this beautiful place on the right bank just in front. The grass is short, and that willow is quite enough shelter.'

'Let us pull up to it and see,' said George.

They examined it accordingly at close quarters.

'Just the place,' cried Slade.

The boat was put in to the bank. Then the two lads sprang on shore, and assisted their two passengers to land. The boat itself was secured to a willow, and then preparations were made for the mid-day meal.

'Let me see what you have brought,' said George, opening the basket. 'Oh, plenty of beef-sandwiches, with lots of mustard, I can see; a supply of captains' biscuits—very proper for sailors like ourselves; lots of oranges (I wish I had known it on the way!), and a jolly big bottle of milk.'

Whilst George had been running through this catalogue, Slade had spread the large rug under the shade of the willow-tree. Upon this they seated themselves at the four corners, and, after grace had been duly said by Lil, as being the youngest, they fell upon the food with hearty appetites.

The even tenor of the meal was only disturbed by a few incidents. Whilst everybody was busy with their first sandwich a large spider carefully lowered himself by a thread from the tree above, as if to inspect their operations. When this visitor (an object, it must be confessed, of terror to Lil) had been removed, an earwig was observed in active progress across George's coat. This created another panic amongst his sisters, who had a truly feminine horror of creeping things. Then a horse, which was grazing in the field, trotted up to a convenient distance, and took stock of the invaders. Having satisfied his curiosity, he departed to the back-ground with a loud snort and an impertinent flourish of his hind legs in the air.

Their repast was soon ended, and the rowers were glad to stretch themselves on the rug for a quiet rest.

'You ought to tell us some of your school stories,' said Lil.

'Impossible!' said George; 'we never tell stories! "Tell the truth, whate'er betide," is our motto.'

'Fie! you know what I mean. Tell us a tale.'

'Equally impossible. See how tired we are after rowing you all this way!'

'Then Olive and I will go away and look for violets.'

'Mind the frogs!'

'Ugh!' said little Lil, with a shudder; 'do come with us, George, just to see that nothing happens, you know.'

'I will come,' said Slade, jumping up.

'Then I shall, too,' cried George.

Then all four set out together to hunt the likely spots for violets.

Their search was rewarded with ample success, for Olive and Lil soon proclaimed that they had as many as was necessary.

'Then we had better think about getting back,' said George, 'for the clouds are beginning to threaten rain.'

When they started the sky was clear, and everything seemed to promise a very fine day; but, as the hours passed, clouds had sprung up, and now the sun was hidden behind them.

To pack up the remains of their feast was a small task, for, on investigation, it was found that two or three biscuits and the empty bottle were all they had left. They quickly re-embarked, and this time Olive and Lil sat together in the stern.

Not more than one mile out of the five had been covered when the rain began to fall. First came a few heavy drops; then the storm began in earnest.

'Steer in to the bank, Olive, under those trees,' cried George.

Olive followed his directions, and the boat was stopped under the cover of a large drooping willow. There George and Slade donned their coats, and the large rug was wrapped well around Olive and Lil. The boys were worse off, for their thin flannel jackets afforded very little protection against such rain as was then falling. For more than half-an-hour they sat there, watching the heavy drops of rain splash into the stream. But the willow with its budding leaves soon ceased to give them much protection. What was to be done?

'I think we had better pull for home,' said Slade. 'Anything is better than sitting here in the wet.'

'Right again,' said George; 'so out oars, and let us away.'

A four miles' pull in heavy rain was no pleasant look-out. But there was no other course open, so away they went.

Some three miles had been passed, and all were looking forward with pleasure to a warm fire and dry clothes, when a sudden gust of wind blew George's cap from his head into the water.

'Catch it, Lil!' he cried, as it floated past the boat.

Lil leant over the side and grasped at the cap. In her eagerness she leant too far. Slade rose to pull her back. This extra weight, thrown to the one side of the boat, brought the side under water. In another moment the whole party were struggling in the stream.

George's first impulse was to look around for his sisters. Slade had been thrown into the water by the side of Lil, and at once seized her. Olive, supported by her skirts, was struggling at a few yards' distance.

Seizing one of the oars floating near him, George swam to his sister, and placed it under her arms. Slade, seeing this, grasped the other one, and with its aid soon brought Lil to the towing-path. George and Olive were soon sufficiently near the bank for them to feel the bottom.

'Run,' said George, when both girls were standing safely on the path; 'run to that cottage and tell them what has happened.'

Whilst the girls set off for this dwelling, which stood about a hundred yards down the path, Slade partly waded and partly swam to the overturned boat, and brought it to the bank. Having secured it safely, they, too, ran to the cottage. They found the girls had been admitted by a good woman, who was then looking at them with amazement. As they entered she found her tongue.

'What, two more of you! Well, I never! But come, young ladies, I must just put you to bed at once.'

This resolution she promptly carried out, whilst Slade and George still stood dripping before the fire. The one task over, she came back to them.

'There's another bit of a room, if you would just lie a-bed there, whilst I dry your things.'

Slade and George looked at one another.

'I think,' said the latter, 'that will be the best plan. But one of us ought to run home at once.'

'You can't be running like that,' said their kind hostess.

'Could you lend one of us some things,' asked George.

'Well, there's our Jack's Sunday clothes, to be sure; but maybe you wouldn't wear the like of they?'

'Yes, we will,' said both, 'that is, if they will fit.'

'They'll go on the smallest one, so you had better be going to Jack's bed.'

Slade was accordingly conducted to a small apartment in the roof of the cottage, and there curled himself up in a small, but clean bed.

Meanwhile, the good wife had produced a complete set of Jack's Sunday clothes, and with these and a coarse towel she left George for a little time. He could not forbear laughing at the odd spectacle he would present in his mother's eyes, as he put on some coarse under-garments, then a short, but very baggy pair of corduroy trowsers, and a cloth jacket and waistcoat. Jack was probably a year younger than George, and so the clothes were not a good fit. The legs of the trowsers dangled about half-way down his calves, and his hands were thrust a very long way through the sleeves of the coat.

But what did that matter? He was running home with the news of a gracious preservation, and thought more about the best way of telling it to his mother than of what the spectators would say.

As he sped swiftly along the tow-path towards home he passed one or two Rewent boys, caught in the rain whilst fishing. They did not fail to make particular inquiries as to his tailor, and one asked in a loud voice how much he had grown since he started. Running through two or three streets was a worse ordeal, but was soon over.

(To be continued.)



THE PICNIC.

A PICNIC in the woods upon a sunny summer day,
When the birds among the bushes and the squirrels are all at play,
When our hearts within are beating, full of life, and full of glee,
And Earth has donned her robe of green—oh! that's the life for me.

'Why, Tom, we're just like gipsies now! how brightly burns our fire!'
'And in my basket,' answers Tom, 'there's all one could desire!
Just look at Katie! woman-like, she wearies for her tea,—
Hold on a moment, Katie; wait for Edward and for me!'



Oh, happy-hearted boys and girls, how blissful are the hours
When in the garden, or the woods, among the birds and flowers,
A holiday is spent in laughter, mirthful songs, and glee!
For sure a brighter time than this your lives will never see.

D. B.

CAT-AND-MOUSE FRIENDS.

A GENTLEMAN, the owner of a fine cat, noticed that when he used to play the flute a mouse would come out of its hole and frisk playfully about the room. The mouse soon became quite tame, and would come out to the music in the presence of the cat, who never tried to hurt it. These two animals thus got quite fond of each other, and the mouse would come out of its hole to the mew of the cat, run over the cat's body, and carry on frequent frolics. One day, however, a strange cat entered the room, and hearing a mew, the mouse came, thinking to meet its friend; that friend, however, not being present, poor Mousey became a prey to the intruder.

SIR CAULINE.

I.



THERE was once a king of Ireland who had a fair daughter, named Christabelle. He had also many brave knights about his person, but the best and most valiant of them all was Sir Cauline, who acted as the king's cup-bearer. Sir Cauline was young and handsome, and he loved the fair Christabelle, but he dared not tell her so. After a time he grew love-sick and took to his bed, and all his friends thought he was going to die.

The king soon missed his cup-bearer, and asked what had become of him. 'Sir Cauline is sick,' replied a knight; 'and it is much to be feared he will never rise from his bed unless some good doctor can cure him.'

'Well,' said the king, 'my daughter Christabelle is a famous physician. She shall go with her maidens to visit the poor knight, and she shall take him bread and wine.'

So Christabelle with her ladies visited Sir Cauline, and asked him how he was. 'I am very poorly,' said the sick man. 'And people do say you are dying of love for me,' said the Princess. 'For shame, Sir Cauline! rise up and do your duty. You know I am a king's daughter, and you a simple knight, and I may never be your wife.'

'Ah,' groaned Sir Cauline, 'I know I am not your equal; but give me, I implore you, some task to do, some great feat of arms, and let me be at least your knight.'

'I should grieve if any harm happened to you, Sir Cauline, in my service. But if it will arouse you from your sickness I will set you a task. There is a thorn-bush growing on a lonely hill across the wild moor; will you watch beside it all night? Dare you meet the huge heathenish knight who haunts the place?'

'Lady, I dare—I will,' replied the sick man, with eagerness; 'and you shall soon receive a token that I have been there. If I do not bring it may I never look on your face again!'

When Christabelle had left the room Sir Cauline felt like another man. His sickness was gone from him, and he leaped out of his bed. When dressed and in armour he went without loss of time to the lonesome thorn, and strode up and down until the clocks were striking the midnight hour. Then he heard the sound of a bugle, and soon a fierce-looking man appeared, riding a black horse, the bridle-rein being held by a showily dressed young woman. When the strange horseman spied Sir Cauline he bade him fly for his life; but this was what Sir Cauline could not think of doing, and he told him so.

The horseman was enraged at this, and rode briskly at Sir Cauline: lances were crossed and broken, then swords were drawn and flourished. For a long time they hacked and hewed, and made a great noise, without hurting one another; but at length Sir Cauline chopped off his enemy's right hand, and brought him heavily to the earth. 'Now thou shalt die,' cried the victor; but the damsel pleaded hard for the beaten man's life, and Sir Cauline granted it, on condition the other would become a Christian, and give up his weapons. This was agreed to, and soon after the vanquished bully and his female companion vanished in the dark night.

Sir Cauline now picked up the man's sword, and also the hand he had cut off. It was a large hand, and covered with blood; and on the fingers and thumb were five rings, each one of which bore the crest of some knight whom the horseman had slain.

Carrying the sword and the rings with him, the good knight repaired to the palace with a very gladsome heart. He knelt before the beautiful Christabelle, and showed her his tokens, the sword and the rings; and she said, in a sweet voice, 'Welcome, Sir Cauline! I now know without doubt that you are a good knight, and worthy of any lady's love, however high in rank she be.'

And then these lovers vowed to be true to each other, even unto death; but the fair Princess said, 'My father must not know at present how dear you are to me; if he did, he would kill you, and me, too, I am sure.'

II.

WHAT Christabelle feared came to pass, as it mostly does. One day, as the king walked in his gardens, he passed an arbour where Sir Cauline and the lady of his love were sitting happily together. The king burst into a furious rage, and swore, in a loud voice, that Sir Cauline should die for daring to make love to his daughter. The unfortunate knight was dragged away and cast into a deep dungeon below the castle floor, and the unhappy Princess was led up a narrow staircase to a little room in a high tower. The queen tried to soothe her husband, and so far prevailed as to change Sir Cauline's sentence from death to banishment. 'He shall be sent over the sea, then,' said the king; 'and if ever he dares to show his face again in Ireland he shall have no mercy.'

So away went Sir Cauline, sick at heart, and when his ship was out of sight Christabelle's tower-door was unbolted, and she was allowed to come out. But she was quite changed—all her mirth had left her, and she pined away. Still she remained a very graceful lady, and many a great noble wished to marry her. Kings and dukes were her suitors, but she remembered her promise to Sir Cauline, and said, 'No, thank you,' to them all. Her father, sorry for her distress, invited a number of the best knights in Europe to come and show their skill in a game called a tournament. It was a warlike and dangerous sport, in which knights rode at each other as hard as they could with spears. It was a rough kind of play, and men were often killed outright in the lists. So, for Christabelle's sake, the king proclaimed a tournament, and knights flocked to it from all countries. These men had squires or heralds to proclaim their high-sounding titles; but among them was one, a knight in black armour, whom nobody knew. He gave no name, he showed no sign, he was a secret to all but himself. But day after day, for three days, he struck from their horses the best knights of Christendom. No one could match the

black knight; but everybody admired him, and wondered who he was.

The fourth day dawned, and a new and very dreadful champion stalked into the lists. This was a frightfully ugly giant, with a mouth that stretched from ear to ear, and two horrible eyes which glared like great saucers of burnished copper. A hideous dwarf attended this ogre, carrying on his hump-back five bleeding heads, and crying out, 'This is the cousin of the man whose hand was cut off a while ago on the moor by the solitary thorn; and he is very full of wrath: but he will forgive thee, O king, if thou wilt yield up thy daughter to him. If thou dost refuse he will burn thy palace with fire.'

The king was terribly troubled by all this, and he looked anxiously on his knights. 'Is there none among you,' asked he, 'who will fight this vile monster and deliver me and my family from his insolence?' But all the knights were dumb, for they quaked with fear.

'If any man will cope with this giant he shall be my heir, and have my Christabelle for his wife,' said the poor king. But this bait tempted no one to risk his bones. All were afraid, and hung their heads. The sight of the ill-looking giant, and the five gory heads which dangled at the dwarf's back, were too much for their manhood.

There was a deep hush for some time, till the strange black knight spake and said, 'Let no one be afraid; I will fight this proud giant myself. I only ask one favour: let somebody run and fetch me the sword which Sir Cauline brought from the moor that night he cut off the man's hand by the solitary thorn.'

The sword was brought, and with it in his right hand the black knight advanced to fight the giant. It proved a most bloody business, for the knight received three very fearful gashes, one after another. But though spent with pain and loss of blood he would not yield. He gathered all his dying energies together for one last blow, and, with a short earnest prayer for help, he drove his trusty blade into the giant's heart, and killed him in a moment. The people shouted with a great shout when the giant tumbled heavily on the earth, and the king himself entered the lists to compliment the victorious champion. He was, however, far too sorely wounded to care much for his success. He was, in fact, a dying man.

A second time the king called in his daughter's surgical skill. Ladies in those days were all clever at healing wounds. But Christabelle's art was of no use now. Raising his beaver she saw who the unknown man was. It was her lover. 'It is my life! it is my lord!' she shrieked, and then she swooned away.

At the sound of her beloved voice Sir Cauline revived, and said, faintly, 'Lady, I am thy own true love, and for thee I gladly die.' These were his last words. Having said them he died; nor did she long survive him. Placing her cheek close to his cold face she said, 'It is meet I should follow thee, my dear and only lord.' And when she had thus told her love Christabelle died, as they say, of a broken heart, and so the sorrows of these faithful and unfortunate lovers were ended. Let us hope that one grassy mound covered their remains. G. S. Outram.

A CANINE HEROINE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

At Tel-el-Kebir, Juno, an old Irish setter, belonging to the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, bravely 'rushed' the entrenchments at the head of the Highlanders, and displayed a coolness inside and a courage which elicited universal applause, no more minding the rain of bullets than if she were out snipe-shooting. Whether she tackled the enemy we do not know; the rest we can vouch for. But even if her teeth did not meet in any Egyptian leg, her appearance must have spread consternation in the rebel ranks. Here, they thought, no doubt, was one of the '2000 bloodhounds' which Sir Garnet Wolseley was credited with keeping in reserve, and the dauntless pluck exhibited by Juno must have duly impressed upon their timid minds the awful consequences which would befall them if they waited for the arrival of her 1999 canine comrades. They did not wait, but bolted for their lives, with Private Juno merrily snapping at their heels. Juno has long been a pet of the regiment. When the order came to proceed to Egypt every one said that Juno must go too, and go she did, very much to the delight of the men.—*Land and Water.*

'A PENNY WRONG SOMEWHERE!'

It is recorded of the Rev. Charles Simeon that he was as exact in the keeping of his private accounts as if they had concerned the receipt and outlay of as many thousands as they really did hundreds. He had his books, and kept them by double-entry. One quarter-day they would not balance. The accountant, who always examined them, found a difference of one penny! So far from thinking this too small a sum to be noticed, Simeon bade him work at them until the error was found out, and promised a reward of 20*l.* when this was done. After a few days the accountant found where the mistake lay, and Simeon at once gave him a cheque for the 20*l.* A. R. B.

JANE'S APOLOGY.

PLEASE, ma'am, I know 'twas very wrong;
But then 'twas so inviting,
To see your letter on the desk,
Such straight and pretty writing!

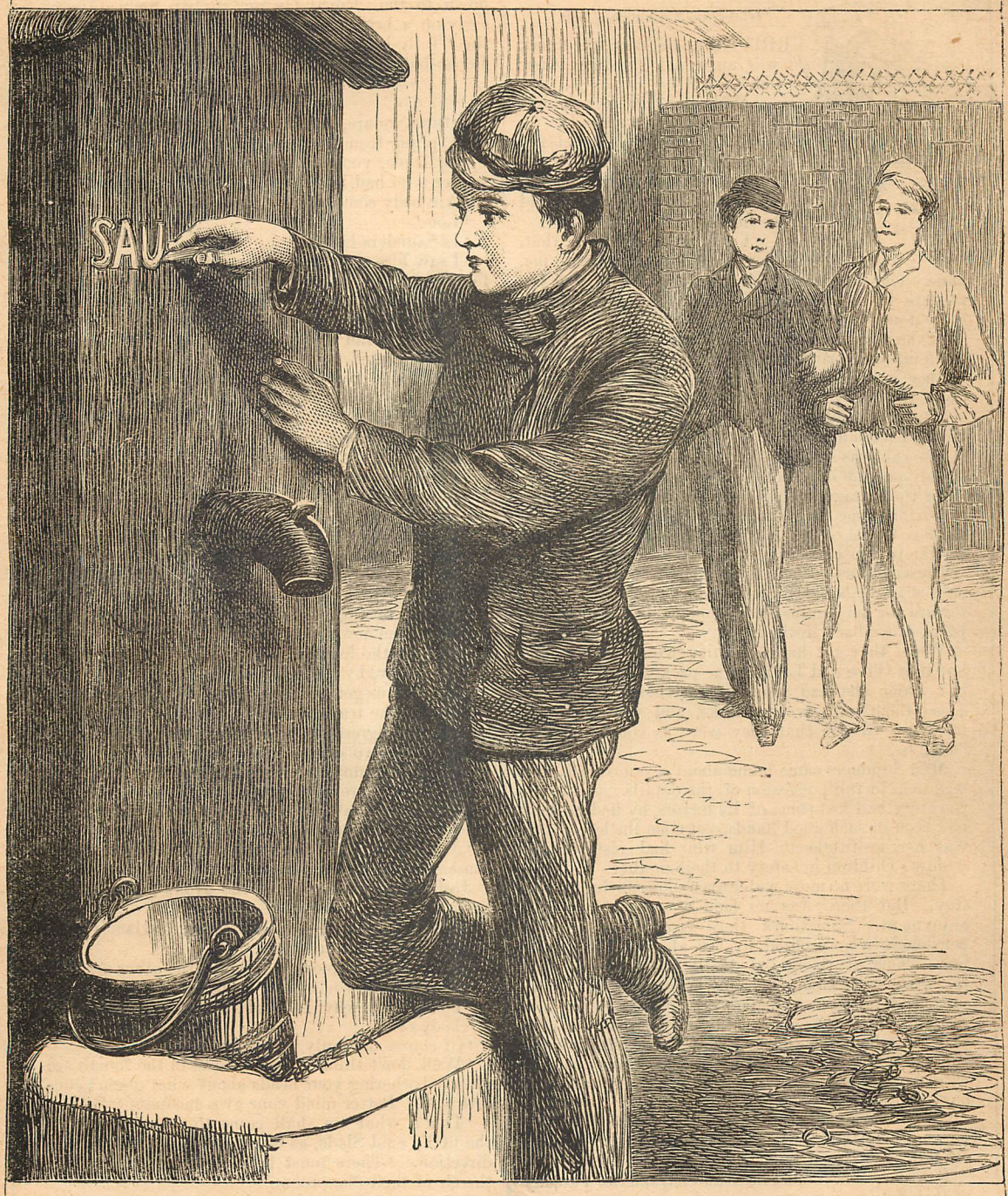
I thought to read a page or two
Could work no kind of harm;
But when I heard the door-bell ring
I dropped it in alarm!

And when I saw you standing there,
I felt all of a shiver,—
Oh, ma'am, I'll never do it more,
Though I should live for ever!'

'Well, Jane, I do forgive; for now
I see that you'll know better
Than do so mean a thing again
As read another's letter.' D. B.



Jane's Apology.



Saunders busily at work upon the pump.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 339.)

ARRIVED at the door, the knock was answered by Jane, their old servant.

'Well, I never!' exclaimed she, holding up her hands.

'Quick, Jane! Where is my mother?'

'Gone to see Mrs. Jackson, who is ill. She said she should be back about seven.'

'I am thankful for that. Now come in and listen to me, Jane. Our boat upset. But we are all safe, and the rest are in bed at a cottage up the river. What is to be done?'

'Take a cab, and drive out with plenty of clothes for 'em, and bring 'em back all tidy before your mother is frightened out of her wits with you in them things!'

'Quite right, Jane. You get the things together, whilst I fetch a cab.'

The cab was soon at the door, and the things were loosely packed in a box. Then George set off with it for the cottage. They were only able to go within a short distance, but a man was easily found to carry the box to the cottage. The cab was kept in waiting for the return journey.

Dressing was no long task. The wet clothes were packed in the box, the good woman received an ample reward for her kindness and sense, and then the whole party drove back in the cab.

When they got home, nothing would satisfy Jane but that Olive and Lil must be packed off to a warm bed which she had prepared for them. There she dosed them with warm drinks, and was soon able to assure George that they were as comfortable as could be.

Mrs. Summers came home about seven o'clock, and was soon in full possession of the details. Although the story had lost some of its terrors by finding they had been in such good hands, yet none the less hearty was her gratitude to Him who had restored the widow's children in safety to their mother.

There were no more water excursions during Slade's stay. But there was no lack of occupation or of enjoyment. Sometimes they visited one or two pensioners who profited by the alms of Mrs. Summers. One of these, old Mark Hale, was a great favourite with George, who, when at home, always visited him once or twice a-week. There was something in the simple piety of the old man and his wife that came home to the hearts of those high-spirited lads more forcibly than sermons. Sometimes the old wife would be reminded by them of her husband's boyhood.

'The old man was fine an' bright once, he was. He could run and jump wi' anybody then. But he's old now, and so am I.'

But all holidays must have an end, and the Tuesday of their return soon came around.

Packing and getting ready for school again was not half so pleasant as the thought of coming home again had been. But the morning came, and all was ready. Mrs. Summers, with Olive and Lil, went down to the 'Royal George' to see them off, and early on a bright morning of the first week in May the 'Tally-ho' bore them off in the direction of Rookesbury again.

CHAPTER XIV.

'HERE we are, Joe,' cried Slade to the porter, as they sprang from the 'bus that afternoon.

'So I see, young gentlemen,' replied Joe, an old soldier who had left an arm on an Indian battlefield.

'Anybody come, Joe?'

'Lots.'

'Is Saunders here?'

'I saw him a-cutting his name in letters about a foot long on the pump just now.'

'Then he *is* here. Here is my key. Respects to Mrs. Turpin. We are off to the playground.'

And away ran Slade and George to find the redoubtable Saunders.

They found him busily at work upon the pump with a large pocket-knife. When they appeared he was engaged in executing a large D. Hearing their footsteps he turned around.

'Hallo! Slade and Summers, eh?'

'Right you are. Who is here?'

'Blobbs for one.'

'Really?'

'Yes; he says Walton made it up with him after his illness, and let him come back again.'

'Anybody else?'

'Baker, with a poem as long as your arm about the charms of spring. Tickley has not turned up as yet, but some new fellows have.'

'Any for the fourth?'

'Not likely, by their looks.'

'Then let us get out the stumps, and go in for some cricket till the tea-bell rings.'

This was agreed to, and they set off in company with one or two others summoned for the purpose. George paid Saunders the half-a-crown borrowed at the end of the previous term.

'I wonder shall we ever hear who bagged the money from Garland's desk?' said the latter.

'Not likely now,' said Slade, 'unless the thief's conscience should get tender.'

Just then Crabbe joined the group going to the field.

'Has anything been heard about Garland's coin, Crabbe?' asked Saunders.

'How should I know?' rejoined the other quickly.

'We thought you might, being in the fifth.'

'I don't see why I should know any more than anybody else.'

'Of course not, only I thought——'

'Well, don't think. You fellows in the fourth are always bothering your heads about what doesn't concern you. Better mind your own business.'

'That's what we shall come to when we are in the fifth,' said Slade, as Crabbe went off in another direction. 'There must be something wrong with the air of their class-room.'

Saunders and his companions were soon busy at cricket, whilst Crabbe walked moodily under the trees skirting the ground. Here, seated at the root of a

tree, and examining a small note-book, he unexpectedly came upon 'Daddy' Matthews.

'Who would have thought of seeing you here?'

'Well, not *you*, eh? or you would have gone back again.'

'Perhaps so,' said Crabbe, throwing himself upon the grass by his side.

'You have brought some money back?' said Daddy.

'Yes; but I want most of it.'

'I want my fourteen-and-six.'

'Fourteen-and-six? It was only thirteen-and-threepence after the half-sovereign I paid you last term.'

'Ah, but you forget the interest. That soon mounts up.'

'So it seems.'

'Well, never mind that now. How much are you going to pay down?'

'I'll pay you five now. You must wait for the rest.'

'I shall not wait long. I won't stand any nonsense.'

'My dear fellow——' began Crabbe.

'Oh, don't dear-fellow me. I want my money. I was mad to let you have so much. Can't you get some from any other fellow *in one way or another*—say Garland, for example?'

As Matthews spoke the latter words, he looked keenly at Crabbe. The latter flushed visibly, and hastened to reply.

'Well, I must try to borrow some. Only don't be too hard on a fellow. You shall have it all as soon as I can get it.'

'All right. Nobody can ever say that I am hard on them. Pay over the five, and let me go.'

The money was produced and paid, a note of the amount made in the little pocket-book, and then the money-lender sauntered off to look for other creditors before they could wander into town and spend much of their money.

After tea, the fourth, as usual on the first night of the term when there was no work to be done, had the long room to themselves. The rival leaders of the two rooms exchanged views as to possible encounters between their forces during the new term. Baker produced his poem, and volunteered to read it to the assembled company.

'Don't you, Baker,' said Tickley, who had now arrived.

'Why?' asked the poet.

'Because Barrell has got a poem about you in his pocket.'

'About me? Let him read it then.'

'Yes; out with it, Barrell,' cried the rest.

Barrell, nothing loth, brought out a small piece of paper, and began to read as follows,—

'There was a young poet so rash
That his lessons were always a hash.
His name it was Baker; he's only a maker
Of babyish twaddle and trash.'

'Trash, eh?' cried the poet; 'stay till I get you by yourself. I'll let you know about this.'

'Knock his head off,' said the warlike Blobbs.

'Don't you talk, Blobbs,' said Saunders; 'there's one about you.'

'Read the poem in honour of Blobbs,' said Slade.

'Wait a bit,' said Barrell. 'Oh, here it is:'—

'There's somebody with us again,
Who's quite an old friend of the cane;
He can bustle and shout, knock youngsters about,
But his pluck is as small as his brain.'

'Is it?' said Blobbs; 'that's all you know about it. See if I don't make you smart for this.'

'I'm smart enough, thanks. New togs, you know, this term.'

Matters were now looking unpleasant, so the two parties drew off to the opposite ends of the room, the sleepers in No. 3 in high feather at the poetic triumph of their party, whilst the other side were much depressed.

'Are you going to stand this, Tickley?' asked Baker, in an undertone.

'Must, I suppose. How are we to help it?'

'Be down on them to-night.'

'They are sure to be ready. Can't you think of some dodge for paying out Barrell?'

'Make him an apple-pie bed,' suggested Wimms, who had recently suffered this infliction at home.

'Who will do it?' asked Blobbs, anxious to avoid an active share in the matter.

'I will,' said Baker. 'I'll slip upstairs before prayers' time, and do the thing for him.'

'Well done, then!' said Tickley; 'but could you knock off a verse or two against some of the fellows now?'

Pencil and paper were soon produced, and the poet set to work.

Presently, after writing two or three lines, and then scratching them out again, he stopped.

'What rhymes to Saunders? Tell a fellow, Tickley!'

'Why, glanders.'

'Pooh! that's no good.'

'Flanders,' suggested Wimms.

'Slanders,' put in Blobbs.

'Slanders—that's the best, I think.'

Then came a long pause.

'Peg away, old boy,' said Tickley, encouragingly.

'Easier said than done. But wait a bit.'

Another long pause. The audience became impatient.

'Saunders won't come in,' said the distressed poet; 'I'll try Slade.'

More writing. Then a smile of satisfaction began to creep over Baker's face.

'I think this will do,' he said, eyeing the paper with his head on one side. 'It's down on that whopping Virgil he lugs in to school, anyway.' Then he read these lines:—

'There's a young scholar of Rookesbury,
Who always supposes he looks very
Wise; but in Slade the blockhead's displayed,
So he might as well all his big books bury.'

'Prime!' was the general verdict.

'Now,' said Tickley, 'you just slip upstairs, pin that on Slade's pillow, and make a tidy bed for Barrell.'

Baker left the circle without more ado, and set off for the bedroom. But his departure was noticed by Saunders at the other end of the room.

(*To be continued.*)



A LADY OF LONG AGO.

TAPESTRY is a curious kind of manufactured cloth used by our forefathers to adorn the walls of their apartments. It is a peculiar description of needlework, the materials used being wool and silk, often enriched with threads of silver and gold: figures of men, animals, landscapes, flowers, being represented on its surface. This invention was originally brought from the Levant, and the English and Flemish nations were the first to excel in tapestry work. The French also took it up, and they have several tapestry manufactures besides that of the Gobelins. It is sometimes worked on a horizontal



frame, but more generally on a perpendicular one. This beautiful art gave employment to many workmen, besides being pursued with eagerness by royal and noble ladies of the olden time, many of whom found in this employment solace for sad and lonely hours. The lady represented in our picture, however, looks neither sad nor solitary, but exhibits her beautiful work to her young companion with evident pride and pleasure. D. B.

THE LISTENER.

NOW, then, I'll find out what they say;
I know they're telling secrets now;
That's why they bid me go away:
But I shall find them out, I vow.

What do I hear? Jane says that I
Am ignorant and far from good!
While Ann declares in her reply,
She never saw a girl so rude!

Well, now, it really is a shame
That such a thing these girls should say!
I'll tell our governess, and she
Will have them punished right away.

But Alice gets what she deserves:
To think a girl could be so mean
As stand behind the schoolroom-door,
And listen, while she is not seen!

D. B.

AN UNEXPECTED DELIVERER.

A Story founded on Fact.



On a bright summer day a few years ago, we—a party of four ladies—set out from Penzance for a quiet picnic. Our destination was Looe Pool, a pretty spot near the quiet little town of Helstone. This remarkable pool, or rather lake, at certain times of the year, becomes so full of water that the great sand-bar that separates it from the sea has to be cut through, and then with a mighty rush the water, which would otherwise inundate the country, rolls away to lose itself in the great Atlantic.

On one side of the pool lie the woods of Penrose, and here the picnic folk may find many a delightful glade or sunny bank, where, with the waters glimmering through the trees, they may rest, and fancy themselves in fairy land.

Hiring a carriage in Penzance we set off, as I said before, to spend a quiet, happy day in this romantic spot. We reached Helstone about noon, and dismissed our driver to find his dinner at the hotel, and then taking our small baskets of provisions we started to walk to the pool. In about half-an-hour we found ourselves some way from the town, skirting the woods, which we decided not to enter until we had eaten our dinner on one of the warm sunny banks by the side of the pool. Suddenly in turning a bend of the road we came upon two men leaning over a gate. One was dressed in rather a remarkable manner, with large plaid trowsers, and a short brown shooting-jacket; the other was more shabbily and quietly dressed, but both had large wide-a-wakes pulled low over their faces. They stared hard at us as we passed, and then one stepping forward asked us the time. One of my companions, rather foolishly as I thought, pulled out her gold watch, displaying at the same time a handsome gold chain, and told them that it was half-past twelve. Making no further remark they let us pass, and my friends evidently thought no more of the matter; but I could not help feeling uneasy, for I had noticed a significant look pass between the two men. However, determining not to alarm the others, I said nothing, and we were soon out of sight and hearing of the strange men.

I was beginning to recover my spirits, and the others were laughing and talking merrily, when I saw something that made my heart beat a great deal faster than I liked. We were walking at the foot of the hill that sloped down to the water, and about half-way up, behind a low hedge, I caught sight of the two men we had passed, running as fast as a stooping posture would let them. Guessing that they meant to pass us, and so meet us in the more lonely wood, I said to my friends, 'Suppose we stay here and have dinner on this sunny bank; I do not think we shall find a prettier place.'

I was most anxious not to alarm my companions, for one of them was an old lady, and the others were young, and one of them very delicate. After some demur they agreed, and the baskets were put down and unpacked. While this was being done, I sat silent and thoughtful. Dear reader, have you ever, in a moment of great perplexity or danger, felt the force and power of a silent, inward prayer? At that moment, when I realized that we were far from any dwelling, on a lonely road, and that we were certainly no match for the two strong men, who I now felt sure were bent on mischief, my heart went up in earnest prayer for help and guidance to that kind Father who has promised ever to hear and answer the prayer of faith. Ah! how seldom we act as if we believed Him! but now my weak faith was going to be wonderfully increased and strengthened.

I had buried my face in my hands, and as I looked up I saw coming along the road a magnificent dog, either a mastiff or a St. Bernard, with his great head bent low. He came straight to my side and thrust his cold nose into my hand, looking into my face with his large, soft eyes, as much as to say, 'Do you want me?'

The old lady was quite alarmed, and cried out, 'Drive him away! drive him away!' but, putting my hand on his head, I cried, 'No, no, give me a pasty for our noble champion, he shall dine with us to-day.' And so he did, and my three companions gazed at him, wondering from whence he had come, and why he had joined himself to us.

My little friend christened him 'Hero,' because, she said, 'he looked so strong and brave.' I said nothing, but my heart went up in a song of praise, and as I looked at the noble dog, who was now sitting with head erect and watchful eye, I suddenly found there was a tear in mine.

Scarcely half-an-hour had elapsed when we were startled by a low growl from Hero's deep chest. We looked round, but could see nothing. Still the dog seemed uneasy, and suddenly there was a sound of running footsteps, and round the corner, full tilt, came the men, one with a thick club stick in his hand, and I heard the other shout, 'Here they are, Bill! here they are!'

How it happened I cannot say, but with a growl that made our hearts stand still, Hero bounded from our midst, and before I very well knew what had happened, one of the men was lying on his back, with the dog standing over him; the other had taken to his heels. Then I heard a voice say, 'For Heaven's sake, ladies, call off your dog!' and I called, 'Hero! Hero! come here, sir!' Growling all the while the noble creature slowly drew back, and the wretched man picked himself up and quickly followed his companion.

We, too, were shaking, and with a fervent 'Thank God,' we paused but to recover ourselves, and then

packing our baskets we returned to Helstone. Hero never left us, he trotted by our side, carrying one of the baskets, until we came to the town, when dropping it he bounded off in another direction, and we saw him no more.

Thus ended our little adventure, and strange deliverance. A few days afterwards we read in the paper that there had been a robbery in Helstone, and the police were on the track of two suspicious men who had been seen loafing about, one of them dressed in plaid trowsers and a brown shooting-coat.

L. N.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE greatest men have often had a leaning towards some occupation for which they were quite unfitted. We cannot find a better example than Frederick the Great. Whilst surrounded by enemies, his troops defeated, and his plans shattered, he still found time to compose hundreds of lines of very bad rhyme, which he dignified by the name of poetry. During the most brilliant period of his life he still occupied his few leisure moments in the same way. Whilst conquering nations, or retreating before overwhelming numbers, he found time to scrawl odes and sonnets which a school-boy might have been ashamed of.

JOHN KNOX, the great Scotch reformer, made many enemies by his conduct, and his life was often in danger. One escape, from what might have been instant death, was very remarkable. It was his custom always to sit at the head of his table during meals, and in this position a large window was behind him. On one particular day he felt that he could not sit in his usual chair, nor would he allow any one of the family to do so. As they sat round the table that evening a shot was fired through the window, which grazed the top of that chair and buried itself harmlessly in the opposite wall.

MANY of Her Majesty's judges have shown most whimsical peculiarities. Lord Stowell, in addition to his love of manly games, which he shared with most Englishmen, also found pleasure in looking at Punch and Judy, or any of those penny shows which may still be seen at country fairs. Whilst his mind was full of the most important law cases of the day he would, in his daily walks, stop and look on at any juggler or acrobat who chanced to be performing in the street. Nor was this all. Any kind of exhibition which was advertised was sure to find a patron in Lord Stowell, and oftentimes one visit was not enough to satisfy his curiosity. Once he went to see an animal called the bonassus, which was on view in the Strand. This was afterwards honoured by a second visit, when the keeper told the judge that he might come as often as he pleased without paying. Lord Stowell went away charmed with this courtesy, but the next day was surprised to find the exhibition advertised as 'under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell.' His taste for this kind of sight-seeing continued until his death, and when past eighty he would watch a puppet-show as eagerly as a young child.

A. R. B.

AMBER.

AMBER is a substance somewhat of the same description as vegetable resin, and has probably been the produce of some extinct tree of the coniferous kind. It is found in round, irregular lumps, or drops, generally of a pale yellow colour, in beds among various kinds of mineral substances. It was gathered by the ancients on the coasts of the Baltic Sea, where it still is to be procured in greater abundance than anywhere else. It is rarely found in Britain. Amber is highly valued by Asiatics, and all over the East it is in great demand, being used in Mohammedan worship, the burning of it producing a pleasant odour and bright flame. Sometimes insects of a species which no longer exist are found enclosed in it, and sometimes also leaves; such pieces of amber are much sought after, and ignorant folk have used them as a charm. Amber had formerly a high reputation as a medicine, but the virtues ascribed to it were imaginary.

D. B. MCKEAN.

AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE, in his *Experiences of a Barrister's Life*, tells a remarkable story of a friend's escape from what seemed certain death. At one of the many sieges during our Indian wars Major Henderson was shot in the head; he fell to the ground, and was taken up for dead. On examination, however, it was found that the bullet had carried his handkerchief, which he wore under his regimental cap, into the wound. When the handkerchief was carefully withdrawn, the bullet came out with it. Major Henderson recovered, and lived for many years afterwards.

A. R. B.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

EFFIE has been very sick,
Four long months she lay in bed,
Pulses beating, oh, so quick!
Aching limbs and weary head.

Now she can sit up a while,
Watch the children at their play,
See them leap across the stile,
And hurry to the woods away!

Effie longs to take her part,
But she cannot move a limb;
Sad thoughts rise within her heart,
And her eyes with tears are dim.

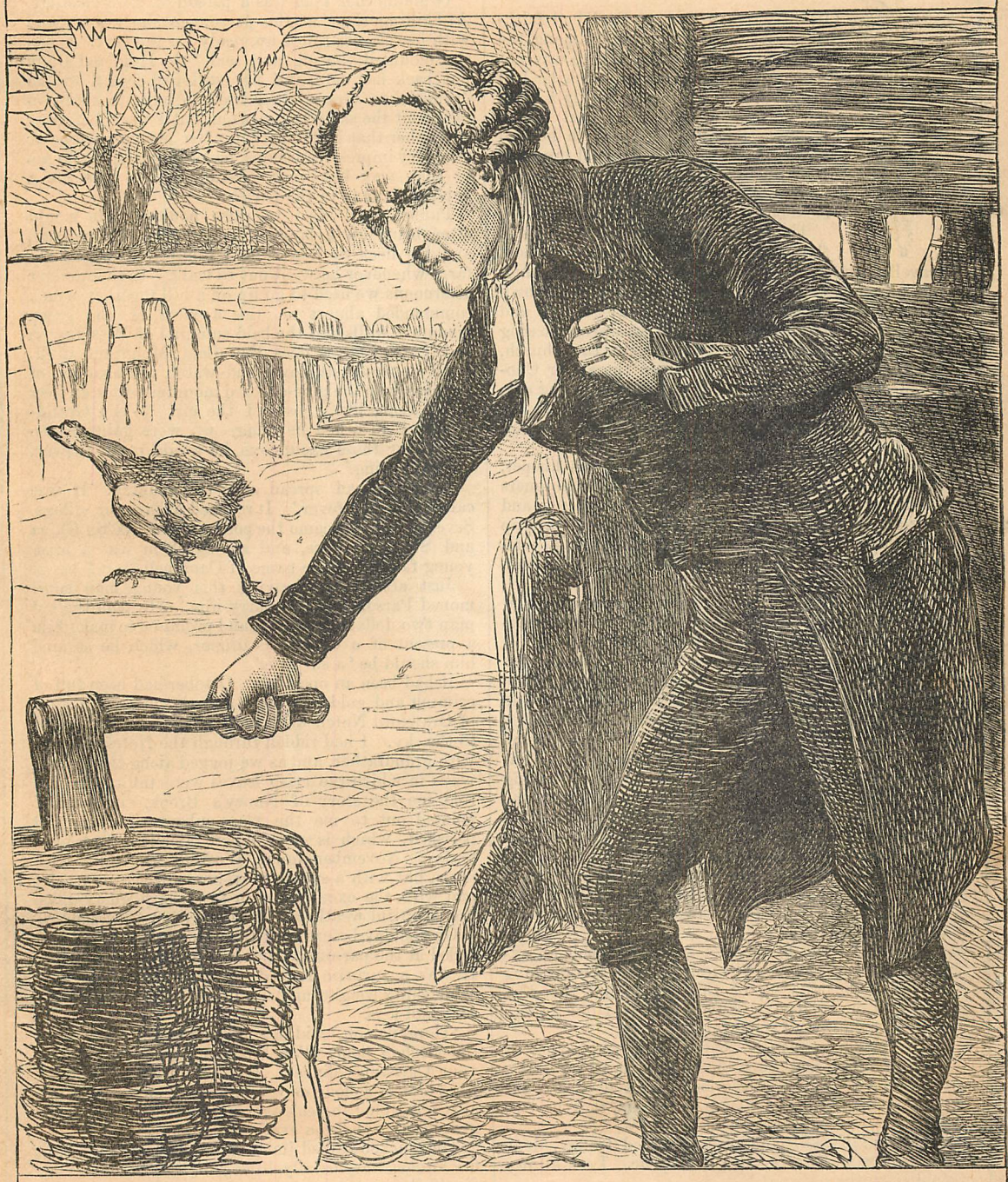
Suddenly, athwart the sky
Falls a beam of golden light,
Effie with a kindling eye
Clasps her hands in new delight.

Ah! she will not grieve nor fret,
Brighter days will soon be here!
Effie's feet will wander yet,
Where the scented flowers appear.

D. B.



A Gleam of Sunshine.



Grandfather Pool at the Chopping-block.

PARSON POOL'S MIRACLE.

FOR fifty years Parson Pool had faithfully served the little parish among the New Hampshire hills. There was not a house in the village in which he had not prayed; there was hardly a little red cottage on the road that wound through the interval in which he had not at least 'married one and preached the funeral sermon of two,' as he expressed himself in a discourse at the close of the half-century of his ministry.

There had been but few episodes in the parson's life. He had seldom travelled so far as to lose sight of Mount Washington, or not to hear on Sunday the ringing of his own church bell. Week by week, on Friday evening and Sunday morning, his strong form was seen passing through the wicket-gate that led to the church, whether the breath of June was in the air or Chocorua's triple peaks were obscured by a scowling sky, or rose in silence, covered with snow. But in his old age there happened to him a *miracle*. I myself saw it, though I was then a child.

Parson Pool was my grandfather. I was his pet. He used to take me with him to his parishioners whenever he went. I well remember his gig and poor old Dolly, the mare, with her harness all tied up with tow-strings and toggles,—a faithful animal who bore her lashings with resignation, and has long been free from her woes.

Parson Pool was a very tender-hearted man, and next to his love of children was that of animals, notwithstanding the whacks that old Dolly received.

There used to be a season in the village which was called 'killing time,'—a few weeks in December, when the fatted cattle, hogs, and poultry were killed. The neighbours used to gather from house to house on the occasion of such annual slaughters, but the parson was never seen among them. He usually shut himself up in the garret on the morning that his own pig was killed, and did not appear below-stairs until the defunct animal's 'liver and lights' were frying for the butcher's dinner. If he were riding at this season and heard one of his neighbour's pigs squeal on being run down by the butcher, he would give old Dolly an extra whack, put the reins between his knees, and clap both hands over his ears, and hold them there tightly.

'Mary,' I once heard him say, after such an experience, 'it does seem to me that there is something wrong in the make-up of this world; but then,' he added, 'I ought not to say anything,—I like a piece of fresh pork myself sometimes.'

The people generally remembered the parson at 'killing time,' and generously sent him spareribs, turkeys, and geese. He was so well provided for with poultry at this season by others, that he was never known to kill any of his own.

'I wouldn't kill a chicken,' he used to say, 'if I had to live on corn-bread all the year. I sell all my poultry to the hen-cart.'

But what the hen-cart man did with the parson's poultry the good man never cared to investigate. The hen-cart always went outside of the mountain hemlocks that bordered the quiet town.

Grandmother Pool was a person of different fibre. At 'killing time' at the parsonage she went round with her sleeves rolled up, ready for the fray. When she mounted the gig and said, 'Go lang,' old Dolly put back her ears, and her stiffened legs flew like drumsticks. Grandfather used to have to speak to me about the same thing often, but I very distinctly remember that grandmother, after giving me one or two very impressive lessons, never had to speak to me in that way but once. Grandmother was *not* a popular woman in the parish.

Parson Pool liked to raise poultry. He would often bring up a large brood of chickens by hand, and his flock of hens would follow him about the farm whenever he went out to walk. In the summer afternoons we used to go up on a hill together, which commanded almost as fine a view of the green mountain walls and the bald summits of Washington and Lafayette as does the Bald Mountain itself. Then we would sit down and watch the shadows of the clouds on the pine-covered mountain sides, as they sailed along like ghosts of the air. When Grandmother Pool asked us where we were going, as we set out for these excursions, he would often answer, 'Hens' nesting.'

A mania had spread over the country. It was called the 'hen fever.' It reached at last our village. Several people became the possessors of Cochin China and Shanghai hens, and among them was a brisk young farmer by the name of Campbell.

Just after Thanksgiving this young man summoned Parson Pool to marry him. He paid the old man two dollars in money, and promised to make him a present of a Christmas dinner, which he assured him should be 'a surprise.'

It had been an open fall. October had been full of crimson and golden foliage, and the mountain walls of Crawford Notch a blaze of glory from the ravine to the sky. I had ridden through the Notch one day with grandfather, and as we jogged along the dreamy ways in which the crisp leaves were falling he had told me the story of Nancy's Brook, and he had pointed out to me the place where the poor girl perished, which is near where Bemis's Station is to-day. November found Washington white with snow, but with a summer loveliness in the intervals; and with the exception of a few sharp, gusty days, the beautiful weather lasted until after Christmas.

On the day before Christmas young Campbell had called at the parsonage, and had fulfilled his promise. It was a surprise indeed,—a Shanghai chicken of astonishing weight, and seemingly fabulous length of neck and legs.

'Here, parson,' said he, setting the pullet down on the kitchen floor, 'I've brought you something for your Christmas dinner. Big as a turkey, isn't it? Legs almost as long as yours, parson, and a neck like as it was going to peek over the meetin'-hus' into the graveyard. Did you ever see the like of that?'

The chicken ruffled its feathers, and walked about the kitchen very calmly, lifting high its feet in a very dignified way.

'"When this you see, remember me," parson,' said the lively young man, quoting provincial poetry,

'You will have *him* on the table to-morrow, won't you, parson?'

'Yes, but, but——'

The old man held out a piece of bread. The pullet walked up to it like a child, and swallowed it so fast that it choked desperately.

'But what, parson?'

The pullet wiped her bill on grandfather's dressing-gown, which seemed to please him greatly.

'But I would kind o' hate to cut her head off.'

'Is that so, parson? Well, I'll save you the trouble. You just let me take your hatchet, and I'll——'

'No, no,' said grandfather, with a distressed look, 'I'll attend to the matter. I'll attend to the matter. I always was kind o' chicken-hearted myself.'

After the young man left grandmother came upon the scene, with a resolute look in her face and her cap borders flying.

'Samuel!'

'Well?'

'I want you to cut that chicken's head right off, right off now, so that I can have it to bake for breakfast to-morrow. Who do you think is coming to spend Christmas with us? Sophia!—Sophia Van Buren, from Boston! She spent the summer at the Crawford House, and came to the mountains again in October. But now that the hotels are closed she is coming here.'

'What is *she* coming for?' asked grandfather, with a distressed look at the chicken.

'To see Mount Washington covered with snow. She is an artist; she exhibits pictures in the art rooms in Boston. She is my second cousin.'

'When is she coming?'

'This very afternoon, in the Ossipee stage. So just take that great fat chicken, and off with its head just as quick as you can, and I will get the feathers out of the way in half an hour.'

'But I never killed a chicken in my life, and I would rather hate to hack the head off of such a fine-looking bird as that.'

'Won't she *brown* up well?' said grandmother

'Rebecca, that fowl loves to live just as well as you do. Just think of it, when the day-star rises to-morrow and the cocks crow, she——'

'Will be dead and baked in the larder,' said Grandmother Pool.

'And when the sun rises and the other fowls are enjoying the sunlight——'

'You will be eating one of the best roast chickens you ever tasted. Here she is,' added grandmother, catching up the plump pullet and handing her to Grandfather Pool, who looked as though he had been called upon to execute a child.

Grandfather Pool went out with the pullet, which did not seem to manifest any concern. I followed. He went to the woodhouse where the chopping-block was, and sat down in an old arm-chair, in the sun. The woodhouse was open in front, and the chopping-block stood in the opening.

'Are you really going to do it?' said I.

'I wish one of those Old Testament miracles would turn that pullet into a chopping-block, for *she* has said it must be done, and nothing but a miracle will ever save the poor thing from the *gallows*.'

Grandfather Pool rose up and laid the chicken on the block. He measured the distance with the hatchet.

'Oh, let me run,' said I.

'I am not going to do it yet,' said he. 'When I do, I shall measure the distance *so*, with my eyes open; then I shall shut my eyes tight, chop her head off quick, and throw her away, and shall not open my eyes until she is as dead as a stone. Now you run away and write the epitaph,' he added, with a grim smile.

I ran to my room. It looked out on the woodhouse. I drew the curtain so as not to see the awful sight. I began to think of the epitaph.

'There was a nice fat pullet that sat upon a roost;
Death came along and gave her a *boost*.'

That did not seem quite correct.

'There was a nice plump pullet that lay beneath the brier;
Death came along and caused her to expire.'

This seemed to me perfectly lovely, and I felt willing that the pullet should die, that she might be honoured by such an epitaph. Parson Pool was famous as a writer of epitaphs, and I now felt sure I had inherited his genius.

I thought I would just open the curtain to see if the deed was done, when a most remarkable sight met my eyes. Grandfather Pool stood by the block on which the pullet was laid, measuring the distance to strike. He then shut his eyes, brought down the hatchet strongly, and threw the pullet away. What was my astonishment to see the fowl jump up and run across the meadow into the hemlocks!

Grandfather stood like a statue, with closed eyes, waiting for the pullet to expire. I think he stood in this position some five minutes, when he ventured to look slowly round. There was nothing to be seen but the chopping-block. He walked around it, and then surveyed the yard. I never saw such a look of astonishment as came into his face.

Presently I heard a shrill voice cry,—

'Samuel, isn't that chicken ready yet?'

Then I heard him say,—

'Rebecca, come here.'

'Where is the pullet, Samuel?'

'I chopped her head off, when she vanished right into the chopping-block. It is a punishment for my sins. I never thought it quite right to kill innocent animals for food.'

'Samuel, have you lost your senses? I am not a fool. You never cut that pullet's head off in this world. It stands to reason you didn't; there isn't a drop of blood on the block.'

'Rebecca, I have never told a lie since I entered the ministry. I tell you the truth: I cut that pullet's head off; the hatchet went clean through her neck, when she vanished head and all,—went right into the chopping-block!'

'Split open the block and you will find her, then.'

Grandfather took up the broad-axe, severed the chopping-block in the middle, and examined it carefully as it fell apart.

'There is no pullet there,' said he. 'I feel like Balaam. I've read of such things in books,—they happened to Samuel Wesley, and he was a good



Parson Pool's Presents.

man; and to Elder John Leland, and he was a good man.'

'What things?'

'Supernatural things,—miracles like.

'Well, I don't believe in them.'

'What's come of that pullet, then?'

'Didn't you fall asleep over the chopping-block, and some one steal her?'

'Rebecca, you know that there isn't a person in this whole town who would steal a hen from me in the night, to say nothing of broad daylight. What's the use of arguing against the supernatural? Just as soon as I had cut her head off, I let go of her, and expected she would flutter and leap up into the air, just as pullets do when other folk kill them. Instead of that she never made a sound, but turned right into that there chopping-block, and never left so much as a drop of blood or a feather behind.'

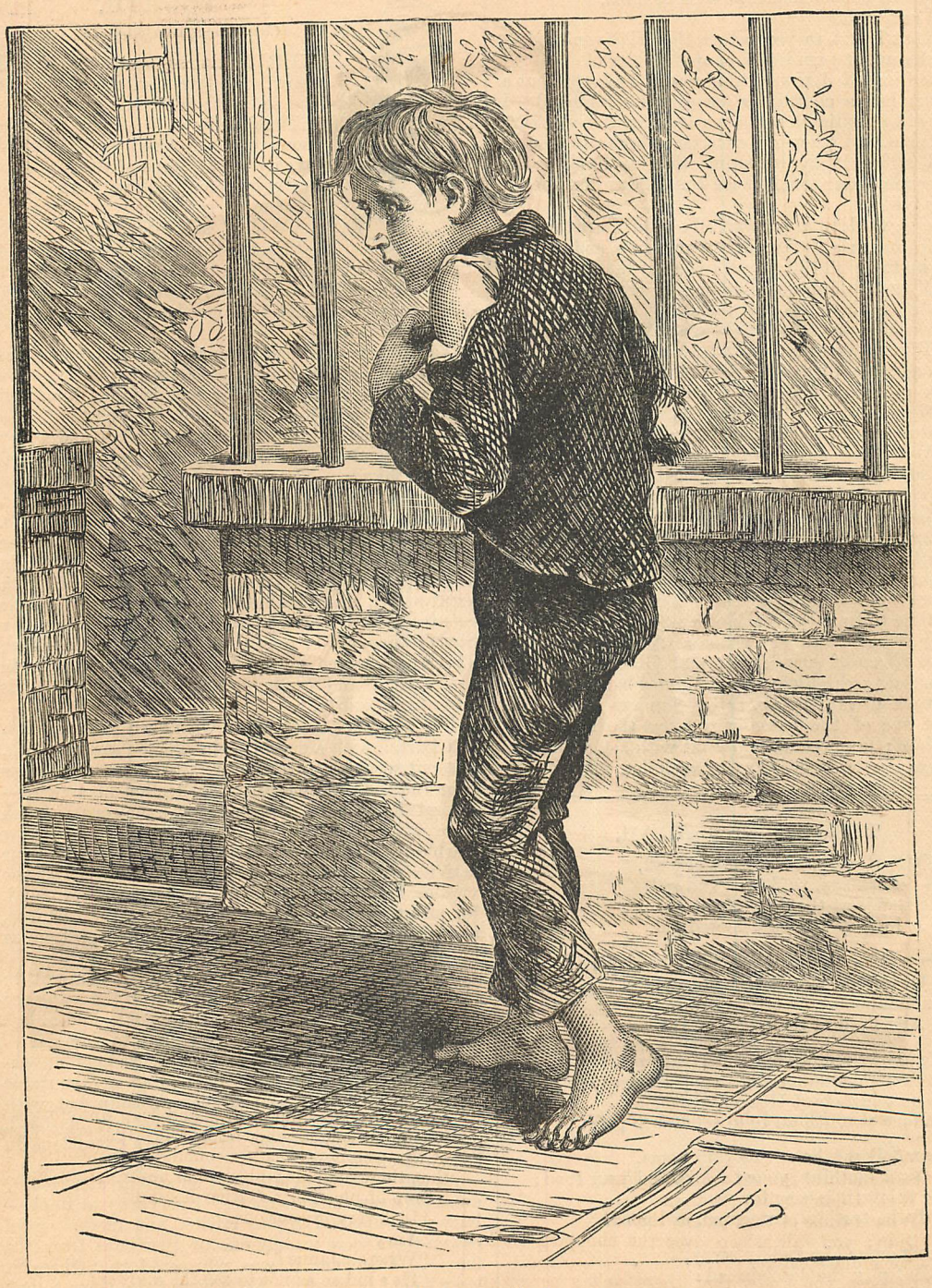
'It is very mysterious.'

'Very.'

'Where's Jamie?'

'He's hid so as not to see the *murder*.'

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, and the Ossipee stage stopped before the little red cottage, and Miss Van Buren, all fluffs and furbelows, appeared. As soon as I was alone with grandfather he said,—



The Street Arab.

'Jamie, you know what has happened; don't tell your grandmother that rash wish of mine.'

'What wish?'

'What I said to you before the pullet vanished,—that she might turn into a chopping-block.'

I had intended to tell him what I had seen, but a mystery had a charm for me even in childhood. I disliked to spoil such a famous story as this was sure to become, and when my conscience began to trouble me, I stifled it by reflecting that to explain the matter too soon would cause the capture and death of the pullet.

The next day, a wonderfully mild Christmas in that region, grandfather, Miss Van Buren, and myself, went up the high hill to get a view of the mountains. I shall never forget the scene. It seemed like an ocean of mountains, and the snow on the highest peaks looked like foam on the majestic billows. The Saco River was seen winding away through leafless trees and past groves of dark pine, looking afar like a ribbon of silver. Winnipiseogee Lake lay in the distance, a sea of splendour. The sharp peaks of Chocorua seemed to cut the air, and grandfather told Miss Van Buren as we slowly went along the awful story of Chocorua's curse. Had I not known the true explanation to the pullet story this story of the old Conway farms would have chilled me, for the Conway farmers believe that Chocorua's curse causes the cattle to die. The air was very still, only a low murmur at times in the tops of the pines.

There were hunters in the woods below us, and from time to time the crack of a rifle would cause us to stop, to listen to the echoes. As we returned I hurried ahead of grandfather and Miss Van Buren, and gained the highway some minutes before them.

A waggon was passing, full of hunters and game. Out of one of the game-bags hung the head of a noble bird; my eyes recognised it with astonishment,—it was Parson Pool's Christmas pullet.

THE STREET ARAB.

POOR outcast! rejected by all,
Forsaken, neglected and sad,
He stands at the door of the hall,
A hungry and bare-footed lad.

No mother e'er watched while he slept,
Or hushed him to rest in her arms;
In childhood how often he wept,
And lived in the midst of alarms.

He knows not of God and His love,
Though childhood has vanished away;
None told him of Heaven above,
None taught him to kneel and to pray.

Poor fellow! he envies your home,
Your clothing, your friends, and your food;
He thinks it is easy for you
To be truthful, contented, and good.

Don't order him rudely away,
But pity the desolate lad:
A bit of your dinner to-day
Will make the poor street Arab glad.

D. B.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 347.)

BAKER is up to some mischief, I know. Follow him up, Summers, and see what he does.'

Thus ordered, George left the room, book in hand, and followed quickly in the steps of Baker. Presently he came back with an air of great mystery.

'Well?' asked Saunders.

'He went into our room; so I just turned the key and left him there. Here's the key.'

'Well done! Let him stay there till we go up. We can make it hot for him then. Hallo! there's the supper-bell.'

The absence of Baker from supper and prayers was not noticed by the authorities. His own party, however, guessed that something had befallen him, and prepared for action on his behalf. When the fourth was dismissed to their rooms, Saunders and party promptly made for No. 3, with handkerchiefs knotted in their hands. No sooner was the key inserted in the lock, and the door opened, than Baker darted out. He met with a warm reception from the handkerchiefs. One or two in their eagerness followed him too far along the corridor, and met more than their match in a group of Baker's friends. They returned with great speed, and then both parties retired to their rooms. The process of undressing was enlivened by Slade's discovery of the 'poem' pinned to his pillow. This was accepted as the sum of Baker's labours in their room, and Slade sprang into bed with his customary agility.

But he jumped out again with even more agility, and Barrell with a cry of pain did the same. Both, without speaking, turned down their sheets, and drew from the beds a miscellaneous collection of articles—several hair-combs, brushes, some fir-cones, which were wont to adorn their mantlepiece, and a few marbles. Saunders and the other spectators of their activity were unable to keep from laughing. But the victims had to take their defeat as best they could, for just then Mr. Bigges was heard in the distance, and everybody tried to look as sound asleep as possible.

More than one attempt was made that night to take the other room by surprise. But the vigilance of Mr. Bigges made operations impossible, and at last the hostile forces composed themselves to slumber.

For two or three nights both sides kept an excellent watch, in the hope of finding a favourable chance for an attack on the enemy's camp, but with no result save that Baker caught a cold in his head, and Slade a sore throat, from their excursions in light marching order.

As the month of April went on still greater rivalry arose between the two rooms. Everybody at Rookesbury was supposed to play cricket, and in the school eleven there were usually one or two boys from the fourth. This year it was whispered that three at least would be needed. Who were these three to be? Saunders had played the year before, and Slade was regarded as a certainty, also; but for the other place

it was hard to choose a boy. It was Tickley's misfortune to have no liking for cricket. On the football field he could hold his own well, but for bat and ball he cared nothing. Baker looked upon all sports as unworthy of a poet; Wimms and Barlow were pronounced 'duffers.' Little Keel was sharp on the field, but lacked strength. Could Summers play? Well, yes, he had played with other lads at Rewent, and liked the game, so it might be that his chance was good. But no sooner did Blobbs hear of George's supposed skill than his own mind was again made up.

'Yah! workhouse boy! likely fellow he to be in the eleven! *I* shall go in for it myself.' Fired by this resolution, Blobbs began to practise as often as possible. His custom was to find two or three young-sters about the size of Tommy Tucker, and to drive them down to a quiet corner of the field. Then he would pitch a couple of stumps, take the bat, and make the youngsters bowl and field to him. Sometimes they would prove refractory, and run away. Blobbs, carefully wrapped with pads, never attempted to run after them. He always waited his time, and gave what he thought due punishment when next they came near his hand.

One day, whilst Blobbs was hitting wildly out at the bowling of Tommy Tucker and another small boy, Hall, the captain of the eleven, came that way.

'Ah, having a quiet practice! let me give you a ball, Blobbs.'

Hall's bowling was of the cannon-ball style, and very unpleasant for weak nerves. Blobbs wished himself at Jericho, or any other distant spot.

'You didn't see it, Blobbs; stand up to them,' said the captain, after Blobbs had made a circular sweep with his bat at the first ball.

Blobbs was making a similar demonstration at the next when it 'got up,' and struck the bold batsman under the chin, causing his teeth to chatter violently, and his eyes to see an immense number of stars.

'I think it's time I was back,' said Blobbs, pulling out his watch.

'Nonsense!' said Hall; 'let me give you a little coaching.'

The impression left on the mind of Blobbs was that 'coaching' in cricket meant being bruised on all parts of the body. In whatever way he tried to hit the ball he was certain to miss it; whilst on the other hand the ball always hit either himself or his wicket. And then, to see the abominable way in which Tommy Tucker and his companions were rejoicing over his woes! What a tale they would have to tell in the third!

But the end of his woes came at last, for with the consoling remark, 'I am afraid you will never do for the eleven, Blobbs,' Hall left him, and walked in majesty towards the house. For some days after this Blobbs left off practice, but did not fail to let everybody know that he 'had been having a quiet half-hour against Hall's bowling.'

At last the match came which was to decide the constitution of the eleven. Two sides were pitted one against another. Saunders, Slade, Summers, and Morland were in one of the elevens; Blobbs, Simmons, and Keel in the other. Blobbs found himself down to go in last; but, notwithstanding this, he carefully protected himself with two pads and a pair of batting-gloves.

'Bravo, Blobbs!' cried Tickley, as he walked to the wicket.

The balls came—a slow, describing a lofty course in the air. Blobbs nerved himself for a terrific swipe, and made his usual sweep with the bat. But, in his anxiety to hit, he overbalanced himself, and came to the ground, whilst the ball gently rose and lifted his bails.

'All out!' cried the umpire; and Blobbs returned to the tent amidst the other side. His hopes were gone. He had to stand in the field whilst 'those fellows' from No. 3 so distinguished themselves as to make their places in the school eleven sure.

The school played its first match the next week, and last on the list of those announced to play came the names of Saunders, Slade, and Summers.

CHAPTER XV.

THE summer term was passing on, and still Crabbe was not free from his debt to Matthews.

'I must have some money,' said that worthy for the tenth time. 'All you have paid me this term is seven-and-six. Can't you sell something?'

'Everything is gone that anybody will buy.'

'Then write home.'

'I can't; and what is more, I shan't. So there!'

'All right,' said the other; 'only I advise you to get me some coin soon.'

That afternoon after school Garland met him in the playground.

'Hallo, Crabbe! you never come to have a game at the "Barley Mow" now. How's that?'

'What's the good? You always win.'

'Well, perhaps I do; but can't you bring some other fellows to play who are not used to it?'

'What! get fellows there for you to fleece them? Not likely, thank you.'

'Don't be in such a hurry, my dear fellow. Who said anything about my fleecing them? You like the game, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, where's the harm in playing with somebody who is not so strong as you are? You get your game, and you get it for nothing.'

'Yes, but I don't like——'

'Don't like what? You always stick at some stile. I'll tell you what Charlie Sayers said about you the other day. He knows a game fellow when he sees one; and he said that Crabbe would be a jolly card only he hasn't enough pluck to go on with a thing. That's it, Crabbe, you haven't the pluck.'

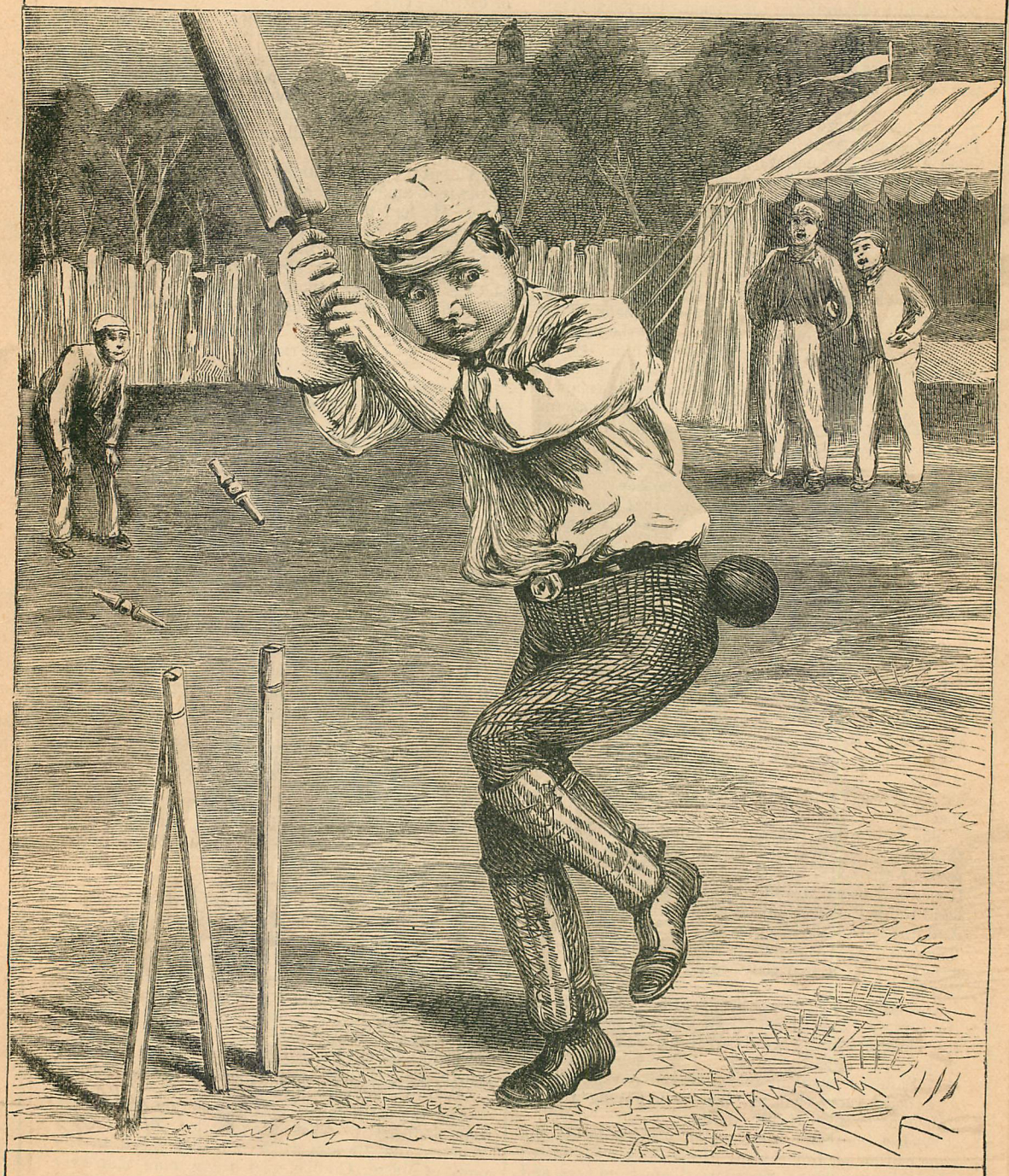
'Yes, I have,' said the other, yielding to the fatal fear of what fellows would say about it.

'Then why not bring down two or three from the fourth, and get them to join you in a game?'

'Well, I don't care if I do.'

And the consequence of this was that Blobbs was soon induced to visit the 'Barley Mow.' Then Wimms and Barlow came—all very much to the profit of Master Crabbe, who began more than ever to believe in the character of Garland as a sound adviser and example.

(To be continued.)



Blobbs trying to hit Hall's Ball.



The Lone Fox.

THE LONE FOX.



TWO foxes were kept chained in a yard, a male and female. They were so close to each other that they could play together, and so grew very fond. The female one day was seen to be dull and uncomfortable, whereupon the male set to work and gnawed her leather collar through, and so set her at liberty. She immediately made off, and the poor fox that was then left alone whined and pined for her and soon died of grief.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 359.)

BLOBBS soon told Tickley of his new pursuit, and the latter was induced to pay a visit to the bagatelle-room. Garland was there that afternoon, and the more prudent Tickley soon saw that he and Crabbe were making their market out of the others. He took an early opportunity of telling this to Blobbs and his friends. Wimms and Barlow, having lost every penny of their money by that time, were ready enough to take his advice. But Blobbs would, as usual, have his own way. He might spend his own money, he supposed, without asking Tickley? And these were the only thanks the latter got for trying to warn the dupe.

But the bagatelle-table soon became a very dangerous resort for Rookesbury schoolboys, at any rate. Mr. Walton, in hurrying back to his house from the town by a short cut, passed the door of the 'Barley Mow.' Just as he reached the door, two lads stepped out in front of him, and walked rapidly off. The head master adjusted his eye-glass more firmly, and then took another look. Then he—the sage M.A.—actually quickened his pace to a trot! He soon reached the lads, and, tapping them on the shoulder, found them to be Crabbe and Blobbs.

'Go to my class-room as soon as you get back, and remain there.'

This was his order, and the guilty boys could only suppose that he had seen them leave the 'Barley Mow.' Bitterly did Blobbs repent of his conduct. Once he had been forgiven a serious offence; chiefly, perhaps, owing to his illness. He had promised to reform, and this was the result! Crabbe's thoughts were also mournful. He had calculated that in another week or two the sum gained at the 'Barley Mow' would enable him to pay off Matthews to the last farthing. But now this new mine of wealth was going to be stopped whilst the debt was still in part unpaid.

During their walk home, and the half-hour they had to wait in Mr. Walton's class-room, they had ample opportunity for repenting of their acts, and also for those quarrels which generally arise between partners in sin when found out.

'All your fault,' growled Blobbs.

'No it wasn't. It was all through your wanting one more game.'

'I shouldn't have played at all if it hadn't been for you.'

'I didn't ask you to play. I only said, "Come and see the place;" and you wanted to play.'

'Wish I had never seen you!'

'You aren't so pretty as to make me wish the opposite.'

'Sour apple!' A nick-name for Crabbe.

'Chimney-sweep!' An allusion to Blobbs and the door-keys in the chimney.

And so the time passed until Mr. Walton's step was heard.

He demanded first why they had been to the 'Barley Mow,' how often they went there, who were their companions, what they played for, and how the practice began. Then, in grave tones, he pointed out to them the dangers of the course they had entered upon; gambling, he told them, was a vice which, when it had thoroughly taken hold of a man, rarely left him until character and money were gone; that although at first sight its practice might in cases seem innocent enough, the passion for it would increase, until even crime might be the result. Their punishment he reserved for the time being, until the entire affair had been investigated. With this sword still hanging over their heads he sent them away.

Blobbs was really sorry for his offence. At heart he was not a bad boy, and he felt, more keenly than others would have expected, his ingratitude for Mr. Walton's former leniency. Acting upon this better feeling, he sought the head master's room again, expressed in blunt but sincere phrases his sorrow, and backed out again with all possible speed. Then his heart felt lighter than it had done for some hours.

Garland was soon called to account for his share in the 'Barley Mow' transactions. Before his fellows he bragged loudly about the way in which he would talk to 'the old boy.' Before Mr. Walton he whined pitiably, and was an instructive example of the way in which some people's spirits rise or fall according to the company they are in. The head master gave him a choice of two things, expulsion, or a caning before the whole school. Humiliating as the latter was, he chose it. He had been expelled from his last school, and his father's actions were then so very unpleasant that he had no wish to see them repeated. To Crabbe the same choice was given, and with the same result. He was also obliged to return to Blobbs, Wimms, and Barlow, such sums as had been won from them. The latter three were rightly regarded as dupes, and punished by the stoppage of half-holidays for the succeeding month.

The morning which saw the 'execution' of Garland and Crabbe was an eventful one in the history of Rookesbury school. The oldest boy could not remember the last time when a fifth-form dignitary had been caned. Old Joe, the porter, was appealed to, but he could only say that 'it was a goodish while ago.' But caned they were this time, and, as Tickley observed in a sympathising tone, 'it was laid on pretty thick, too.'

That night, when the fourth retired to bed, Saunders was struck with an idea.

'Now's the time to warm up those fellows in No. 2; who's ready for the war-path?'

'I am!' cried everybody, jumping out of bed with a reckless disregard of draughts and cold floors.

'Get ready, then,' said the leader, promptly.

Everybody seized a weapon, and some put on a few articles of clothing.

Now you, Barrell, be scout to-night, and see that Bigges doesn't get to the bottom of the stairs before you let us know. Is everybody ready?'

'Yes! Yes! Yes!'

Then follow me quietly;' and so saying Saunders stepped out into the corridor.

Now it so happened that Mr. Bigges had been unusually wakeful that night, and could *not* get to sleep.

'I know how it is,' said he to himself; 'there is some mischief brewing upstairs. 'I shall get no rest till I go up and look into those fourth-form rooms.'

Acting upon this resolution he rose, put on an old dressing-gown, and sallied forth.

No. 2 came first in his way, and that he reached whilst the heroes in the other room were still snugly abed. On turning the handle of the door, a great shuffling of feet was heard, and when he entered flying figures were seeking their beds in all directions.

'What's the meaning of this?' asked Mr. Bigges.

'Please, sir, we were going to bed,' answered little Keel.

'Nobody should be out of his bed at this time. Where is your pillow, Baker?'

'I think—I fancy it must be about the room somewhere,' was the hesitating reply.

'Ah, there it is, up in the corner by Keel. Get out and pick it up, sir.'

What more Mr. Bigges would have said it is impossible to say, for at that moment the door was flung open and the band of braves from No. 2 dashed into the room. Before Mr. Bigges could turn round, he found himself banged about the head and shoulders by pillows, the candle knocked from his hand, and himself in the midst of a small throng armed with pillows, who assailed the beds with half-whispered utterances of, 'Give it to them!' 'Got you this time!' and other remarks.

'Stop, boys! what is all this about?' cried Mr. Bigges, backing to the door.

'Bigges!' cried Saunders, dashing for the door.

In the confusion two or three escaped, but upon the rest the angry master quickly closed the door.

After fumbling in his pockets a little while a box of matches was produced, and the candle re-lit. It disclosed a very curious scene—the ordinary sleepers of that room lying in their beds and looking as innocent as possible, whilst Slade, Barrell, and two or three other sleepers from the other room, were standing in undignified positions around.

'Disgraceful!' said Mr. Bigges; 'I shall report both these rooms again. These disturbances shall not last, if I can help it. No. 3 boys return to your room!'

In a dignified manner Mr. Bigges held open the door, and in a very crestfallen way they marched back along the corridor. Mr. Bigges followed, after another word of caution at No. 2.

On entering the other room, Saunders, Summers, and Morland, were seen to be comfortably lying abed.

'Ah!' said Mr. Bigges. 'I hope you did not leave the room just now, Saunders?'

'Yes, sir, I did.'

'And you, too, Summers and Morland?'

'Yes, sir,' from both.

'I *am* surprised. But both rooms will be reported, so I recommend you to go to sleep at once;' and with this he turned to leave the room.

'May I say a word, sir?' asked Saunders.

'Yes; what is it?'

'I should just like to say, sir, that we did not know you were in the room, and that we should not have thought of lifting a hand against you.'

'I am glad to hear it; but the fact remains that you did so;' and with this remark he left the room.

'All the fourth form to stay,' was the announcement made at twelve the next day.

The fourth stayed accordingly, and had a very unpleasant time with the head master in his class-room. These night wanderings (so he called them) must be put an end to. Lenient dealing had only brought about more transgression. He would make them cautious how they left their beds for such a purpose another time. Both rooms seemed given to such enterprises, and both should be punished by an hour of extra school every day for a fortnight, and by staying in on both half-holidays. Such was Mr. Walton's sentence, accompanied by a glance at the bundle of canes in the corner, and the declaration that nothing but their numbers kept him from flogging every one of them.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' whatever Mr. Twimpig might have had to say to the contrary, and it is certain that the fourth were, to a boy, unusually dull and stupid all that week. Blobbs, to whom a holiday had now become a remarkable rarity, began to get so hopelessly dense that Baker once more suggested with great solemnity that their companion was 'going off his chump.'

However, the punishment had its proper effect, and no member of the fourth proposed going upon the war-path during the remainder of that term. But the feud between the two rooms still lived, even under these difficulties. For some little time it found vent in many poetic compositions. These were, of course, largely produced in school-hours, and many were the times on which Mr. Cuming called out,—

'Barlow' (or 'Barrell' as the case might be), 'you are passing something. Bring it to me.'

Then Barlow would meekly deliver up, perhaps, a little note to this effect:

'Jones.
Bones.
Groans.
Moans.
Can't think of any more now.'

Nor did he understand missives of this kind, until he one day captured a note from Barlow to Baker as follows:—

'Tell a fellow what rhymes to Birley.'

But the passion for 'poems' came to an end in consequence of a little accident to Baker. During one preparation hour he was seized with an idea for an epitaph on his rival Barrell. Without more ado he fell to work at it, and soon had the result neatly copied out on a clean sheet of paper. But this gave him little time in which to copy his answers to Mr. Cuming's questions for that hour. In his haste he began upon the first clean sheet which came to hand.



"Beside this changeful river
Do folk full often pass."

The result became known the next morning. Mr. Cuming was correcting the aforesaid questions. He came on to Baker's. But, instead of an answer, he read,—

'Epitaph on an old Barrell.'

'Baker!'

Baker walked to the desk.

'What do you mean by this insolence, sir?'

'I—didn't mean—it's on the other side, sir!'

And so it was! The luckless poet had come upon the clean side of the paper on which the epitaph was written, and had hurriedly copied there his questions, and sent them up. The consequent punishment was a damper on the spirits of the several poets.

Happily this happened just when everybody began to think it time to work for the coming Midsummer examination. The two rooms were, of course, anxious that their respective favourites should get the prizes, and that in no case should they go to an 'out-boy,' or day-scholar. The likely ones began early to prepare, and the 'poems' were soon forgotten.

With the shadow of the yearly examination hanging over the school, the place seemed very dull to such as felt no interest in the prizes. But enough excitement was coming to give them ample subject for gossip. What that was another chapter must unfold.

(*To be continued.*)

SEEN IN THE RIVER.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

I KNOW a river flowing
Among the pleasant meads,
Its summer banks are lilied
And fringed with water-reeds;
But sometimes it is ice-bound,
Or brimmed with melted snows,
And here and there through tangle
Or over rocks it goes:
But anyhow 'tis onward, and onward it must be,
By rock or mead or tangle, until it reach the sea.

Beside this changeful river
Do folk full often pass,
And they are mirrowed in it
As faces in a glass:
But, more than forms and faces,
It mirrows back their life,
Now rough, now smooth, now frozen,
Now calm, now gloom, now strife:
But anyhow 'tis onward, and onward it must be,
Until by ways appointed it reach eternity.



BRITISH POETS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Old Tolbooth.
Abbotsford.
Dryburgh Abbey.

Holyrood Palace.
Scott's Monument, Edinburgh.

BRITISH POETS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



ANY and wonderful as are the romances which Sir Walter Scott wrote, there are none of them so wonderful as the romance of his own life. He was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in a house, which has since been destroyed, at the head of the College Wynd in Edinburgh. His father was a Writer to the Signet, a grave, upright, and benevolent man; and his mother is described as 'sweet, sensible, and religious.' When he was only eighteen months old an attack of fever resulted in the contraction of his right leg, and for the rest of his life Walter was lame. In order that he might have a better chance of recovering his strength after this illness the child was sent to the farm of Sandy Knowe, near Kelso, and there, under the care of his grandfather, Mr. Robert Scott, and his Aunt Janet, he remained until he was eight years old. He then returned to Edinburgh, where he went to the High School, and soon became famous amongst his companions as a story-teller. His family were now living in George's Square, and a little room on the ground-floor of the house was assigned to Walter, as study, 'den,' or whatever he chose to call it. Here he gathered together a collection of books and curiosities, the 'small beginning' of the beautiful library and museum which he formed in his later years at Abbotsford.

After her father's death Miss Janet Scott left Sandy Knowe and removed to Kelso, and her nephew's health again failing he went to stay with her for a short time. During this visit he went to the Kelso Grammar School, and, becoming acquainted with James and John Ballantyne, he formed a friendship with them which was only sundered by death.

In 1783 he entered the Edinburgh University, and after studying there for three years he was apprenticed to his father. But he found the office work exceedingly dry, and kept a store of books in his desk, with which to refresh himself in his leisure moments. He was called to the Bar in 1792; but it was soon evident that his chief talent lay in an altogether different direction. He published his first volume, *Translations from Burger*, in 1796; this was followed by the *Border Minstrelsy*, in three volumes, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which appeared in 1805. In 1797 the lawyer-poet married a young French lady, Margaret Charpentier, and settled down in the village of Lasswade, a few miles from his native city. Shortly afterwards he obtained the office of Sheriff of Selkirk, and leaving Lasswade he made his home for nearly eight years at Ashestiel. Here he used to rise at five, and after kindling his own fire and visiting his favourite horse he would sit at his desk from six until nine. He usually wrote for two hours more between breakfast and noon, and then spent the rest of the day in riding or fishing. In the winter and spring his duties as Clerk of Session required his presence in Edinburgh, and in the little back-parlour of his house in Castle Street many of his great works were written. In 1811 he purchased a small farm, called Clarty-Hole, on the banks of the Tweed, and changed its name for the more romantic one of Abbotsford.

The honour of being Poet Laureate was offered to him in 1812, but he declined it. Throughout the next year he was occupied in the preparation of the *Life and Works of Dean Swift*, which he published in 1814. But before these volumes were completed he had taken his first steps along the road which led him on so rapidly to fame and fortune. He was searching for some fishing-tackle one autumn day in 1813 when, hidden away in an old cabinet, he found a few sheets of an historical tale which he had begun long ago, and had then put on one side and forgotten. He set to work upon it once more, and in July, 1814, it was given to the world under the title of *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. The book was published without any author's name, and was quickly followed by other volumes so fascinating that 'Who is this unknown writer?' became the question of the day in all literary circles. But the secret was well kept, and Scott continued to do so much other work that suspicion did not, at first, rest upon him.

The *Waverley Novels* were published by Constable and Ballantyne, and met with such marvellous success that the author seemed likely to become a very rich man. He built a mansion at Abbotsford, and beautified it within and without, spending thousands of pounds over it, and over his woodlands. In this lovely home he received the friends who crowded round him, and he entertained them in almost princely fashion.

In March, 1820, George IV. created him a baronet, and for several years all went well with him. But in 1826 Messrs. Constable and Ballantyne failed, and Scott's splendid fortune vanished like a dream. It soon became known that the famous author of *Waverley* was a partner in this unfortunate firm, and that he had not only lost his own money, but was also liable for a sum of 117,000*l.*, this being his share of the amount due to the creditors. The death of his wife in the same year added greatly to his distress; but in no period of his life did he show so noble a nature as in that of his adversity.

The usual course in such a case would have been to pay a dividend to his creditors, and then begin to raise for himself a second fortune; but Scott did not consider this an honourable thing to do. No; he would work, certainly, but not for himself. The debt, overwhelming though it appeared, should be cleared off; and with this noble resolution strong in his heart, he sat down to his desk, even in the midst of his sorrow, and bravely took up his pen once more.

He toiled incessantly for six years, and at the end of that time he had the pleasure of knowing that the gigantic debt was reduced by one half. It was impossible, however, for his brain to bear such a constant strain, and in February, 1830, he was struck with paralysis. He never thoroughly recovered from the attack, and his physicians urged him to cease working, at least for a time. But he found it difficult to obey them. 'As for bidding me not work,' he said, 'Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, "Now, don't boil!"'

In 1831, as his health did not improve, he was prevailed upon to spend the winter away from Scot-

land, and for six months he lived in Naples and Rome. On his journey homewards in the spring he was again attacked with paralysis, and on the 21st of September, 1832, he died at Abbotsford, in the sixty-second year of his age. His grave is in the ruined Abbey of Dryburgh, and monuments to his memory have been raised in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Selkirk.

Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley Novels* are twenty-nine in number. He also wrote a *Life of Napoleon*, and a series of historical sketches for children entitled *Tales of a Grandfather*. His chief poems were the *Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Rokeby*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. H. L. T.

'LESS INEQUALITY THAN WE SUPPOSE.'

A YOUNG Rajah once said to his huzeer, 'How is it that I am so often ill? I take great care of myself; I never go out in the rain; I wear warm clothes; I eat good food; yet I am always catching cold or getting fever, in spite of all precautions.'

'Overmuch care is worse than none at all,' answered the huzeer; 'which I will soon prove to you.'

So he invited the Rajah to accompany him for a walk in the fields. Before they had gone very far they met a poor shepherd. The shepherd was accustomed to be out all day long tending his flock; he had only a coarse cloak on, which scarcely served to protect him from the rain and the cold, from the dews by night and the sun by day; his food was parched corn, his drink water; and he lived out in the fields in a small hut, made of plaited palm-branches.

The huzeer said to the Rajah, 'You know perfectly well what hard lives these poor shepherds lead. Speak to this one, and ask him if he often suffers from the exposure which he is obliged to undergo.'

The Rajah did as the huzeer told him, and asked the shepherd whether he did not often suffer from rheumatism, cold, and fever.

The shepherd answered, 'No, sire, I never suffer from either that or the other. From childhood I have been accustomed to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and I suppose that is the reason why they never affect me.'

At this the Rajah was very much astonished, and he said to the huzeer, 'I own I am surprised; but, doubtless, this shepherd is a very strong man, whom nothing would ever affect.'

'We shall see,' said the huzeer; and he invited the shepherd to the palace.

There for a long time the shepherd was taken great care of; he was never permitted to go out in the sun or the rain, he had good food and good clothes, and he was not allowed to sit in a draught or get his feet wet. At the end of some months the huzeer sent for him into a marble courtyard, the floor of which he caused to be sprinkled with water.

The shepherd had been for some time so little used to exposure of any kind that wetting his feet caused him to take cold; the place felt to him chilly and damp after the palace; he became rapidly worse, and, in a short time, in spite of all the doctor's care, he died.

'Where is our friend the shepherd?' asked the Rajah a few days afterwards; 'he surely could not have caught cold by merely treading on the marble floor you had caused to be sprinkled with water.'

'Alas!' answered the huzeer; 'the result was more disastrous than I had expected; the poor shepherd caught cold and is dead. Having been lately accustomed to overmuch care, the sudden change of temperature killed him.'

You see now what dangers we are exposed to, from which the poor are exempt. It is thus that Nature equalises her best gifts; wealth and opulence tend, too frequently, to destroy health and shorten life, though they may give much enjoyment to it whilst it lasts.

From 'Old Deccan Days,' by MARY FRERE.

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

PUSS and a dog named Pincher were fast friends. The cat was bringing up a young family in the garret, and Pincher paid the little ones a daily visit. One morning there was a heavy thunderstorm; Puss was upstairs, and Pincher was cowering amongst the family in the drawing-room. Suddenly the cat came mewing in, went up to Pincher and used every effort to get him to follow her. As he seemed afraid to move, she left the room in despair, mewing piteously. On following her it was found that she had brought one of her kittens downstairs for safety, and apparently wanted Pincher to watch over it, whilst she fetched the others. A member of the family went up to the garret; moved the kittens' bed to a safer part of the room, and stayed till the storm was over. Puss was so thankful for this, that the next day she came to escort the lady down to breakfast, and in many ways seemed trying to show her gratitude for the help given during the storm. A. R. B.

LOST.

WITHOUT a hat upon his head,
Or shoes upon his muddy feet,
Poor little Dick had roamed along
The miles of hot and dusty street.
Where was his home? He could not say;
His mother? She was far away.

A kind policeman picked him up,
And held him in his strong right arm,
And there the wandering little boy
Was snugly kept from every harm.
'Come, little man, you'll go with me;
I'll find out where you ought to be.'

But first a biscuit, large and sweet,
Was placed within his fingers small,
And, oh! it was a perfect treat!
Poor little Dick, he ate it all,
And wished, no doubt, that every day
A treat so good would come his way.

And did he ever reach his home?
And was he welcomed there with joy?
Alas, that I should have to tell
That none had missed the little boy.
Poor little Dick! he had no one
To care for him beneath the sun! D. B.



Lost.



A Novel Foster-mother.

A NOVEL FOSTER-MOTHER.

A CURIOUS circumstance has just occurred here which I think might interest some of your 'constant readers.' A cat having had kittens in the gardener's cottage, was removed — with the two spared to her—to the stable, and placed on some straw in an unused stall, and, as it happened, in a corner where one of the hens has lately taken to lay, instead of keeping to her own quarters in the hen-house. On the following day (Saturday), therefore, Mrs. Hen appeared as usual, and, the mother-cat being out, she quietly settled herself on the two kittens. Pussy soon returned, and in great distress of mind ventured near, as I suppose, to persuade the hen to vacate her place, but she only got pecks for her pains. The poor cat wandered to and fro, mewing and perplexed, but could not get at her babies till the hen retired, leaving a beautiful egg with the kitties. She did the same thing on Sunday, and yesterday (Monday) we went to the stable to see how things were, the kittens having then been removed to one side to leave the hen's corner free. A most amusing sight presented itself. There was the hen, not in her own corner, but again on the two blind kittens—one under each wing —and the poor mother, sitting a little way off, was intently watching them, whilst our good-tempered little dog 'Shot' was keeping watch by her, evidently greatly interested in the whole proceeding. We lifted the hen's wings and moved the straw a little, to see if the kitties had breathing-room. She never attempted to peck us, but would not stir an inch. Presently the kittens began to move and the hen *crooned* a little; then a tiny head and paw appeared, and as we thought the fun had lasted long enough we gently took them both from her and gave them to the mother, to her great delight, for it was touching to see her rise and stretch out her head and paw when the little ones had stirred and shown themselves, and yet she did not dare to go near enough to take her babies away. This morning we find she has taken her little family to one of the other stalls. A. N.

IN PURSUIT OF SHRIMPS.

APICIUS, an ancient glutton, lived at Minturna, in Campania. There he was able to gratify his liking for shrimps; for such as were caught thereabouts were larger even than those of Smyrna or Alexandria. But in an unhappy moment he heard that the shrimps caught off the African coast were more monstrous even than those of Minturna. Without any delay he at once set sail for Africa. The voyage was a stormy one, but at last he landed in safety. He asks for shrimps, and the fishermen bring him the largest found in their nets.

'Have you larger than these?' asks Apicius in vexation.

'Never!' is the reply.

Apicius sees that his own country supplies them larger, and at once turns the ship's prow towards Italy again. A. R. B.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 364.)

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. WALTON sat in his class-room, talking in serious tones to the second master.

'We *must* find the thief this time, Mr. Cuming.'

'Yes, I quite see the necessity; but how is it to be done?'

'Well, I think we have a clue. Branson says that one of the shillings taken from his desk had been lent by him to a conjurer during the holidays, and that it was marked with a cross scratched on the head.'

'Then if we can find that shilling we shall have the thief!'

'Exactly so. The theft took place last night. It is an unpleasant thing to do, but we must make every boy turn out his pockets.'

'Will you have them in here, class by class?'

'I think that will be the best way,' said Mr. Walton.

Each class in the school was accordingly ushered into the head master's room, and requested to produce such money as they severally had. The sixth quickly passed, and the fifth. Then came the fourth.

'Ah! Summers, where did you get this shilling? It is marked with a cross.'

'Crabbe paid it to me this morning, sir.'

'Very good. Send Crabbe and Branson to me.'

'Branson, is this one of the shillings taken from your desk?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You may go, then.'

'Now Crabbe, Summers says you paid him this shilling this morning: is that so?'

'No, sir.'

'No? Then tell me, Summers, what you state.'

'He paid me that shilling this morning, sir, in part payment of half-a-crown he borrowed of me last term.'

'Now Crabbe?'

'I did nothing of the kind, sir!'

'You deny that you paid this or any other shilling to Saunders before school this morning?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Were there any witnesses, Summers?'

'I don't know whether anybody saw us, sir. It was behind the fives courts that he met me.'

'Very good. Then I will make inquiries on that point.'

Mr. Walton was not good at cross-examination. He therefore resolved to ask the whole school whether anybody had seen Crabbe and Summers together that morning at the time named. Accordingly, when the whole school met for dismissal at twelve o'clock he told them what had occurred.

'Now,' he ended, 'if anybody can give evidence one way or the other I hope he will come to me after dismissal.'

Nobody stayed behind but Matthews.

'Ah, Matthews,' said Mr. Walton, 'did you see those two speaking together?'

'No, sir; but I don't believe Summers stole the money. I only wanted to say that I saw Crabbe coming out of the fifth class-room just at the time Branson says the purse must have been taken, and he looked very guilty indeed.'

'Wait a minute,' said Mr. Walton; 'I will send for him.'

In a few minutes Crabbe came in, and was confronted by Matthews. He looked pale, but his lips were set firmly with an air of determination.

'Where were you at eight last night, Crabbe?'

'In my room, sir.'

'Was any one with you?'

'No, sir.'

'Were you in the school-room between eight and half-past?'

'No, sir.'

'Matthews says you were, and that he saw you coming out.'

Crabbe's face became even paler than before as he stammered out, 'It isn't true.'

'Yes, it is,' said Matthews, 'and I can prove it. Feel the lining of his coat at the bottom, sir.'

Crabbe was at once seized by the master, who felt carefully around the bottom of his jacket. He felt something, and examination revealed a hole in the lining. Mr. Walton thrust in a hand, and drew out Branson's purse. Crabbe burst into tears, and a gleam of triumph lit up the unpleasant face of Matthews.

'How did you know this was there, Matthews?'

'I saw him put it in. When he came out of the long room he looked around, but didn't see me, because I had climbed into the porch to get a ball out of the spouting. Nobody was in the playground, so he hid the purse in the lining, and I guessed there was something wrong about it.'

'You may go, Matthews,' said Mr. Walton, and the money-lender departed, muttering as he went, 'Serve him right; I told him I would be down on him if he kept me out of my money.'

Meanwhile Crabbe was despatched to his bedroom, until such time as he could make up his mind to a full confession of his misdeeds.

But what of Summers in the meantime? He had been allowed to go into the playground as usual, but the reception he met with was various.

Garland saw him, and came up.

'Hallo, my innocent! so you are our thief, are you? Where's my money, eh?'

'I'm not a thief, and I never saw your money.'

'Oh, no, I suppose not; and had Branson's shilling on you!'

'Crabbe gave it to me.'

'Oh, yes; a likely tale, you young thief!'

Just then Slade came up.

'What's that he is saying, Summers?'

'Why, I say this young beggar's a thief, and he knows it,' said Garland.

'Now, George,' said Slade, 'are you ready? I propose we take it out of this jolly bully.'

'What, two to one?' cried the big and blustering Garland.

'Well, hold your tongue, then, unless you want a thrashing.'

'Quite right,' said Hall, who had just come up; 'no judging a fellow without proper trial, unless you are ready to fight for it.'

'Shan't fight, to please anybody,' said Garland, sneaking off.

Blobbs came up towards the end of this scene, and got as far as 'Yah, work ——,' when the unexpected proposal of Slade caused him to shut his lips very quickly.

Slade presently left George, and proceeded to gather up the fourth for an indignation meeting behind the Fives Court. About a dozen boys met there, and Slade harangued them on the injustice of George's case.

'Look here, there's this fellow Crabbe bags the coin, and then tries to get his cousin in for it. I propose we duck him till he confesses.'

'Or send him to Coventry,' said another.

'Or send in a round robin against him.'

'Not wanted,' said Matthews, who came up just then. 'You needn't bother about those things. Crabbe is in for it, and Summers is clear enough.'

This news was received with great enthusiasm, in the midst of which a messenger came from Mr. Walton for Summers. He soon came back with a smiling face, to say that Mr. Walton had accepted his explanation as true.

Every one was glad to hear of the end of their suspicions, and even Blobbs muttered that he was 'glad it wasn't one of our fellows.'

And now, leaving George to the congratulations of his friends, let us return to Crabbe. He had been sent to his room, and some dinner was sent up to him there. Mr. Walton himself came up to him during the afternoon, and did his best to lead the boy to a full confession of his faults. But even kindness of speech seemed of no avail. Crabbe preserved for the most part a sulky silence.

During the hours of captivity he turned over in his mind the then condition of affairs. There could only be one end to the matter, and that was expulsion. And then, how could he face parents, brothers, and sisters at home, after having been found guilty of stealing? Once or twice he thought of making a clean breast of it to Mr. Walton, and asking him to conceal as much as possible from his friends; or even to write home and tell all, trusting to the kindness they had so often shown him. But then came this thought—what will Garland and those fellows say? And there his weak point was found again. In the eyes of those boon companions, confession and a promise to do better would seem cowardly. So he braced himself up to renewed sulkiness, and thought of other schemes. One soon suggested itself. Why not do as Blobbs had done, and run away? Plenty of fellows had done so in the books he was fond of reading, and all got on well afterwards. Besides, when he had run away, very likely his friends would be glad enough to get him back, and to say nothing about the money. Blobbs had been ignominiously brought back by Farmer Wyburn and his dog Snap, but he would take good care to keep out of their clutches. The more he thought of this plan the more it seemed inviting to his eyes. He felt that it would quite establish his manhood in the eyes of Garland, and this—foolish lad!—seemed more valuable to him



Crabbe in the Schoolroom.

than the respect of master or parents. When the evening came he had quite made up his mind to run away.

He was not allowed to sleep that night in the usual dormitory, but conducted to a small room in another part of the building. He noticed, however, that the door was left unlocked.

Night came—a dark, dreary night for summer; and by twelve o'clock the school buildings were all quiet. He waited another hour, and then rose.

Dressing was not a long task, although his fingers trembled a good deal during its process. He then carefully opened the door, and listened. Not a sound could be heard save the rattling of a few window-frames in the summer breeze. Stepping out, he closed the door again, locked it, pocketed the key, and



The arrival of the Policeman with a cap.

then crept silently down the stairs, frequently stopping to listen.

Arrived at the ground-floor he felt more safe, and proceeded to search for his boots and hat. For the former he had to reach Joe's outhouse, and the turning of two keys in their locks was a slow and alarming task. At last boots and cap were found, and the next thing was how to get out.

In country places there seem to be two chief customs about shutting up the house at night. Some people turn every key, shoot every bolt, and put up as many shutters and bars as possible. Others seem to think that if burglars *intend* getting in, none of their bolts and bars are likely to stop them: a key or two are carelessly turned, and there their precautions end.

Now at Rookesbury School the former custom

prevailed, and to undo the hall-door was quite out of the question. Crabbe stood thinking for what seemed to him an age. Then he remembered the windows in the long schoolroom. He silently crept thither, boots in hand, and managed to unbolt and raise one window with very little noise. Thence he dropped into the playground. This he crossed in the darkness, scaled the tall iron gates, and soon found himself on the highway.

But a very important question now arose, viz. which way should he turn? London seemed the best for the present, so he turned in that direction, and set off through the darkness.

Often he started from fright, as some tall tree suddenly spread a deeper gloom over the road; and many a thought of Snaps came across his mind, as he listened to

'The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind.'

By the time the first gray glimmer of light began to appear in the east he had left Rookesbury some three miles behind. It was not likely that his escape could be found out until at least seven in the morning, so he had ample time yet.

But excitement soon wears off, and Crabbe was reminded by his own sleepiness that he had been without rest for a long time. Already, too, he began to tire. But well he remembered the laughter with which the capture of Blobbs had been greeted, and, resolving to put himself as far as possible out of reach, he started off with fresh energy. Mile after mile was passed, and scarcely a traveller was met. By eight o'clock he calculated that he must have walked and run at least ten miles. The summer sun was shining in a clear sky, and everything promised a very hot day.

Overcome by fatigue, he turned into a small wood near the road, lay down at the foot of a tree, and fell fast asleep.

And now, leaving the tired runaway resting in the wood, we must return to Rookesbury, and see how our other friends are faring.

Prayer-time came on that morning, but the absence of Crabbe was not noticed. When breakfast began, Mrs. Turpin, as was usual in such cases, was deputed to carry some breakfast to the prisoner.

She quickly came downstairs with the news that his door was locked.

'Ah, bring me your keys, Mrs. Turpin, and I will see about that.'

It was Mr. Cuming who spoke, and he soon led the way upstairs, followed by the housekeeper.

'Open the door, Crabbe,' he cried, rattling the handle.

But there was no answer from within.

'Find me your key, Mrs. Turpin.'

The housekeeper quickly handed it to the master, and the door was speedily opened. The room was empty.

'Where can he be gone to?' exclaimed good Mrs. Turpin.

And forthwith she peered under the bed, up the chimney, and out of the window. But nowhere did she see any signs of Crabbe.

'He is gone, Mrs. Turpin, I am afraid. Run downstairs and see if his boots and hat can be found, whilst I look in the other rooms.'

Mr. Cuming soon satisfied himself that Crabbe was not upstairs. Returning from his search, he met Mrs. Turpin again.

'Joe says his boots are gone, and I can't find his hat anywhere. It must have had his name in according to rule, sir; and Joe says he remembers now that one of the windows in the long room was wide open when he went in to sweep up this morning.'

'Then he is certainly gone, Mrs. Turpin;' and with this Mr. Cuming went off to tell the head master the news.

Mr. Walton was at breakfast, and soon made up his mind as to a course of action.

'The lad has evidently been gone some hours, Mr. Cuming. I shall leave you to inform the police, and set our own people on his track, whilst I go off to Bristol by the first train, and inform Crabbe's parents. They will then be in full possession of all the unpleasant details.'

This plan was carried out. Mr. Walton set off for Bristol; Mr. Cuming sent hither and thither in hopes of getting some news about the fugitive. When the news became known in the school, many were the expectations that Farmer Wyburn and his sagacious dog would soon appear with another prisoner. But morning passed into afternoon, and afternoon into evening without any news. After eight o'clock great excitement was caused by the arrival of a police-officer, who brought a cap found near a pool some miles on. It was at once pronounced to be somebody's cast-off head-gear, and the master once more breathed freely. But this incident suggested all kinds of horrors to the minds of Crabbe's schoolfellows no less than the masters. Baker went in for the theory of suicide, and composed an elaborate epitaph founded on that supposition.

Day after day passed without any news of Crabbe, and the Midsummer examination soon became a more pressing subject of interest.

CHAPTER XVII.

'THE examination will begin on Monday next.'

Such was the announcement made one morning, some ten days after the disappearance of Crabbe. The news made Baker tear up a poem he had lately begun on the beauties of summer, whilst Slade at once decided to give up some fishing excursions on which his heart had been set. The two were both working hard for a prize, but were both hindered, the one by his affection for 'poem' writing, the other by his love of sports and pastimes. Blobbs, since the 'Barley Mow' incident, had been working steadily on in his own way, and was quite getting out of that unpleasant sediment at the bottom of the class in which Barlow, Wimms, and a few others, were always to be found.

Slade proposed several methods of making up for lost time. First he began by resolving to wake early in the morning. He would go to bed with the fixed determination to wake at five, and begin to read. For one or two nights his anxiety was so great that he got very little sleep at all. The result of this was that five o'clock found him anything but lively, and he fell fast asleep over the Roman History. After a

while he slept better at night, and generally woke at the wished-for time. But even then he was not safe; to dress would have been to wake the others in the room, and draw down their vengeance on his head; to read in bed meant twenty minutes' work, and then sleep till the dressing-bell rang.

After some experience of these difficulties, Slade determined on a fresh plan. He bought some candles, and invited Summers to join him in grinding away at their books by candle-light at night. The others in the room had no objection to this, and rather encouraged it for the sake of the light; but a candle does not give a very brilliant illumination. First Slade set his hair on fire, when deep in the exciting details of the second Punic War; then one night there was a little tussle between Barrell and Morland. The former accidentally knocked over the lighted candle, and trod on the wick. It was still alight, and burnt his bare foot sufficiently to make him give one unearthly howl. This brought up the watchful Mr. Bigges, who went fully into the matter, and forbade private candles in the future.

(*To be continued.*)

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

IN the days when Johnson was working at his Dictionary, and Goldsmith still an unknown idler in Ireland, there was emerging from babyhood in the city of Frankfort a child whose name was one day to be great, not in his native land only, but in all Europe. Johann Wolfgang Goethe was said to be a remarkable baby by all who saw him. But all babies receive this kind of praise. In his case there seems to have been some ground for it. At three years of age he used to choose his playfellows. Wolfgang would join with none unless they were pretty. 'That black child must go away! I can't bear him!' was his cry one day in a neighbour's house. And because the ugly child was not taken away he howled until he was carried home. Goethe's mother was a skilful inventor of stories, and to these her boy would listen with his large, dark eyes, wide open with expectation. The personages of these stories had a real existence for him. 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant,' he would sometimes cry, when anxious for the fate of a favourite. At eight years of age this wonderful boy is found writing German, French, Italian, Greek, and Latin. Italian was learned by listening to his father teaching Cordelia, his sister. The French occupation of Frankfort in 1759 brought many new persons and scenes before the child's eyes. An amusing French boy, named Derones, became familiar with him. Between these two arose an 'affair of honour,' in imitation of those common amongst their elders in France and Germany. Derones declared that Wolfgang had insulted him; satisfaction was demanded; a duel was determined on. The two boys, arrayed in finery, and armed with swords, met, and began to fight. Thrust followed thrust, until the sword of Derones caught in Wolfgang's sword-knot. Derones at once declared himself satisfied. The two boys embraced, and washed away all remains of ill-feeling in a glass of almond-milk at a café.

In 1775 we find Goethe, now a man of twenty-six, installed at Weimar, the court of a small German Prince, as Councillor of Legation. There, without grandeur or magnificence, the poet made lasting friendships, and enjoyed the society of men of genius. There most of his life was spent. But some of the strange habits of his youth still clung to him. At one time he would often sleep in the open air, and bathe in the river by night as well as in the day. Once, when bathing under the clear moonlight, he saw a peasant crossing the bridge near at hand. Instantly he uttered an unearthly yell, and ducked under the water, to the horror of the simple countryman, who fled in dismay, supposing the figure with its long flowing hair to be an evil spirit.

In the year 1806 the poet's life at Weimar was disturbed by the battle of Jena. At seven in the morning they heard the sound of cannon. At noon balls came whistling through the street. The Prussians were defeated, and the French advancing. Napoleon's troops soon entered the town, and pillaged the houses. That of Goethe, however, escaped, as it had been selected for the quarters of Marshal Angereau. But several soldiers entered it, drank his wine, and compelled the poet to leave his room and gratify their curiosity to see him.

It was at Weimar that in 1832, after an attack of illness, Goethe died, seated in an arm-chair. His last words were—'More light. More light.'

A. R. B.

THE ACCIDENT.

OH my! Whatever shall I do?
The cups are broke, the saucers too!
And mistress bid me take such care:
'Tis her best china, rich and rare.

The cream is pouring out! Oh, me!
Such messing did I ever see?
Whatever will the master say?
I think he'll send me right away!

And there's Miss Anna come to laugh,
And Master Charlie with his chaff;
What do they care for my distress?
'Twill just amuse them, nothing less.

But Charles and Anna both were kind:
They comforted poor Sally's mind.
They picked the broken pieces up,
And helped to mend each china cup.

And Sally was not turned away,
But still I heard her mistress say,
'I hope she will more careful be
The next time that she brings the tea!'

D. B. McKean.



The Accident.



"It's a Bear!"

STORY OF A BEAR.

'I HAVE had some rather novel experiences,' said the Idaho schoolma'am, 'as have several of my friends who have taught schools in the West. I had a friend who taught a school in Wyoming, and among the visitors was—a bear.'

'How did she receive him?'

'She heard a noise in the cloak-room or entry, and thought it was one of the scholar's parents. Presently there was a rattling among the scholars' dinner-pails that were left in the room.

'"The 'mittee man," said one of the scholars.

'But the "'mittee man" did not rap. There was another rattling among the dinner-pails. She slowly opened the door leading from the school-room to the entry, and found the outside door open, and what she supposed to be a man in a fur coat in the entry. A little girl left her seat and pushed her head through the door. She drew it back very quickly, like a shuttle, and said,—

'"It's a *bear!*"'

'The teacher, as you may suppose, closed the door very suddenly, and suspended the exercises of the school until the visitor went away, which he did after devouring the contents of the dinner-pails. The next day Bruin called again, but he never went away again, as one of the "'mittee men" was there to receive him.'

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 375.)

IN the other room Tickley was keeping Baker company in steady work. Blobbs, during the last week, became an enthusiast in study. Indeed, his new affection for work became rather unpleasant to the other sleepers in that room. The following little scene took place one night, after the candle had been removed.

'I say, Baker,' said Blobbs.

But Baker was snoring diligently in the next bed, and no answer came.

'Baker, are you asleep?'

A prolonged snore was the only reply.

'Oh, bother! you can't be asleep so soon. *Baker!*'

This cry was accompanied by a poke in the back, which had the desired effect.

'What—what's up?' cried Baker, springing up in bed.

'Why, look here; what was the name of that battle, you know, in which Antony and——'

'Antony be bothered!' growled the sleepy Baker, turning over again; 'I was just in my first sleep.'

'Well, tell a fellow *now you are awake.*'

'Shan't. So don't you wake me again.'

'Yes, do; you know, you may as well.'

But Baker answered with a real or pretended snore, and Blobbs with a sigh lay down to sleep himself.

Even during their meals Blobbs would continue his 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.' At dinner, perhaps, it would be,—

'Look here, Birley; I don't believe you know who it was first brought potatoes to England;' or 'Look here, Jones, just ask a fellow one or two questions about my English History.' One day he addressed a petition of this kind to Saunders, and that worthy determined to take vengeance for the bringing in of such unseasonable topics at meal-times.

'All right, Blobbs,' he said, in answer to a request to ask a question or two about our own land. 'I suppose you know something about the literary men, and their lives?'

'Rather; I've been grinding up no end, you know, about Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and Addison, and those fellows.'

'Ah, very good. Do you know anything about even earlier English writers?'

'Lots, you know; all about Chaucer, and—and——'

'Ah, ever heard of the Venerable Bede?'

'Oh, yes. Just the one I was going to give—came from the north of England, you know.'

'Quite right. Then just tell me this,—What was the precise relationship between the Venerable Bede and the mother-of-pearl?'

'Mother-of-pearl!' repeated Blobbs; 'mother-of-pearl! Who was the mother-of-pearl? I don't—quite—remember the name.' Then, seeing several fellows grinning from ear to ear, he continued,—'I know! it was the name of a book he wrote!'

'I am afraid, Blobbs,' said Mr. Bigges, who was presiding at that table; 'I am afraid Saunders is making fun of you.'

'Ah! never mind,' said the victim. 'I'll look it out, you know, when I get my book, and see who the mother-of-what's-her-name was.'

The joke did not end here. Blobbs did not see it, and was bent on clearing up the knotty point. 'Just the kind of thing, you know, they are likely to set in the papers.' So one day he stalked up to Saunders with a large dictionary of biography under his arm.

'Look here, Saunders, I got this dictionary out of the library, and have been all through the P's, but I can't find out who Pearl was, or her mother.'

So then Saunders had to take him in hand, and explain the matter—a very unpleasant task, as all will agree, who have ever had to make a joke plainer to a dull mind.

Happily for Blobbs he began now to associate with better companions. Now that he got along better with his lessons, he felt more pleasure in the company of Tickley and Baker than in that of Barlow, Wimms, and the old friends at the bottom of the form. He even began to relent towards George, and one morning, after a very satisfactory appearance in class, he came into the playground with such kindly feelings towards all mankind, that he actually went up to his old enemy and suggested a game of fives. You may be sure that Summers was very ready to smoke the pipe of peace with his former foe, and they cemented their friendship by a slight repast of buns and ginger-beer from the basket of old John Dean, who had leave to sell these and similar dainties in the play-ground.

'Look here,' said Blobbs, his better feelings once

and for all getting the upper hand; 'I shan't bother you again, you know; and I don't care if you *do* lick me in the exam.' Having said this, he nodded to George over the ginger-beer bottle, and applied himself to its contents with such haste that a great deal of patting on the back was necessary before his coughing ceased. Little Tommy Tucker was the only witness at this treaty of peace, and was so amazed thereby that, after a very long whistle he said,—

'My eye! here's Chimney-sweep making it up with Summers!' And forthwith he ran off to spread the tidings, his pace being a good deal increased by a show Blobbs made of casting the empty ginger-beer bottle in his direction.

The example of the once-despised Blobbs was not without its effect on the rest of the fourth form. Tickley and Saunders were seen together in the playground in more familiar and friendly intercourse than had hitherto been known. Indeed, the old feud between the two rooms had now lost all its bitterness. A friendly rivalry, of course, went on between them, as might have been expected with the yearly prize-giving so near. But peace and friendship reigned in all other things.

The stand made by Summers against the use of 'cribs,' and other unfair ways of doing their work, had also had its effect when Saunders took up his view. The rest of their room were not slow to follow. Blobbs, since the scholarship examination, had also been working on fair lines, and if *he* could get on without crutches, surely others could. So Tickley and Baker set their faces against anything but fair work, and saw that the rest of their room did likewise. In this way much was done to raise the tone of their form.

The effects of this were various. To begin with, a great many in either room began to feel much happier than had hitherto been the case. To know that you are trying in all things to act as an honest, upright, Christian lad, should go a long way towards ease and happiness of mind. They began also to find out that honesty is not only good in the abstract, but that it also has its own reward. In a very short time those who had used cribs and other boys' old exercise-books began to find out that by a little extra work they could do even better than with these helps.

The first day of the examination came at last, and with it came the examiner. Knowing him to be a Fellow of an Oxford College, the general expectation amongst the younger boys was that he would be a white-haired and venerable person. Their surprise was great when he proved to be a burly, sun-burnt, and decidedly young man, who looked as though he was quite as much at home in the cricket-field as amongst books and paper.

Day followed day. The spirits of some went up, and of others down—very far down. Everybody began to say, 'I shall be glad when this is over;' and when the last paper was finished, and the last class had been personally questioned by the examiner, then some signs of cheerfulness began once more to appear.

There was an interval of one day, observed as a whole holiday, and then came the great day upon which the report of the examination was read and the prizes distributed. Upon that occasion a distinguished company always appeared to support the head master. First, there was the Bishop of that diocese, who always wore a little velvet skull-cap during the proceedings, and delivered a short and cheery speech on the value of the Greek language, and its influence on our own. As he always finished up with some common-sense advice to the boys, and many wishes for their happiness during the holidays, he was always a favourite. Then there was one of the Members of Parliament for that county, who looked fiercely at the boys through an eye-glass, and stammered dreadfully in speaking. Last of all there were the school trustees, and a goodly number of parents and friends.

After some preliminaries the examiner was called upon to read his report. The expectant prize-winners fixed their eyes upon him with strained interest, and Blobbs muttered a wish that he would 'cut it short.' But out it came, quietly and smoothly, first all about the mighty sixth; then about the fifth; and next about the fourth. Saunders took the first prize, for general work, as it was called; Slade carried off the prize for Greek; Tickley for mathematics; whilst Baker and Summers were more than once commended. But that was not all. At the end came the award of some special prizes. One of these had been founded by the head master as an encouragement to the backward. It was given to that boy who had made the most progress during the year. Imagine the general surprise when the name of *Blobbs* was read out as the winner! He deserved it well, and the taking of that prize marked a turning-point in his life.

The trustees had all had their say at last. The boys had clapped and cheered until they were tired. The visitors were gone, and it only remained for the boys to pack up and depart also. Summers was going home with Slade to spend a fortnight with him in London, and both waited eagerly for the next day and their departure.

That night the sleepers in Nos. 2 and 3 went up to bed together in one friendly body.

'Jolly old times we have had in these rooms, eh?' said Tickley.

'Yes,' said Saunders, 'perhaps we shall wish ourselves back again, when we are in the fifth;' for the list of promotions was out, and Saunders, Tickley, Baker, Slade, and Summers, were to move into the upper form next term.

'Blobbs, you must keep them in order here.'

'So I will, you know; only I hope to be up with you soon, you know.'

'Quite right, old boy; the sooner the better.'

'No more going upon the war-path now; they are above that sort of thing in the fifth.'

'Well, we had jolly times here;' and that was the thought of the five 'removes' as they lay down to sleep that night.

Slade and George were off early the next day, for it was more than a hundred miles to London, and they were not inclined to stay longer at school than was necessary.

As they were whirled along in the train their thoughts were naturally running over the events of the last term.

'I wonder what became of Crabbe?' said Slade.



Slade and George in pursuit of Crabbe.

'Just what I was thinking,' said the other.

'I wonder have his own people heard anything?'

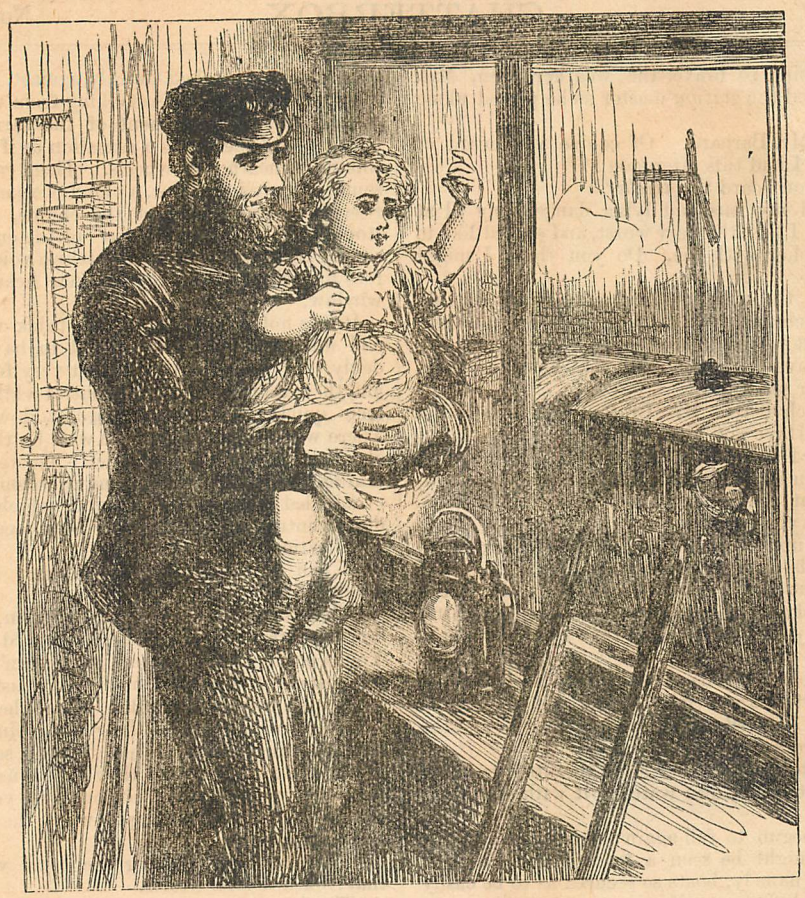
'Not a word, so my mother says, and she is his father's sister.'

'Well, I only hope for their sakes he may turn up soon,' and there the subject dropped.

When at last their train glided into Paddington Station, and both were landed in the bustle and noise of a London terminus, neither of them thought more of the schoolfellow whose fate they were yet to learn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Slades lived at an old house in Bloomsbury, and many were the rambles enjoyed by the friends during that fortnight. To a lad like George, used only to life in a country place like Rewent, London was full of marvels. He enjoyed walking along the more busy



streets, watching the mass of traffic hurrying to and fro, quite as much as visits to the many 'lions' of the great city.

One afternoon towards the end of their stay, Slade and he had wandered along Holborn and Cheapside to the Bank, and thence along into Bishopsgate. They had reached Norton Folgate, and were thinking of return, when Slade suddenly caught his companion's arm.

'Look, George,' he cried, 'just across the road!'

'What?' said the other, staring in every direction but the right one.

'Look at the corner of that street and notice that boy with matches.'

'Well; I see him.'

'Ah, his back is turned now; wait till he looks this way.'

Presently the lad pointed out turned their way to accost a passenger.

'There—look now—isn't that Crabbe?'

'Just like him; but it can't be he, surely!'

'I believe it is. Let us cut across and ask him.

Suiting the action to the word he sped across the road, followed by George, and took the lad he had pointed out by the arm.

'Crabbe,' he said, 'don't you know us?'

Crabbe, for it was he, took one look at their faces, shook his arm free, and turned to run away.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

CHRISTOPHER'S REPENTANCE.

A Tale in Four Chapters by Mrs. A. Harper.

CHAPTER I.

ACCORDING to the Calendar which hung in the waiting-room it was the 'golden month' of September, yet everything about Longport Station wore an aspect of damp despondency. Well it might do. The rails were partially under water, the land beyond was entirely submerged, and close to the station a steam-engine was busily at work trying to clear the river from the mud which threatened to choke its stream.

The 'floods' were out, and for Longport this meant a foot of water in its street and discomfort in its dwellings.

'Can I take a through ticket for Portsmouth?' asked one of the intending passengers, a gentle-looking woman, who had come down with her servant and a little boy.

'No,' was the reply; 'we have orders to issue no "through" tickets. You can only book to Marleigh, and take another there.'

'A ticket for Marleigh, please,' said the speaker with a sigh.

'You're going to brave the weather then, Mrs. Crofts?' asked the station-master as he passed along the platform.

'Oh, yes, Mr. Barnard. Of course you heard of the telegram I had this afternoon?'

'Accident on board the *Hecla?*'

'Yes; and my husband lying dangerously ill at Portsmouth. I fear the very worst, and should like to take Christopher with me. Do you think I might venture?'

'No,' said the station-master gravely; 'certainly not! It is a chance your getting there by yourself; with a child it would be hopeless.'

'I will leave him then, Rhoda,' said the lady, turning to her servant.

'You'd much better, Mrs. Crofts; and here is the down train. Have you your ticket?'

Mr. Barnard spoke very kindly, for he, too, had had a telegram about the accident on board the *Hecla*, and knew that the poor lady's was a forlorn hope. 'Let me help you to get in.'

'Take him up, Absalom!' cried old Rhoda; 'take him up, that he may see the last of it.'

'She's off at last!' was the rejoinder; and as the signalman spoke he stooped down and lifted the little fair-haired boy high in his arms that he might watch the departing train.

A face appeared at one of the third-class windows, a handkerchief was waved, a little shrill voice from the signal-box shouted, 'Dood-bye, muvver!' and the carriages rolled away.

As the train receded from sight the little group of spectators on the platform watched it with somewhat anxious faces.

Rain had begun to fall again; and hooked to the guard's van might be seen a truck bearing a most unusual load, namely, boats so secured as to be easily unfastened and made use of.

Only two passengers were in the compartment which Mrs. Crofts entered, and these were schoolboys who had come from London, and were in the highest spirits. To them the floods, and the rain, and the water, which made Longport look like a Dutch instead of an English town, formed only a delightful episode, which gave hopes of culminating in an adventure.

'I say, this is right down jolly!' said the elder. 'I don't believe we shall get to Portsmouth to-night.'

'Hope we shan't, George. What fun it would be having to stop all night in the train!'

'Yes, or camp out somewhere. I heard a man say he didn't believe the line was safe.'

A little sigh came from the lady in the corner, as she said gently, 'I know you don't mean to be unkind; and when you hear that if I don't get to Portsmouth to-night I may be too late to see some one who is very, very ill, I'm sure you won't wish that again.'

The boys, like all genuine boys, had soft hearts.

'No, indeed!' said George, warmly; while the younger one produced a paper which he held out invitingly.

'Here's some sandwiches, won't you have one? I am so sorry; but, you see, we didn't know.'

After this the three became quite friendly, and for an hour the train proceeded quietly, though very slowly. Then the wind rose until it blew a regular gale, the rain dashed fiercely against the panes, and the scudding mist hid everything from view.

Suddenly the movement of the carriages became unequal, and there was a sensation as if the rails were sinking beneath the wheels. Then came a strange sound of gurgling water, a cloud of sparks and blacks rose from the funnel of the engine, and the train stopped. The water had put out the engine-fire.

'Zit ztill!' cried a Somersetshire voice, as the boys rose to their feet and thrust their heads out of the window.

It was not six o'clock, but so thick were the rain and mist that darkness seemed to have fallen suddenly. Happily there were but very few passengers, and these retained their self-control while the railwaymen quickly unfastened and let down the boats. There was no scrambling. Awed by the fury of the elements each got seated quietly, George and Arthur taking care of Mrs. Crofts, and conscious of a feeling of mingled concern and delight, which, but for her disappointment, would have been one of unmixed gratification.

'I can row, guard,' said George; and the man handed him an oar.

'There's no danger, young gentlemen, if so be we don't get stranded on a hedge or hooked on to a gate. You see the waters are so high we can't even see the top posts, but very like they're only just underneath.'

'Which way shall I pull?' asked the boy.

'Over yonder,' replied the guard, pointing to some farm-buildings dimly visible. 'I can see a blaze in one of the top windows; they'll take us in if we can get there.... No offence, sir, but I see you'd best give me the oars.' And setting to work, the guard pulled away vigorously.

'The other boat is going the other way; why is that?' asked Mrs. Crofts.

'They're trying to go alongside the line so as to telegraph, if they can make a station.'

'Oh, can't I go with them, so as to have a chance of getting on to Portsmouth to-night?'

'You'd best sit still, mum; from what I can see they'll most likely have to wait at the station all night, if they get there. Your best chance is to get a drive in the morning; the water will most likely go down, and it's broad daylight by four o'clock.'

Mrs. Crofts resigned herself with a sigh; the boys looked across the waste of waters to the light in the farmhouse, and thought themselves sure of another pleasant chapter in this delightful bit of romance: the other occupants of the boat were country people, solemn and quiet.

The dwellers at the farm were watching the boat approach, and put off in a queer-looking old punt to meet her. 'This way,' they said, cheerily; 'the barton's deep under water, but we'll take yer through.' (Barton is the Somersetshire word for farmyard.)

The boat had to be moored on one side of this, while the house lay on the other. There was nothing for it but to wade through the water.

Wet through and weary, the spirits of the younger boy had begun to flag, and walking half way up the knees in water was no longer fun.

'We shall be across directly, Arthur,' whispered George; 'and you see Mrs. Crofts doesn't complain, though she's a lady. Besides, when we once get in

there's sure to be a great fireplace piled with logs, and a big pot with something good for supper. You've got an open chimney-place, haven't you?' he added to the boy who was guiding them.

'Yees, maister,' answered the rustic with a grin.

The barton crossed, the farmer threw open the door of the dwelling, and the travellers stood on the threshold of the great kitchen. Their hearts sank within them at the sight.

From its further end the farmer's wife indeed advanced hospitably to meet them; but even the high pattens on which she was mounted failed to keep her out of the water, which lay deep on the floor, and was gurgling against the corners of the hearth, over which the great pot hung dolefully down. But the good-natured woman was full of resources.

'It's but a poor welcome, but I'll do the best I can. I put the children to bed at three o'clock to keep 'em out o' mischief, and I've a good fire upstairs. You must dry yourselves while I get some hot tea and fry bacon and potatoes. We saw ye coming. I carried plenty of food up when I saw the water rising.'

Nothing, indeed, was a trouble to the hostess, though the upper chambers were crowded with her guests.

With her rosy maid she soon prepared them a repast, to which all did justice, though, for lack of table, they had their plates upon their knees.

The countrywomen accepted her offer of lying down; Mrs. Crofts and the two boys sat round the 'brand' fire, till the latter got so drowsy that they gently sank backwards, and were soon sound asleep upon the floor.

(To be continued.)

STAFFA.

ALL boys and girls delight in the idea of exploring a cave, especially if it be a large one, with anything strange about it to make it specially interesting. A visit to Fingal's Cave in Staffa would be a pleasure to such young people never to be forgotten. Staffa, one of the western islands of Scotland, is quite a small place, only about one mile and a half in circumference. At a distance it presents nothing to attract attention; it is only when closely approached that its peculiar beauties begin to unfold themselves. It is of an irregular oval shape; and so numerous are its caves, that the island may be said to be entirely perforated with them.

The most beautiful of these caves are on the eastern side, which is just as well for the visitor, as the western side of the island is so beaten by the surge which rolls in from the wild Atlantic, that an examination upon that side would be a somewhat perilous undertaking.

The island has for a foundation a ledge of rocks of the kind known as conglomerate. This ledge supports a succession of beautiful and perfectly symmetrical pillars, of a grayish-black and very hard stone. The general form of these pillars is pentagonal and hexagonal, that is, five-sided and six-sided (although there are some deviations from this rule), their beauty and regularity being such that they are almost like architectural designs. Some of them lie in a horizontal position, some are bent, not unlike the ribs of a ship, while others are quite perpendicular. Upon the top of these basaltic pillars there lies a huge mass of shapeless rock of the same description, with small columns interspersed throughout it.

Detached from Staffa by a few paces there is a most beautiful tiny islet called 'The Herdsman,' composed entirely of small columns, closely attached to one another, and inclining towards the centre, which gives the islet a conical form. These small columns rest upon a series of larger columns, lying in a horizontal position and only visible at low water. This islet is one of the most interesting objects about Staffa.

Fingal's Cave, which is by far the most beautiful, is 227 feet in length; it is arched the whole way along, and is nearly 70 feet in height; the entire front of the cave, as well as the great cavernous sides, being composed of countless ranges of gigantic columns, beautifully jointed and of most symmetrical form; while the whole roof is ornamented with hanging clusters of columns of a beautiful whiteness. The sea never entirely ebbs from the cave, the clear green water forming a shimmering and restless flooring to this wonderfully beautiful place.

D. B. McKean.

NAMES AND THEIR CHANGES.

MANY of the modern names of places in London have been so changed in the course of years as to bear but little resemblance to their original. The name Stepney is said to be a corruption of Stebonheath; Hoxton, of Hogsden; Spitalfields, of Hospital Fields; Holborn, of Old Bourne; Smithfield, of Smoothfield; Gutter Lane, of Guthurun's Lane, from a merchant of that name; Finch Lane, from Finke's Lane, for a similar reason; Fetter Lane, of Fewtor Lane, because of the idle vagabonds or defaulters (fewtors) who used to frequent that place.

A. R. B.

A FROG IN THE WAY.

DEAR little Teddy was going to school
With mother's umbrella all dragging behind,
When out hopped a frog from the edge of the pool,
And to pass it our Teddy did not feel inclined.

'Now what can this be?' thought the poor little man;
'It stares at me fiercely—it's certain to bite;
I'd better run off just as fast as I can.'
So off he set homewards—the poor little mite!

But all of a sudden he stopped, and he said,
'I cannot see why it should close up the track!
So if it won't move—then I'll just go ahead.'
And boldly our Teddy jumped over its back!

D. B. McKean.



A Frog in the way.



In Normandy. — The Railway Signal-woman.

THE RAILWAY SIGNAL-WOMAN.

NORMANDY, one of the finest provinces of France, acquired its name in A.D. 912, when it fell into the hands of the warlike and dreaded northmen, who established themselves here and soon became remarkable not only for valour, but for a luxury and magnificence hitherto unknown. Very soon the influence of so remarkable a people began to be felt in England; at first they were on friendly terms, but after a time, disputes having arisen, the decisive battle of Hastings placed a Duke of Normandy on the English throne. Normandy is one of the most fertile provinces in France, with fine meadows and pasture-lands, while its coasts yield an abundant supply of fish. It has also some mineral wealth, it carries on a large trade, and is very populous. Many of the habits and customs of the people seem very singular to us; we are not accustomed to see women employed in any department of outdoor railway labour; it is, however, common in France, where women engage in many pursuits which in England are left entirely to men. This Normandy peasant does not seem to be at all afraid of the duty she has undertaken. She is ready, horn in hand, to give the appointed signal the very moment it is due, nor does it seem likely that she would ever be found asleep at her post.

Calm and serene she stands, so prompt and steady,
No thought of flinching nor of fear has she;
Jeannette's first wish is to be always ready,
Her duty done, then happy will she be!

D. B. McKEAN.

SIX MONTHS IN THE FOURTH.

(*Continued from page* 381.)

RAPPILY for himself, in turning up Union Street he ran straight into the arms of a policeman, who, finding a match-boy dashing round a corner at full speed, promptly held him fast.

'Let me go,' said Crabbe, struggling violently.

'Wait a bit, young man,' said the officer; 'let us see what is up first.'

Whilst he spoke Slade and George came dashing round the corner, and were rejoiced to find the object of their search in safe hands.

'It's all right, policeman,' said Slade; 'he is only a friend of ours.'

'Friend, eh? A very queer one! But if that's so it's no business of mine,' and with that the officer stalked off.'

'Now, Crabbe,' said Slade, 'come home with us.'

'Shan't,' said the runaway; 'leave my coat alone.'

'Look now, Crabbe,' said the other, as he saw a crowd collecting with the rapidity it always does in London; 'do you know I can give you in charge as a *thief?* Come away home with me quietly, and all will be well.'

The threat had its effect, and he allowed Summers to call a cab, into which they all stepped, and were driven away to Slade's house at Bloomsbury.

The wretched lad was no sooner safe into the cab than the sight of friends and the sound of old voices broke down all his bravado. Weakened in body and in spirits by the life he had led for the past six weeks he burst into tears, nor did he once speak until the cab drew up at the house of Mr. Slade.

Then the friends could see clearly to what a depth their once gay schoolfellow had fallen. His clothes were old and ragged, and no sign of a shirt was to be seen. Hat or cap he had none, but around his neck still hung by a string the box in which his matches were kept. His face was haggard, and his hair long and uncombed.

Mrs. Slade was at home when the cab arrived, and having heard about Crabbe's disappearance she received him very kindly. Not a question did Slade or George ask of their old schoolfellow until he had retired to a bedroom, and dressed himself in an entire suit of Slade's clothing. Then he came downstairs, still looking ill and miserable, but more like the Crabbe of olden times.

'You will let us telegraph home for you?' said Mrs. Slade.

'I never intended them to hear anything of me again,' said the boy, bitterly.

'But they are grieving sorely over your disappearance, and I am sure you would gladly end their pain.'

'Yes,' returned the boy, but still in a doubtful tone.

The telegram was accordingly sent off, and quickly brought an answer to the effect that Mr. Crabbe would come up from Bristol on the following day and fetch his son. Every one forebore asking questions as to the history of those ten weeks, nor did he ever give any one a full account of its pains and struggles. But for ourselves we will briefly follow his steps from the time we left him asleep in a wood near the London Road.

On waking up that morning Crabbe found that he had slept until nearly mid-day. His first thought was how to get some food, for hunger now made itself plainly felt. He had nearly four shillings in his pocket, and could therefore buy at the first shop his road brought him to. By this means he kept himself up during the day, and by that evening he came to the first town between London and himself. Here the idea of going on by rail came into his mind. But how was he to pay a fare of nearly nine shillings? His silver watch—(a lever)—and chain supplied the answer. A pawnbroker in the town advanced him thirty shillings on the two, without asking any questions, and with this sum he found his way to the railway-station. A train was about to start, and taking his place in this he found himself landed at Paddington at eleven o'clock at night.

Crabbe had never been in London before, but he had some idea of the best thing to do under his circumstances. He applied for advice to a policeman, who directed him to a very decent coffee-house, where he stayed that night. But the next morning he

fancied that the landlady looked very suspiciously at him, as though suspecting the truth of his case. Fearing detection he left the place, and struck out towards the north. On the way he began to think of what he should do. He was well dressed, and had some eighteen shillings in his pocket.

Common Sense said, 'Go back to Bristol by the first train.'

Pride said, 'Never! Go home to be sent back to Rookesbury and laughed at by Garland and his set?'

Common Sense urged, 'Home is at any rate better than starving in London.'

Pride said, 'Starve in London? Nonsense! Earn your own living, and be in nobody's debt.'

So in the end Pride prevailed over Common Sense, and Crabbe set about trying to get a living for himself.

First he bought a morning paper, and started to apply for two situations as junior clerk which he saw announced as vacant. One of these was in Houndsditch. When he got there after a long walk, for he had slept that night at a coffee-house in Islington, he found a small crowd eagerly reading a small notice. Elbowing his way to the front he found it was as follows: 'Place filled. No more need apply.' Before leaving he turned to see what kind of people were applying for this place, worth fifteen shillings a week. To his amazement, he saw not only lads and young men, but even men gray-haired and old. This somewhat damped his hopes of early success. But not despairing yet, he set out for another place in Moorfields. Again he was too late. The porter of the establishment told him that a large number of candidates had been there as early as eight o'clock. So he turned wearily away from this place also.

Several days were spent in the same way, but with no success. His money now began to fail, and in despair he sought for a place as errand-boy. But one day's search was enough to convince him that that hope was vain.

One day as he came out of a shop—into which he had gone to offer himself for the boy's place—he was accosted by a rough-looking man.

'Looking for a place, young man?' he said, scanning Crabbe's clothing as he did so.

'Yes. Can you direct me to one?'

'Well, what sort of a one do you want?'

'Anything; I don't care what.'

'I see,' said the man. 'Well, I don't know as I can just now; but perhaps the guv'nor can, if you'll come along with me.'

Crabbe was ready to catch at any straw, and walked on eagerly with the man, who soon drew from him enough of his history to know that he was a stranger in London.

The man led him swiftly on past the Bank, out to Aldgate, and on to Whitechapel. Then he turned up a by-street of very dingy appearance.

'Look here,' said Crabbe; 'I don't like this. Where am I going?'

'Didn't you say you wanted a place? You aren't going to make a fool of me, after I have come all this way, are you?'

Crabbe consoled himself with the thought that it was broad daylight, and people were about the narrow street in numbers.

Presently the man stopped at an open door, and pushed Crabbe before him into a narrow passage, and thence into an ill-lighted room.

'What's this?' said a blear-eyed old man, who was sitting by a fire, although it was the month of June.

'A young gentleman as wants a place,' said the man.

'Ah! Then he's just come to the right party—eh, Joe?'

'Just what I told him,' said Joe.

'But give him a drink, Joe; he must be thirsty after his walk, and then we can go to work;' and the old man laughed as he spoke.

Joe produced a bottle and two glasses from a cupboard, and, filling the latter, pushed one towards Crabbe.

Thirsty from his long tramp, the lad took up the glass and drank eagerly. Almost immediately his senses began to fail, and he was carried by Joe from the room.

On waking he found himself lying on an old bed in an attic, naked save for a dirty blanket which covered him.

His meeting with Joe soon came to his mind, and the reality of his situation came home with overwhelming force. It was useless to think of getting home now. Would he ever escape from the place at all? That question was partially settled by the appearance of Joe, who entered the room, and stared for some time at its occupant without speaking.

'Bring me my clothes!' said Crabbe.

'Clothes?' said Joe, with affected amazement; 'why, they're took for your board and lodging!'

'Bring me my clothes!' repeated the lad.

'Well, I tell you what it is——'

'Bring me my clothes!' cried Crabbe, in his loudest tones.

'Look here,' said Joe, 'if you don't hold that noise I'll squeeze your windpipe for ye.'

Not wishing to experience this, Crabbe became quiet.

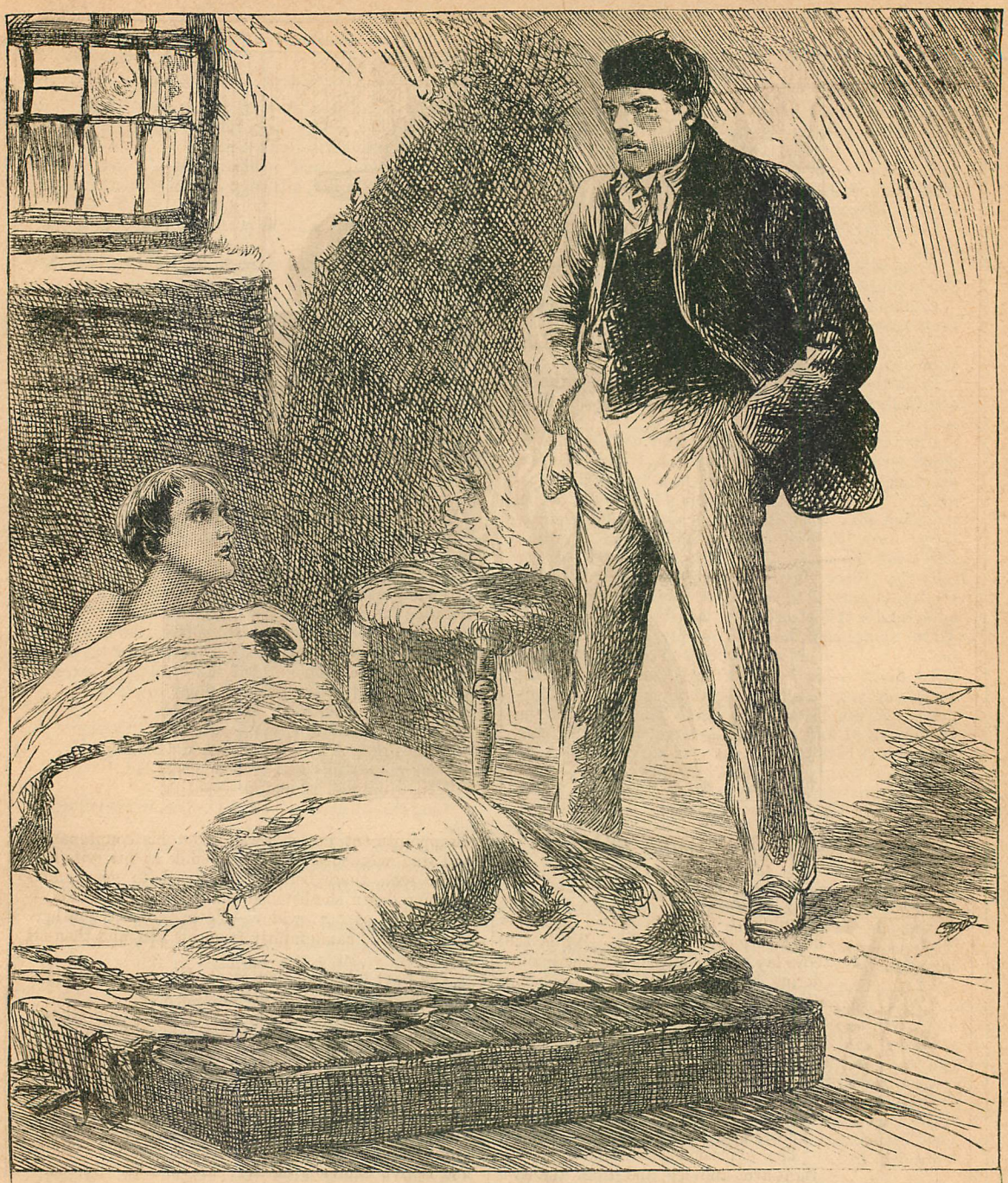
'Now,' continued Joe, 'what I've got to say is this,—There's some old togs outside, and you can put them on, and sell a few matches in the streets, or you can cut away altogether.'

Saying this, he produced the ragged suit in which Crabbe was found, threw open the door, and went out again.

To cut a long story short, Crabbe put on the clothes and turned match-boy. Often and often he had thought of getting paper and writing home, but just so often his courage failed, and he continued in his miserable life until the day he was met by Slade and Summers.

On the morning after his rescue Mr. Crabbe arrived in London. What passed between father and son we need not say. They left again for Bristol in the evening, after many thanks to Mrs. Slade for her kindness.

Some days afterwards George heard from his mother that Crabbe had gone home an altered lad, and gave promise of being no further trouble to his parents. The six weeks in London had opened his eyes thoroughly to his past folly and sin. He was now only too glad to profit by the kindness and love



"Bring me my clothes!" cried Crabbe.

he found awaiting him at home. Being very much against a return to any school, a place was found for him in a merchant's office in Bristol, which he long held with satisfaction to his employer.

And now the six months over which we proposed our survey should extend has been passed in review. Summers, Saunders, Slade, and Tickley, are no longer in the fourth. The scene is therefore changed, and with the old one it is meet that this story should come to

THE END.



CHRISTOPHER'S REPENTANCE.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

CHAPTER II.

AT midnight the rain ceased and the floods began to subside. While the boys lay yet sleeping before the smouldering brands, Mrs. Crofts was being driven in the gray light of early morning, by the kind-hearted farmer, to a station some miles distant. She reached Portsmouth that afternoon. Only twenty-four hours before, the first engineer of the *Hecla* had been borne to a quiet little room at the 'Falcon Inn.'

The explosion had shattered his right arm and leg, and from the first there had been no hope; but he knew his wife when she entered, and smiled a welcome. Then, as she bent fondly over him, he gazed at her with such an inquiring glance that at once she guessed its meaning.

'I could not bring Christopher, darling; the floods are out, and it would not have been safe: but he sent father a kiss. I can telegraph to old Rhoda to bring him,' she added, as she saw his disappointment. 'Shall I, dear?'

The injured man did not reply, but the look of disappointment passed away from his countenance, and was succeeded by such a smile as his wife had never seen there before. He tried to speak, and stooping down, she listened anxiously. The words,—'Husband of . . . widow—Father of . . . fatherless—is God,' came faintly from his lips, and then all was over.

The next telegram that reached Longport brought the news of Mr. Crofts' death.

Absalom, the signalman, was nephew to old Rhoda, and the station-master considerately sent him up to break the sad tidings to the faithful servant. Both she and the little Christopher were to set out immediately for Portsmouth. After her husband's funeral Mrs. Crofts returned to Longport, but only for a few days.

He had only been able to insure his life for 100*l.*; and active exertion on her part became necessary. The owners of the *Hecla* made her a present of a small sum of money, and through their recommendation a post was offered to her, in connexion with a 'Seamen's Home' at Portsmouth, which enabled her not only to keep Christopher with her, but to retain old Rhoda in her service.

The dying prayer of her husband had not been made in vain, and now, giving up without a murmur the life of comparative ease which she had hitherto enjoyed, she set herself to work, early and late, for her boy.

Christopher was her one earthly hope—her constant thought that he might grow strong in frame and brave of heart, that she might so train him that the second Christopher Crofts might be as pure and good as the first had been: this was the aim of her faithful, loving heart.

Christopher's was a happy childhood. He was bright enough for his lessons to be no trouble to him, and the atmosphere of his home was one of unbroken peace and love. Old Rhoda thought there was no boy like him, and spoiled him accordingly. No brother or sister opposed his wishes or shared his gifts. His mother had earned universal respect, and many a one who remembered the accident on board the *Hecla* had a kind word for the fatherless boy.

But those flowers are not the strongest which are reared in hot-houses, and the strength of a boy's character cannot be tested while he is sheltered from temptation. The very friction of family life is given by God to kindle the sparks of Patience and Unselfishness in children's hearts, and those who do not have this are to be pitied. It is hard for them not to become selfish.

Christopher knew nothing of his mother's self-denial, nor guessed how often when he was lying snugly in his cosy bed she was sitting up, straining her eyes over some extra work, which should enable her to procure for him additional pleasure or advantage. The boy was pleasant of speech and free of hand, and no one guessed how the great weed of Selfishness had taken such root in the garden of his soul that it threatened to cast out the pleasant flowers which grew therein.

When Christopher was sixteen he left school and procured a situation as clerk. But the confinement of office life was irksome to the lad, and some books about 'Emigrant Life,' which fell into his hands, filled him with an irresistible longing to go abroad. His mother saw that it was possible for him to get on better in Canada than in England, and would not disregard his wishes, but she felt that entire separation from him would be more than she could bear, and justly felt that after her life of self-sacrifice for him she was entitled to his loving consideration.

'I think, Chris dear,' she wrote therefore, 'that you must give up the thought of emigration for a twelvemonth, and devote yourself to business; by that time I hope to have laid by enough to be able to come with you, and help you to start fairly in a homestead of our own.'

Surely nothing could be more wise, but, unfortunately, two of Christopher's office companions were wild, reckless young fellows, who thought self-will manly and obedience to a mother's wishes a thing to be ashamed of. They were themselves bent on emigration, and had their own reasons for wishing Christopher to accompany them.

The sum of money given by the owners of the *Hecla* had never been touched by Mrs. Crofts. She had placed it in a bank in her boy's name, and when he left home she had given him the cheque-book, telling him that it was his to make use of in time to come.

Both Maxwell and Roberts knew that Christopher had this money; their own chief reason for going abroad was the debt and difficulty in which their extravagance had involved them. It was even necessary that they should leave England at once.

'I say, Jem, we must get him to come with us at all cost. I'm so hard up, I haven't a sixpence to bless myself with. We must butter him up,' said Roberts.

'It won't do to make fun of his mother, though!' rejoined Maxwell. 'I tried that dodge once and nearly spoiled the whole game. No! we must make out that it'll be a "pleasant surprise" for the old lady if he takes French leave. So much better to have a home ready for her to go out to, without any trouble.'

'All right! that'll be the cue! Besides, if he don't like it, he can come back again directly. He's got the money!'

So poor Christopher was duped. Conscience, indeed, tried to make her voice heard, and told him that to give his mother a 'pleasant surprise' was no reason for disobeying her. He longed for voyage and venture and would not hear.

It was arranged that Maxwell should give notice to their employer for all three of them. Their berths were taken, and under pretext of a cheque having failed to arrive, Christopher was persuaded to advance money for all three.

'Such a fine thing to be a gentleman and have "a banking account!"' said Roberts; and the foolish boy felt flattered.

'What be the matter, missus?' asked old Rhoda of Mrs. Crofts, as the latter came downstairs one morning with her bonnet on, almost as soon as the post had been, and sank into a chair.

'I have had three letters!' gasped poor Mrs. Crofts. 'You may read them, Rhoda. Uncle James is dead and has left me the twelve-acre piece at Burton End, but it'll be all no use to me, Rhoda—my heart is broken—Christopher has gone away!'

(*Concluded in our next.*)

SIR PETER LELY.

AMONGST the great painters who had made England their home, and become famous in it, Sir Peter Lely holds a foremost place. He was born at a town in Westphalia in the year 1618, and, showing signs of artistic power, was early sent to study under a great painter at Haarlem. When twenty-three years old, Lely came to England, and imitated the works of Vandyke with such success that he succeeded him as sergeant-painter to the king. His most admired portraits were those of ladies, and of these he painted many. He also painted some few pictures, taking his subjects from classic mythology and the Scriptures. Lely was knighted by Charles II., for whom he painted many portraits. Amongst his subjects was Oliver Cromwell, who, before his first sitting, is reported to have said to the painter, 'I desire you will use all your skill to make my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but mark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay you a farthing for it.' Lely died suddenly of apoplexy in 1680, whilst engaged in painting the Duchess of Somerset. He was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where there is a bust of him by Grinling Gibbons.

A. R. B.

ST. KILDA.

THE first thought that must cross the mind of a visitor to St. Kilda is wonder that any one should be willing to live there, who could by any chance escape to some more hospitable shore. Still we find that the poor inhabitants of this little isle love the place of their birth, and are most unwilling to remove to any other quarter. Their wind-swept home is only a small island, three miles in length and about two in breadth, the nearest land, the island of Harris, being eighty miles distant; while the terrific waves of the stormy Atlantic render a voyage from Harris to St. Kilda a very dangerous, and often an impossible, undertaking.

St. Kilda is girt all round with perpendicular precipices, some of these nearly fourteen hundred feet in height; there is only one point where it is possible to land, and even this is of difficult access, only to be attempted in perfectly calm weather. After landing, a narrow passage will be found which leads to the summit of the rocks.

All the inhabitants of the island are gathered together near this landing-place. Their huts are of a very rude kind, somewhat like a Hottentot kraal: the roofs are nearly flat. The hut is built of loose stones, the walls about four feet in thickness, while the spaces between the stones are stuffed with moss and turf for the sake of warmth. The interior of the hut is divided into two parts, one for the family, the other for animals; while, outside and inside, the amount of refuse, decayed fish, and bones of birds, and the untidy condition of everything, is really beyond description. Yet, slovenly as are their habits, and squalid their attire, the inhabitants of St. Kilda are a kindly race, fairly intelligent, and capable of deep religious feeling. It is a sad home for babies, as very few of them reach the age of six months: the climate, the food, and the smoky huts in which they live, being almost always fatal to such a delicate little creature as a baby.

The soil of St. Kilda is good, and pretty fair crops can be raised; but not much attention is paid to husbandry, the catching of wild-fowl being the great occupation and favourite pursuit of all the inhabitants. Each fowling party consists of four persons, with a rope of thirty fathoms long. One man descends the cliffs, suspended by the rope, which is held by his companions above; he has a piece of wood in his hands, somewhat like a fishing-rod, to the end of which a line is attached about a foot long, formed into a running noose. This is placed over the head of the bird as it nestles in a crevice of the rock; then, pulling it towards him, the noose tightens, and the creature is a captive.

It seems strange that the bird should allow itself to be so ea ily caught; but some of these wild-fowl are very stupid, and the fowler carries on his work in the evening after the birds have settled for the night; besides, it is not after all so very easily caught, much art and skill are needed in order to fasten the noose quickly and securely round the victim's neck. The number of eggs and the quantity of feathers obtained is almost incredible: it is said that twelve hundred solan geese are sometimes secured in one night by a single party. The very atmosphere of St. Kilda seems to be full of feathers, the dress and the hair of the inhabitants being powdered over with grayish down and fluff.

The people are simple in their manners and well-conducted. A clergyman lives on the island, and the inhabitants attend church with great regularity.

D. B. McKEAN.

THE ORPHANS.

SEE, fatherless and motherless they go
Up the steep hill of life,
No loving hand may dry their eyes of woe,
Nor help them in the strife!

'Alas for them, poor orphans!' so we say,
Yet, as we pitying look,
They seem as happy in their childish play
As any little duke.

He has a castle with its towers of state,
And his are thousands many;
But Kate and Lucy (such the freaks of Fate)
Have hardly got a penny.

Poor little folk! what will they do, we wonder,
And who will be their friend,
To tread life's many wants and dangers under,
And guide them to its end?

Oh, there is One, Who sits above in glory,
Will Father be, and Mother;
Will be their Friend all through life's varied story,
If they love one another.

He'll come to them, arrayed in strange disguises,
Their little hearts to cheer;
Day after day, with His own sweet surprises,
A Helper always near!

The fervent prayers in God's great Book are graven,
By dying parents said,
And they, perhaps, see from their quiet haven
Their loved ones angel-led.

O sure it is, our Father, Israel's keeper,
Nor sleeps nor breaks His word;
Then think on this, and smile, each orphan weeper,
Rejoicing in the Lord!

By father and by mother though forsaken,
A friendless little pair,
Ye're happy, for in arms of Love ye're taken—
They clasp you everywhere.

In the dark forest, on the heaving billows,
You're safe, asleep, awake;
A glorious Angel guards two little pillows,
And goes the way you take.

In every loss there is some compensation,
I : we will patient be,
And say in faith, 'Thou art my Expectation,
I put my trust in Thee!'

G. S. O.



The Orphans.



Rats. By Harrison Weir.

RATS.

OUR outhouses were literally infested at one time with rats. Their impertinence knew no bounds. Their sitting and eating below our eyes were matters of every-day occurrence. At last we resolved to bear it no longer, and petty battles were continually being carried on. Steel traps, of course, came into requisition, and we placed them so as effectually to hem the rats in on all sides. One evening a few crumbs of bread were scattered outside the traps, so as to tempt the besieged to issue from their iron lines of circumvallation. Creeping quietly along, I saw an old rat stretch itself over the trap, and a younger one bound over its back and obtain the desired morsels.

A friend of mine relates how he was pestered by a like plague, and seeing the mischief they wrought in his barns, stables, and houses, resolved to try the traps as we had done. One evening he saw a band of them inside the ring, evidently deliberating what to do. To stay in the hole was death, to go out was to meet a like fate. Finally, an old rat rushed on the trap, and by his death saved the others from starvation.

ICELAND.

THIS large island, which is situated in the Northern Atlantic Ocean, belongs to Denmark, and is about three hundred miles in length, while in breadth it measures nearly two hundred. Its physical features are so remarkable that in these respects it may be said to be the most interesting place in the world. It owes its origin entirely to volcanic agency. It consists in great part of lofty mountains, many of which are active volcanoes, while the interior of the island is entirely occupied by wide tracts of naked lava, cinders, and other volcanic products. Only certain level districts along the coast, and a few dales, are capable of cultivation; and even in those places there is scarcely a tree to be seen, while the climate is unsuited for the ripening of any kind of grain.

One writer has described this extraordinary island as being white with snow, black with lava, and yellow with brimstone; which is a peculiar but fairly exact description of its appearance. Yet civilisation has long been established in this desolate region, and the people, though very poor, are all to a certain degree educated, while many of them have cultivated poetry and other departments of literature with much success. They are much attached to their country, and delight to study its history, being very sensitive as to the opinions which strangers may form of them. And, generally speaking, those who have visited this place have little to say of its inhabitants but what is favourable—they are kindly, hospitable, truthful, and sincere. Their greatest fault seeming to be over-indulgence in stimulants, which is the crying evil of most northern nations.

The most celebrated volcano of Iceland is Hecla, the eruptions of which have caused great devastation. In repeated instances volcanic islets have been thrown up near the coast, only to disappear again in a short space of time. Connected with the volcanic fires there are numerous hot springs, some of which flow gently, while others gush up with the greatest violence, and with a strange regularity.

The winter in Iceland is not much more severe than that of Denmark, but it is much more prolonged; while the short summer, the want of heat, and the superabundant moisture, are the conditions which prove so unfavourable to the growth of cereals and other plants. In the northern districts the sun never sets for a whole week in midsummer, and in midwinter it never rises above the horizon for the same length of time. The Aurora Borealis is seen at particular times with a splendour unknown in more southern latitudes. Oxen, sheep, and numerous horses, form the wealth of the Icelanders; the ponies, which are hardy, and receive little attention from their owners, have been imported into Britain, where they seem to thrive well. Seals abound on the coast of Iceland, and fish of many kinds are very abundant in the seas, while salmon and trout are found in all the rivers. Every species of sea-fowl seems to be represented there, the eggs and feathers of which are much sought after.

The climate of Iceland is not favourable to health, such diseases as prevail being distinctly traceable to improper food and bad ventilation. The particular lichen known as Iceland Moss grows in abundance on tracts of land otherwise unproductive, and this forms a valuable article of commerce. D. B. McKEAN.

A MODERN JONAH.

READERS of the Bible are often misled by the name 'whale' being given to the fish which swallowed Jonah. The original speaks only of 'a great fish,' and does not say of what species it was. There are, however, ample facts to prove that in the Mediterranean Sea there are fish quite able to swallow a man whole.

In the year 1758, a sailor fell overboard from a frigate whilst in those waters. A shark was close by at the time, and took the struggling man into its enormous jaws: he at once disappeared from view. But happily the captain retained his presence of mind, and ordered a gun to be fired at the shark. The ball struck the fish, and it at once cast up the sailor, who was dragged on board, alive and little hurt. The shark was afterwards harpooned and secured. When dried, the captain presented it to the seaman, who travelled over the greater part of Europe with it, telling his story to the public. The fish was twenty feet long, and weighed 3924 pounds.

Other instances are on record of entire bodies of men having been swallowed by these monsters. On opening one, there was found in it a horse quite whole, which had probably been thrown overboard from some ship. The length of this fish seems to be from twenty to thirty feet, and the lower jaw is sometimes nearly six feet in semicircular extent. A mouthful for it must therefore be a large mass. A. R. B.

CHRISTOPHER'S REPENTANCE.

(*Continued from page* 390.)

CHAPTER III.
CHRISTOPHER'S REPENTANCE.

CHRISTOPHER had not at first intended leaving England without seeing his mother. It had indeed been part of his plan to picture to her personally the bright future which his youthful strength and his forty pounds should provide for her. But a visit to his mother was the very last thing Maxwell and Roberts desired. Frustration of their schemes would be its result they could plainly see, and under various pretexts they induced him postpone his journey, and concealed from him the actual date of the ship's departure until the berths were taken and paid for.

Then, as if they had suddenly heard the news, they announced that they must be on board the next day. It was now too late, and Christopher wrote an affectionate letter of explanation.

'You mustn't mind, mother,' he concluded. 'If I succeed, I hope soon to have you with me: if I can't get on, I shall come back directly. Mr. Sebright knows of my going.'

This was another piece of deceit on the part of his companions; they had only asked for a few days' leave, well knowing that their master's money-desk would soon bear witness against them.

On discovering that they had absconded, Mr. Sebright wrote at once to Mrs. Crofts, and his letter reached her at the same time as Christopher's.

She could have borne his departure, but the fact that he was the dupe and companion of such men as Maxwell and Roberts filled her with alarm, and she became seriously ill.

'What was that third letter, missus?' asked old Rhoda one day. 'Did you zay you had had a fortune left you?'

'Not exactly a fortune,' said Mrs. Crofts, smiling in spite of herself: 'but uncle James' little homestead at Burton End, with its three fields and orchards.'

Old Rhoda's eyes brightened.

'Missus,' she said, 'it's the Lord's own doing, to set you up again. Master Chris will never stop in America. We must go down directly and get the place all settled and comfortable afore he comes back. Why shouldn't you buy a few more acres for him, if it's farming he's set on?'

Mrs. Crofts felt the truth of the good woman's words. She had really become unfit for the duties of her post, and felt she had a reason for resigning it.

A short time, therefore, saw her established with old Rhoda at Burton End, praying and hoping for Christopher's return.

Meanwhile Christopher, on board the good ship *Orinoco*, had already 'found his sea-legs,' and was thoroughly enjoying the voyage across the Atlantic.

His enjoyment had but one drawback—his friends were always borrowing money, and although he had yet fully trusted them, he felt it unpleasant to land at Halifax with only a few pounds in his pocket. Even this sum did not remain long in his possession.

Almost as soon as they had landed his companions resumed those habits which had already nearly ruined them, and one night, excited by wine and their losses at billiards, they robbed Christopher, while sleeping, of his last sovereigns and absconded.

The lad could at first hardly realise either their wickedness or his own destitution.

He had written to his mother as soon as they got on shore, telling her they were bound for Lake Winnipeg; so, destitute and heartsick, he manfully resolved to try and get there alone.

But privation and anxiety soon made him ill, and when he got better he was glad to accept the first post that offered, although it came from settlers who, having had ill-success in Canada, were going to try their fortune in the American States. He wrote home, but ashamed to own all the truth, he only told his mother that he had lost some money and that she must give up the thoughts of joining him at present.

Mrs. Crofts replied promptly, telling him of her legacy and proposing to rent additional land; but the self-love which was, as we have already seen, Christopher's besetting sin, made him still neglect his mother's happiness and the duty which he owed her. He told her that, although his present life was one of anxiety and hardship, its freedom and adventure made him prefer it to the humdrum life of England.

What now occurred we can only briefly recount.

After many changes he formed a friendship with a young Scotchman named Lyndsay, and the two agreed to hire themselves out to a rich farmer and patiently to put by every possible fraction of their earnings until they should have acquired enough to purchase an allotment for themselves.

My readers must pass over the years which intervened before the fulfilment of their purpose, and must now picture Christopher for themselves a backwoodsman in a great American forest, several hundreds of miles from New York.

When this result was accomplished Christopher was four-and-twenty years old, and had been seven years away from home; but now Dame Fortune seemed to smile upon him.

The soil of Red Creek proved fertile, its timber valuable.

Soon two log cabins rose side by side in the clearing, and Lyndsay and he competed with each other as to which should work hardest on their little estate, and be most successful in making his home attractive. They had induced a youth in their late master's service to throw in his lot with them, so that their labour was quite unlike that of the usual solitary pioneer. Their settlement, too, was not a lonely one, for within a mile lay a homestead belonging to a Cornish emigrant, named by him after his birth-place, Polperro. The Cornishman's wife had for some years been laid to rest beneath the forest's shade, and Nicholas Tregarvon was an elderly man; but his labours were shared and his home made bright by an orphan nephew and niece, who had come out with him as children.

Young Paul Tregarvon was Christopher's own age,



and Bessie, his sister, was a frank, warm-hearted girl, with the olive cheek and sparkling dark eyes so often to be found among Cornish maidens.

Until this time Christopher's conscience had often, though vainly, spoken to him. But in the excitement of his present prosperity her voice, for a time at least, remained silent, and the image of his gentle mother seemed fading from his loving thoughts. Yet to appearance he was a well-principled and even Christian youth. His very selfishness was veiled by a careless good-nature in trifles, and when, after some time, he told Bessie Tregarvon that her presence was the one thing wanting to make Red Creek all he desired, the Cornish girl thought herself happy in having won his love.

It was now 'Fall,' and Christopher sat one afternoon as we see him in our picture, deep in thought. He was supremely happy, for that very day Bessie had promised to become his wife, and their wedding was fixed for Christmas.

He felt as if borne on the full tide of health, and fortune, and successful love. He was seated upon a rustic bench, the work of Paul Tregarvon, and as he idly inspected its workmanship his thoughts were suddenly carried ten years back. Just such a seat had he made as a birthday present for his mother. Memory recalled the very words she had spoken when he gave it to her,—

'So pretty of you, Christopher dear! So thoughtful! You will be your father over again!'

His father over again!

Had his mother's hope been fulfilled?

Over Christopher's brow and cheek there rushed a flood of crimson.

The voice of Conscience cried aloud that he had been unworthy of his father and unkind to his tender mother; and now he recollected also that he had been too busy to write to her lately, and that he had not heard from her for months.

The veil seemed suddenly lifted from the years which were passed, and he saw that selfishness had been the rule of his life.

He had repaid her tender, self-sacrificing love, with a thoughtless disregard of her wishes, which he felt now to be wicked and cruel.

"I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee,' he murmured to himself.

It was the hour of Christopher's Repentance.

(*Concluded in our next.*)



AUTUMN.

GOLDEN Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Gifts for man, and bird, and brute,
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bent down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Through the lanes where bindweed weav
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves;

Singing loud their harvest song,
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gaily, old and young;

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will;
Only drones need hunger still.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gaily all in red.

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedge-row twinkles bright.

Still the traveller's joy is seen
Snowy white o'er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

MRS. HAWTRY.

MOUNTAINS OUT OF MOLE-HILLS.

JOE PERKINS was always looked upon as a sharp boy. His own mother used to say that her Joe 'had his head on in the right place;' but that was a fact nobody ever disputed. At any rate he became the first boy in the British School at Tountown, and the master thought very highly of Joe's prospects in the world.

Now it came about that just when he was ready to leave school old Mr. Davis, the stationer, who had twice been mayor of their town, came into the school. He was dressed in his usual old-fashioned way, with a large bunch of seals hanging from under his waistcoat, and a huge stick in his right hand.

'I want a boy for my shop. Must be sharp, and quick at figures, as well as willing to make himself generally useful.'

'Perkins!' called out the master.

Joe rose from his seat and confronted the pair.

'This is a lad I can recommend. He is quick and well-behaved. Has a widowed mother, too.'

'Umph,' said Mr. Davis, examining Joe through his eye-glasses. 'Truthful, I hope—eh? And honest—eh? Not fond of wasting time—leap-frog, playing, and so on when sent on errands—eh?'

'No, sir,' said Joe, though painfully aware of a great fondness for leap-frog.

'I'll see his mother,' said Mr. Davis, and with that understanding he left the school.

The result of this visit was that Joe Perkins said good-bye to 'the three R's,' and on a certain Monday morning began to earn his own living as general assistant at the ex-mayor's shop in Toodle Street. I wish you could have seen him as he went off to work on that first occasion. Nature had herself given a slight upward turn to Joe's nose; but his pride at this new office made him carry it so exceedingly high that one or two accidents took place.

First, in crossing the road he overlooked the presence of a large pool of slush, and soon found himself covered to the ankles. He had to retire to a doorway and scrape away at boots and trowsers with a knife. And then the result was very unsatisfactory. Next, in trying not to see a dirty little urchin, who claimed acquaintance because they both lived in Tatterby's Rents, he ran full butt against a sweep, who revenged himself by administering a cuff with his sooty hand. Here was a plight in which to confront his careful employer! But Joe cleaned himself as best he could, and was careful during the rest of the way to see what dangers were in front.

Now I must tell in what Joe's chief fault consisted. Truthful in one sense he certainly was; but not entirely so. That kind of falsehood which we call exaggeration was Joe's great delight. With him a slight pain was 'awful,' a dozen were 'hosts,' a small pile 'heaps,' a mole-hill a 'mountain.' An unfortunate example of this occurred on the very first morning.

'Perkins,' said Mr. Davis, 'just go down to the cellar, and clean up all the odds and ends you can find there.'

In about half an hour Joe came back from his task.

'Oh!' said Mr. Davis, 'finished?'

'Yes, sir,' said Joe,

'How much is there?'

'Oh, cartloads!'

'Bless me!' said his master; 'why, it was only cleaned out last month!'

Joe went on with other work, and thought no more of the matter. About an hour afterwards a cart drew up in front of the shop, and a man with a basket entered.

'Come for the rubbidge,' said he.

'Show the man the cellar, Joe,' said Mr. Davis.

This was done, and the man quickly reappeared with his basket full of odds and ends upon his head. Having emptied the contents in the cart, he came back to the shop, and touched his hat to Mr. Davis.

'Not done?' asked the latter.

'Yes, sir,' said the man.

'Why, where's Perkins? Here, you said there were cartloads of rubbish there, and there is barely enough to fill a basket!'

'Please, sir, it seemed a great deal,' said Joe.

'The boy's a lunatic,' said his master. 'Mind you are more careful another time.'

Joe fully intended to be so; but the habit had grown too much upon him to be shaken off at once. Amongst the other assistants he came to be known as the 'awful boy,' from his great love of that adjective. And the old fault soon brought him into conflict with his master again. It came about in this way. One morning Mr. Davis came down into the shop and looked out into the street according to his usual habit. Joe was busy sweeping the floor.

'Perkins,' said his master, 'there seems to be a fuller street than usual. Have many people passed?'

'Oh, hosts, sir!' said Joe; there's been a dreadful accident in the Square.'

'In the Square?' said Mr. Davis. And without another word he rushed out of the shop, for his married daughter was living in that quarter, and she was his only child.

When Joe saw his master go out in such haste he would have given anything to have been able to recall his words, for he began to remember that the passers-by had not been so very numerous, and that another boy from Tatterby's Rents was his only authority for the 'dreadful accident.' So he awaited his master's return with some uneasiness. In the meantime a gentleman came in and asked for Mr. Davis.

'Not in? But he made a special appointment with me!' And with this the inquirer went away in high dudgeon.

Presently his master came back, and without a word beckoned Joe into his little office.

'Here's your week's wages, Perkins; you can go now, and tell your mother you were discharged for untruthfulness.

'Please, sir——' began Joe, remembering now with painful distinctness some half-a-dozen times on which his inaccuracy had caused his master annoyance.

'Not a word. You have given me great trouble before; but this false alarm is too much. Go, and learn to tell the truth.'

Joe slunk out of the shop, and walked home by the longest way possible. He found his mother busy at the washtub, and broke the news as best he could. Mrs. Perkins spared neither tongue nor hand. Then she wiped the soap-suds from her arms, and went off to see Mr. Davis. At her earnest petition he agreed to take Joe back, but on one condition which he thus explained to him: 'You must do this: think before you speak; no long numbers or big words must jump out whether they are right or wrong. Will you be careful?'

'I'll try, sir,' said Joe, with a tearful sniff.

He tried so well that he became afraid to use the words 'awful,' 'tremendous,' 'hosts,' 'frightful,' and a few others, even when they were justified by facts; and so well, also, that he now serves behind the counter to the entire satisfaction of his employer and the pride of his fond mother. A. R. B.

WHO CARES?

THE visitor to St. Ives, in Cornwall, may see in a churchyard there the following epitaph:—

'Here lies Sir John Guise;
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
Where he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.'

What manner of life was that, the end of which excited no sorrow, no joy, nor even any attention? One would prefer the simple inscription placed over a pauper's grave,

'Thorpe's
Corpse,'

for that at least carried no condemnation.

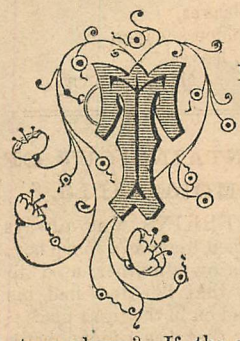
A. R. B.

THE GOLD COAST.

THE Gold Coast is a British Colony on the west coast of Africa. Its climate is notoriously unhealthy, the heat and moisture being excessive; the coast is lined with unhealthy swamps and shallow lakes, while the peculiar rock of the country is said to give off, under the influence of the air and moisture, large quantities of hydrogen gas. The native towns are crowded and dirty, intermittent fevers and other diseases being always present; these are peculiarly fatal to Europeans, though the natives do not suffer so much.

The whole region is more or less a gold-producing country, but at present the value of the territory is chiefly due to the profusion of vegetable products supplied by the rich soil. Cocoa-nut and palm-oil, bread-fruit, Indian-corn, yams, sweet-potatoes, limes, and oranges, are only some out of many other valuable productions of this territory. The principal exports are gold-dust and palm-oil. D. B.

THE SPARROW.

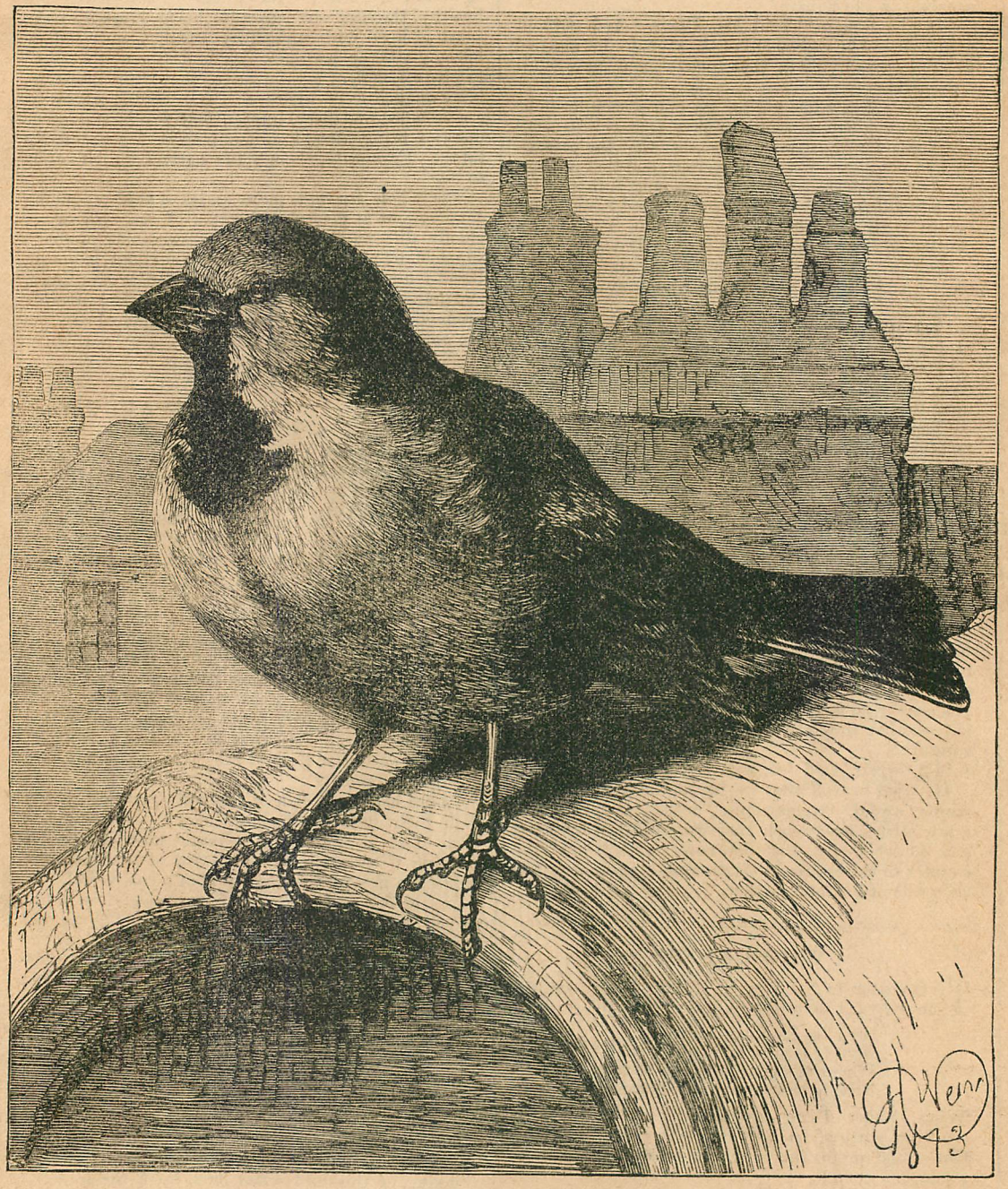


THE Sparrow has many homes, and builds its nest in all sorts of places. Who has not heard of the London sparrow, and seen the boldness with which this little bird will pounce upon a bit of bread, or some other tempting morsel, which it sees upon the pavement, and bear it off to its mate seated on some window-sill or coping-stone above? If the sparrow lives far from town and the dwellings of men, it makes a comfortable nest in a tree: but a chink in a roof or a hole in a wall does just as well: and the eaves of buildings are its favourite resorts.

I have heard of a pair of London sparrows having built their nest in the lion's mouth which used to stand on the top of Northumberland House at Charing Cross. I have also heard of two sparrows building a nest on the mast-head of a coal-vessel.

In the East sparrows and swallows often build among the beams and rafters of sacred buildings, and may be heard twittering about in the domes of the churches and mosques at Jerusalem, making one think of the words of David in the eighty-fourth Psalm: 'The sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young: even Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.'

The common sparrow is a sociable bird and loves company. But I have read also of the solitary sparrow, that usually sits alone on the tops of old buildings and roofs of churches, singing sweetly, especially in the morning. David must have been thinking of this bird when he says in the hundred and second Psalm, 'I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the housetop.'



The Sparrow.



Little Chit-to leaving the Indian Carousal.

THE LITTLE SIOUX'S WARNING.

A Story of the Sioux War.



IN the summer of 1862, while we were living in the new State of Minnesota, an experience fell to my lot which I regard as one of the most remarkable that I have ever met.

I was a small girl at the time, my tenth birthday coming in that same month of August in which these extraordinary events occurred, and on the very day—the 18th—on which the terrible Sioux massacres of Minnesota broke out at the Lower Agency, as the station was called, and which soon desolated such a large portion of that fair land with fire and blood.

We lived at Lac Qui Parle, or rather quite close to it, for we were a full mile from the place, where at that time the devoted missionary, Amos Huggins, and his young wife and two children, were stationed.

There were only three of us,—father, mother, and myself. We had moved to Minnesota three years before, the prime object of my parents being to improve their health, for both were threatened with consumption. At the same time they felt a natural eagerness to try their fortunes in a new country, where there always seems to be more cause for encouragement than at home.

The first year father and mother were much benefited, but not long after father began to fail. I was too young to notice the signs at the time, but I recall them now. I remember how he used to take his chair out in front in pleasant weather and sit there during the balmy afternoons, so still, with his eyes looking off at the blue horizon or into the solemn depths of the vast stretch of wilderness, which came down to a point scarce a stone's throw from our door.

He would sit there so long and so quiet, that sometimes I thought he was asleep, and would steal softly up to him; but when I did so, I could notice that his eyes were wide open, though he did not seem to know what was going on around him. Mother used to steal to the door sometimes and peep quietly at him, and then raise her finger and shake her head in a warning way for me not to disturb him, and then her white sad face would disappear in the door again.

Then again she would sometimes come out and sit down beside father, and taking his hand in hers, they would talk long and earnestly in low tones. I was too young, I repeat, to understand all this at the time, but it was not long afterwards that the truth came to me.

Father was steadily and surely declining in health, and he knew he was doomed to die; but the same climate which was thus killing one of my parents was healing the other, for mother became strong and robust, and the seeds of the dreadful disease soon left her system altogether.

There is nothing which makes us feel so hopeful as strong, sturdy health; and when mother felt the life-blood bounding through her veins, and her strength increasing, she could not quite fully realize that it was different with father.

She tried to encourage him, and really believed his weakness was only temporary. There were times when he caught a little of her hopefulness, and thought it possible he was going to get well. Consumption, I am sure, is the most deceptive of all ailments in this respect.

But these self-deceptions did not last long. He saw that death had marked him for its own, and a deep melancholy settled over him, which in reality hastened the ravages of the disease. He became touchingly tender and loving to mother and me, and when he was not sitting in front of the house, in his deep, sorrowful reveries, or, if the day was stormy, at the window, looking out into vacancy, he was fondling and caressing one of us.

I remember that more than once I saw tears in his eyes, though I could not tell why; for he and mother agreed to keep his fears, or rather his certainty of what was fast coming, from me, and I never once suspected that death was already looking into our window upon us.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not see some of the Indians who were scattered through that section. The Sioux seemed to be everywhere, and in going to and coming from the Agency they would sometimes stop at our house.

Father was very quick in picking up languages, and he was able to converse quite intelligently with the red men. How I used to laugh to hear them talk in their odd language, which sounded to me, for all the world, just as if they were grunting at each other like so many pigs.

But the visits used to please father and mother, and I was always glad to see some of the rather dilapidated and not over-clean warriors stop at the house to get something to eat and to talk with father.

I recall one hot day in June, when he was sitting under the single tree in front of the house, his chair leaning back, his feet resting on the seat of another, while he was looking away off towards the setting sun, as though striving to pierce the blue depths of space, and to catch just one glimpse of the wonderful world beyond. I was in the house helping mother when we heard the peculiar noises which told us that father had an aboriginal visitor. We both went to the door, and I passed outside to laugh at their queer talk.

Sure enough, an Indian was seated in the other chair, and he and father were talking with great animation.

The Indian was of a stout build, and wore a hat like father's,—the ordinary straw one,—with a broad, red band around it; he had on a fine black broadcloth coat, with silk velvet collar, but his trowsers were shabby and his shoes were pretty well worn. His face was bright and intelligent, and I watched it very narrowly as he talked and gesticulated in his earnest way with father, who was equally animated in answering him. Their discussion was of more than ordinary importance.

The Indian carried a rifle and revolver,—the latter being in plain sight at his waist,—but I never connected the thought of danger with him as he sat there in converse with father.

I describe this Indian rather closely, because he was no other than the celebrated chief Little Crow,

who was at the head of the frightful Minnesota massacres, which broke out within the succeeding sixty days, and who even then was perfecting his plans for one of the most atrocious series of crimes ever perpetrated in our history. Little Crow was a thoroughly bad Indian, who would have accepted food with one hand while he drove the knife into the heart of his friend with the other.

The famous chieftain stayed till the sun went down. Then he suddenly sprang up and walked away at a rapid, shuffling walk, in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. Father called good-bye to him, but he did not make a reply, and soon disappeared in the woods, through which his path led.

The sky was cloudy, and it looked as if a storm was coming; so, as it was dark and blustering, we remained within doors the rest of the time. There was no thunder or lightning, but a fine, drizzling rain began falling, and the darkness was intense. It was really impossible to see anything at all beyond the range of the rays thrown out by the candle burning on the table near the window. The evening was well advanced, and father had opened the Bible, with the purpose of reading a chapter before prayers, as was his rule, when there came a rap upon the door.

It was so gentle and timid that it sounded like the pecking of a bird, and we all looked inquiringly in the direction, uncertain what it meant. The next moment it was repeated, and then it kept on in a way which no person would do who knew anything about knocking.

'It is some bird, scared by the storm,' said father, 'and we may as well admit it.'

I sat much nearer the door than either of my parents, and instantly sprang up and opened it. As I did so, I peered down in the gloom and rain for the bird, but sprang back the next moment with a low cry of alarm.

'What's the matter?' asked father, hastily laying down his Bible and walking rapidly towards me.

'It isn't a bird; it's a person.' As I spoke, a little Indian girl, about my own age, walked into the room, and looking in each of our faces, asked in the Sioux tongue whether she could stay all night.

I had closed the door and we gathered around her. She had the prettiest, daintiest moccasins, though her limbs were bare from the knee downward. She wore a large shawl about her shoulders and down almost to her ankles, while her coarse black hair hung loosely below her waist. Her face was very pretty, and her eyes were as black as coal and seemed to flash fire upon whomsoever she looked. I never beheld a more animated countenance.

Of course, her clothing was dripping with moisture, and her call filled us all with wonder. She could speak only a few words of English, so her face lit up with pleasure when father addressed her in the Sioux tongue; and straightway a lively conversation began between them.

As near as we could find out her meaning, her name was Chit-to: and father gathered from her that she lived with her parents at Lac Qui Parle. There were several families in a spot by themselves, and they had begun a carouse that day; that is, they had supplied themselves plentifully with fire-water, and were all drinking at a fearful rate, and just the same as if they were white men.

At such times the Indian is dangerous, and these carousals nearly always end in crime and murder. Little Chit-to was terrified almost out of her senses; and when she saw the knives, tomahawks, and pistols doing their deadly work, she fled through the storm and darkness, not caring where she went, but only anxious to get away from the dreadful scene.

Entering, without any intention on her part, the path in the woods, she followed it until she caught the glimmer of the light in our window, when she hastened to it and asked our hospitality.

I need scarcely say it was gladly granted. My mother removed the damp clothes from the little Sioux girl, and replaced them with some warm, dry ones belonging to me. At the same time she gave her hot, refreshing tea, and did everything in her power to make her comfortable.

In this Good Samaritan work I did all I could, as was natural in one of my tender years. I removed the little moccasins from the wondering Chit-to's feet, rubbed the latter with my hands to bring back the circulation, kissed her dark cheeks, and while flying about in the aimless manner peculiar to childhood, I was continually uttering expressions of pity, which, though in an unknown tongue, I am quite sure were understood by Chit-to, who looked the gratitude she could not express.

When father read the Bible, she listened in her wondering way, and then, as we all knelt and prayed to God, she imitated our movement, though it cannot be supposed that she understood what it meant. Then she began to show signs of drowsiness and was put to bed with me, falling asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

I lay awake a little longer and noticed that the storm subsided. The patter of the rain was heard no more upon the roof, and the wind blew just as it sometimes does late in the fall. At last I sank into slumber.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

A LESSON OF CONTENTMENT.

(By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.')

I KNOW a river beside whose brink
The reeds and the rushes grow,
And on whose waters the lilies lie
As white as the driven snow.
And the breeze goes wandering through the reeds,
And bending many a head,
And the river rocks the lily flower
Like a babe in its cradle bed.

Now the River he hath a ceaseless song,
He sings of the distant sea;
And thitherward, as he glides along,
In a low voice singeth he.
The words he singeth I cannot tell,
But a leaf comes fluttering down,
Saying, 'Carry me on with thee, with thee,
By meadow, and vale, and town.



"The river beside whose brink
The reeds and rushes grow."

For when I listen to thy pleasant song,
That tells of the distant sea,
Oh, then, my life in the tree-top here
Is wearisome unto me!'

Then the Breeze he catches the river's song,
And sings it among the reeds;
And they bend and strain at their stubborn roots
As on and away he speeds:



"Christopher started with the Telegram."

'Oh, carry us on with thee, with thee,
Wherever it be,' they cry;
'For never to stir from the river's brink
Is to spend life wearily.'

The Lily-flower hears the self-same song,
The song of the wondrous sea;
But where she is bound by the hand of God
There peaceful and still floats she.
The river may flow, and the breeze may blow,
For it is not their lot to rest;
But she lieth still, for it is God's will—
And surely God knoweth best.

CHRISTOPHER'S REPENTANCE.

(*Concluded from page* 396.)

CHAPTER IV.

GIRDLE cakes were baking on the hearth, from the great iron pot steamed an odour which promised a savoury supper, and the log fire filled the large kitchen with its flickering brightness, as Bessie Tregarvon busied herself with preparing the evening meal.

Suddenly a tall figure stood upon the threshold between herself and the fading twilight.

'Why, Chris!' she said in a startled voice, 'is anything the matter?'

'Not exactly,' he replied; 'and yet, Bessie, I'm in trouble.'

'What is it, dear?' she asked tenderly, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

'I'm not the good fellow you think me, Bessie,' he answered. 'I told you I'd a mother living, and that some day I might take you to see her, but I never told you I left England against her wishes: and that all these seven years she's been asking me, either to go back to her or to let her join me here; and that I would do neither, though I was her only son. But I never thought how wicked I was until Paul's bench made me remember one I made like it years ago for mother.' Then he told her how Maxwell and Roberts had tempted him, and all that had happened since.

Bessie listened sadly, yet she felt that the grace of repentance had been given him to awaken him to a nobler life, and her counsel was ready.

'I must write to mother directly, Bessie,' Chris concluded.

'No, Christopher, you must not write.'

'Not write!' he repeated in amazement.

'No, Chris; writing to your mother would not do: you must go to her!'

'Our wedding?' he said; 'the clearing——?'

'Our wedding must be left for the present,' she answered decidedly. 'I would not enter upon our new life without your mother's blessing, and there could not be a better time for leaving the land. I will answer for it, Paul will help Evans to do all he can. Lyndsay is a good fellow,' she continued; 'he will understand your wish to leave. Go to England, Christopher, and go at once; you would not like to be too late.'

He understood her meaning. 'I will go,' he answered.

Christopher's arrangements were soon made, and in the shortest time possible he set sail from New York. On reaching Bristol he telegraphed to the little town nearest to Burton End.

'Did a telegram arrive here this morning?' he asked, as the train steamed into the little station, and he alighted.

'Yes, sir, and it's lying here now. I'm sorry to say, our boy's met with an accident, so I've nobody to send, especially such weather as this—been snowing half the night.'

'I'll take it for you if you like,' said the traveller. 'I'm going to Burton End.'

'Willingly, sir,' said the man.

So Christopher started with the telegram, and his hat well pulled down to shield his face from the snow. The fields were so covered that he was sometimes half-way up to his knees, and it was two hours and a half before he reached Burton End. He knocked at the door; it was opened by old Rhoda. A frilled cap, such as he well remembered, round her rosy face, and a plaid shawl pinned across her shoulders.

'I've brought a telegram,' Chris said.

'A telegraph!' answered Rhoda. 'I hope he be'nt one to say aught's happened to Master Christopher. If he be, he'll be the death of missus.'

'Is your mistress ill?' inquired the messenger.

'Awh! she's been a-bed this month.'

Christopher's heart beat. 'What's the matter with her?'

'I can't rightly tell 'ee; just worrit I b'lieve. It's a hard thing to bring up childer and have 'em forget you. I dread to take she up the telegraph.'

'There's no bad news in it,' said Christopher eagerly, forgetting himself.

'What,' said Rhoda, 'have you been peepin'?'

'No, but I'm sure of it for all that. Shall I read it to you?'

The old woman eyed him. 'Do, then,' she said at length. 'I'm no scholard; and if I was, my spectacles is broke.'

He opened it.

'Christopher Crofts has come back, and expects soon to see his dear mother. He hopes she is well and has forgiven his long absence.'

Chris drew off his cap as he read the last words. 'Don't you know me, Rhoda?' he asked.

The old woman looked up, and would have uttered a cry of joy, had not the ever-present thought of her sick mistress restrained her.

'It's my own boy come back again, as I always said he would! Awh, Master Christopher,' she added with a burst of feeling, 'you've been like the Prodigal Son. But never mind, 'you've come back like him too. It will be the saving of missus.'

'I hope so,' said the young man very humbly. 'And now will you go to her, Rhoda?'

The old woman hastened upstairs, and Chris could hear through the parted door the dear old Somersetshire drawl of her voice.

'I've brought you a telegrapht, missus, and a good 'un too; it be from Master Christopher.'

'From Christopher?' said Mrs. Crofts eagerly. 'Oh, Rhoda, give it to me!'

The old woman helped her up, and Mrs. Crofts read the telegram. Then she said, 'My boy is coming back, Rhoda, and he asks to be forgiven.' And she sank back upon the pillow.

'Mother!' said a manly voice without, 'mayn't I come in now? I can't wait any longer. It's your own boy Chris.'

Christopher did not leave his mother till she was thoroughly convalescent. Her illness had been of the mind only, and gladness soon brought back health to her cheek. But she would not let him remain too long.

'Go back, my boy,' she said, 'and keep your wedding, and when the blue-bells come out again on Burton Bank you must come too, with dear Bessie, that I may see my daughter.' All of which came happily to pass.

But Christopher and Bessie could not remain long absent, and so old Rhoda was left in charge at Burton End, with a nephew and niece to help her, and Mrs. Crofts crossed the stormy ocean with them to Red Creek.

She told Rhoda she should be back by Christmas; but when Christmas came the old oak cradle had been fetched from Polperro, and in it the third Christopher Crofts lay sleeping. So the time of his grandmother's return is not yet fixed. And the second Christopher has learnt the great secret that he who lives for others does most to make self happy.

Boys, an unselfish life is a brave life, and a brave life must be a blessed one; and he is most blessed who, whether boy or man, treads most closely in the footsteps of our Saviour, concerning whom it is written, 'Even Christ pleased not Himself;' and 'Who left us His example that we should follow Him.'

ALL A-GROWING.

IN America towns spring up and increase in size with a rapidity unknown in steady-going England. In the year 1800 the town of Cincinnati was a little hamlet containing about seven hundred people. In sixty years its population rose to more than 160,000. Chicago, the famous town on the shore of Lake Michigan, has an even more surprising history. In 1830 it scarcely existed. In 1840 its population was under 5000. In ten years it had increased by 20,000. In ten years more it reached 109,000, which total it nearly doubled in about six years. After this the rise of Milwaukie from a mere patch in the wilderness to being a town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants in twenty-five years seems quite slow progress. A. R. B.

TERRA DEL FUEGO.

TERRA DEL FUEGO, or the Land of Fire, is an island, or rather a group of islands, situated on the southern extremity of South America, separated from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan; the most important of these islands containing Cape Horn, at the extreme south of the group. They resemble in most of their characteristics the neighbouring country of Patagonia. The climate is exceedingly inclement, the temperature low; while storms of wind, rain, and sleet, are of constant occurrence.

There are several high mountain ranges, Mount Sarmiento, the highest peak, rising to the height of nearly seven thousand feet; its lower slopes covered with stunted herbage, while its extreme summits are shrouded in perpetual snow. There are not many animals to be found on these inclement shores, foxes, otters, bats, and mice, being about all they can boast of; sea-fowl, however, are numerous, also seals and whales.

The natives are somewhat repulsive in appearance, of low stature, with heavy, ill-proportioned bodies, retreating foreheads, and very large mouths. They are not friendly towards strangers; they live in miserable huts, and support existence by attempts at hunting and fishing.

In the year 1850 those desolate regions were visited by Captain Allan Gardiner, a naval officer, whose heart was filled with an earnest desire to convey to those poor natives the blessings of civilisation and religion. Accompanied by six other men like-minded (three of whom were Cornish fishermen), he left home and friends and sailed for Terra del Fuego. But the difficulties they would have to contend there had not been fully understood or considered. They landed amid raving storms of wind and deluges of rain, only to meet with dangerous and violent hostility on the part of the natives. After many efforts and constant failure, worn out by privation and suffering, these devoted men one by one lay down to die, their fate only being discovered upon the arrival of a ship sent by anxious friends to their rescue.

When the sailors landed and found the decaying corpses of the little band, with books and papers all scattered round, and especially when they saw printed upon a prominent rock those touching words in Psalm lxii. 5–8, it is said that the rough seamen wept like children. Silently they gathered together the poor remains and buried them, the beautiful service of the Church of England being read over the lonely grave.

Such lives seem at first sight to have been utterly thrown away, but it was not so at least in this case. More judicious arrangements were made, and the work has been carried on. Captain Gardiner, in his journal found beside his corpse, earnestly requested that this might be done; and now a flourishing mission is established in this dreary place, while many a poor native lives to bless the day that brought Captain Gardiner to these shores. D. B.

'BONNY BOB.'

AT a recent destructive fire in Sheffield a deed of heroism was done which may well be recorded. Close to the extensive premises attacked, stood a row of cottages, and these also were fast becoming a prey to the advancing flames. A favourite Sheffield fireman, known to his fellow-townsmen by the name of 'Bonny Bob,' heard that nothing had been seen of an aged couple named Hill, and that they were supposed to be still in one of the cottages. Thereupon the brave fellow—his real name is Henry Parkin—rushed through the flames and smoke, knocked in the outer door of the cottage, which was locked but burnt to charcoal, and ascended the stairs to the upper room, already on fire. Here he found the poor old woman, lying insensible in her bed. As he lifted her in his arms, the bedding caught fire and part of the roof fell in. Nothing daunted, however, he carried her downstairs, gave her into the care of a comrade, and turned to look for William Hill, her husband. It was now impossible to ascend again, but 'Bonny Bob' made his way down into the cellar of the cottage, and there he found the old man, also lying insensible.

The gallant fireman was by this time much exhausted, his face and arms were badly burnt, and his coat was destroyed from his back. Yet he managed to raise the senseless form, and to stagger with it into the open air. Ringing cheers went up from the crowd as the brave fireman emerged through the smoke and showers of sparks with his aged burden on his back.

Doubtless he will be fitly recompensed for his bravery and self-devotion; but the feelings of such a man must be his own best reward. H. L.

BANTAMS.

FOWLS were kept in a domesticated state in ancient times, for we find them mentioned in 1 Kings, iv. 23, as forming part of a day's provision at the court of King Solomon. We read in the New Testament that our Lord, shortly before His crucifixion, said to Peter, 'Before the cock crow thou shalt deny Me thrice' (Matt. xxvi. 34). Showing that cocks and hens were then, as now, common in the towns and villages of Palestine.

Five or six kinds of fowls may be often seen in an English poultry-yard, varying in size from the great awkward Cochin China, down to the elegant little Bantam shown in our picture. The bantams are the most lively and impudent-looking of all our domestic poultry. The cock struts about with an air of dignity, while his neat little wife walks by his side. There are several varieties of bantams; in some the legs and toes are covered with feathers, while others have them perfectly smooth. In colour, too, they vary; the black and partridge-spotted breeds are perhaps the prettiest. The eggs of the bantam are of course small, but delicate in flavour. Bantam hens are sometimes made useful in hatching the eggs of partridges, as they are good nurses. H. B. A.



Bantams.



A Faithful Dog.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

THEY laid the dead man in his grave
Amid the falling snow,
Then silently they turned away
With solemn step and slow;
But still one mourner stays behind,
They cannot make him go.

The master that he loves so well
Is underneath that mound;
Cold blows the wind across the hill,
The snow is on the ground;
Yet patiently from morn to night
The faithful dog is found.

Hunger and cold!—he heeds them not,
All silently he lies
Upon that ice-cold dreary bed
Beneath the wintry skies,
Until, with just one plaining sigh,
The faithful watcher dies.

D. B.

SOME ANECDOTES OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

WHEN Whitefield was preaching in America Dr. Franklin often went to hear him, and always with the resolution to give nothing when the collection was made. He himself has described, in the following words, what happened on one of these occasions:—'I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles of gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket into the collection-dish, gold and all!'

On another occasion Dr. Franklin took with him an acquaintance named Hopkinson, who was a Quaker. They had both gone without any money in their pockets, in order that no appeal might draw a coin from them. But as the preacher went on through his sermon, the Quaker began to be heartily ashamed of his conduct, and cast about for means to contribute freely. He applied to another Quaker standing near, and asked for the loan of some money. 'At any other time, Friend Hopkinson,' was the reply, 'I would lend thee freely, but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'

A great testimony to the absorbing interest created by Whitefield's words was once shown at Philadelphia. He was preaching from the steps of the Court-house, and a lad stood near holding a lantern. Presently the boy became so thoroughly engaged by the preacher that the lantern fell from his hand, and was broken. Years afterwards, when travelling in another part of America, Whitefield found himself in the same carriage with a minister, who spoke of the incident, and declared that he was that same boy.

Whitefield had a voice of most remarkable power and sweetness. It was calculated by Dr. Franklin that, when preaching in the open air, he could be heard by thirty thousand people. And yet he had most perfect command over his voice. Garrick said that Whitefield could make a congregation either weep or tremble by merely varying his way of pronouncing such a word as Mesopotamia. 'I would give,' he said on another occasion, 'a hundred guineas to be able to cry "O!" in the same way as Mr. Whitefield.'

This great preacher died in America in the year 1770.

A. R. B.

THE LITTLE SIOUX'S WARNING.

(*Concluded from p.* 403.)

I AWOKE in the morning and saw the rays of the sun entering the window. Recalling the incidents of the previous evening, I turned over quickly to see and speak to my young friend. To my surprise she was gone, and supposing she had risen a short time before, I hurriedly dressed myself and went down to help keep her company.

But she was not there, and father and mother had seen nothing of her. The investigation that father then made showed that she had no doubt risen in the night and stolen away. Very likely she was afraid of the vengeance of her parents for fleeing, and, as the rainfall had ceased, she hastened back through the woods to their wigwam.

There was something curious and touching in the fact that she had groped about in the darkness, for she could not have used a light, until she found her own clothing, which she donned and departed without taking so much as a pin that belonged to us.

We all felt a strong interest in Chit-to, and I was sensible of something akin to strong friendship. Father allowed me to go with him a few days later when he visited Lac Qui Parle, and he made many inquiries there for the little girl, but he could find out nothing. No one seemed to know to whom we referred, and we went home—especially I did—very much disappointed, for I had built up strong hopes of taking her out with me to spend several days. I was sure that it wouldn't take us more than a couple of days to learn each other's language. At any rate, we would learn to understand each other in that time.

We went several times after, and neglected no effort to discover Chit-to; but we did not gain the first clew.

On the afternoon of August 19, father was sitting in his accustomed seat in front of the house, and mother was engaged as usual about her household duties, while I was playing and amusing myself as a girl of my age is inclined to do at all times. The day was sultry and close, and I remember that father was unusually pale and weak. He coughed a great deal, and sat a long time so still that I thought he must be asleep.

'Mother,' said I, 'what is that smoke yonder?'

I pointed in the direction of Lac Qui Parle, the stretch of woods lying between us and the station. She saw a dark column of smoke floating off in the horizon, its location being such that there could be no doubt it was at the Agency.

'There is a fire of some kind there,' she said in a

low voice, as if speaking to herself, while she shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed long and earnestly in the direction.

'The Indians are coming, Edward,' she called to father; 'they will be here in a few minutes!'

As she spoke, she darted into the house and came forth with father's rifle. Knowing how weak he was, she intended to use it herself.

Brief as was the time she was away, it was long enough for a galloping horse to come in view. Suddenly, a splendid black steed thundered from the wood, and with two or three tremendous bounds, halted directly in front of me. As it did so, I saw that the bareback rider was a small girl, and she was our little Sioux guest, Chit-to.

She made a striking picture, with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders and her scant dress fluttering in the wind. Her attire was the same as when at our house, excepting she had not the cumbersome shawl.

'Why, Chit-to,' said I, in amazement, 'where did you come from?'

'Must go—must go—must go!' she exclaimed, in great excitement. 'Indian soon be here!'

So it seemed that, in the few weeks since she had been at our house, she had picked up enough of the English tongue to make herself understood, though it is not impossible that she knew enough when our guest, but chose to conceal it. It is very hard to fathom all the whims and peculiarities of the Indian race.

'What do you mean?' asked mother, as she and I advanced to the side of the black steed upon which the little Sioux sat; 'what are the Indians doing?'

'They burn buildings—have killed missionary—coming dis way!'

Chit-to spoke the truth, for the Sioux were raging like demons at that very hour at Lac Qui Parle, and one of their first victims was the good missionary, Amos Huggins, whose wife and children, however, escaped through the friendliness of some of the Sioux.

'What shall we do, Chit-to?'

'Get on horse—he carry you.'

'But my husband; the horse cannot carry all three of us.'

'He hide in wood.'

My poor distracted mother scarcely knew what to do. All this time father sat like a statue in his chair. A terrible suspicion suddenly entered her mind, and she ran to him. Placing her hand upon his shoulder, she addressed him in a low tone, and then gave utterance to a fearful shriek, as she staggered backward.

'O Heaven! he is dead!'

Such was the fact. The shock of the news brought by the little Indian girl was too much, and he had expired in his chair without a struggle. Mother would have swooned but for the imminence of the danger. The wild cry which escaped her was answered by several whoops from the woods, and Chit-to became frantic with terror.

'Indian be here in minute!' said she.

Mother instantly helped me upon the back of the horse and then followed herself. She was a skilful equestrian, but she allowed Chit-to to retain the bridle. The horse moved off on a walk, and the whoops were heard again. Looking back I saw a half-dozen Sioux horsemen emerge from the wood and start on a trot toward us, spreading out as if they meant to surround us.

Several shots were fired which must have come close to us, but just then Chit-to gave the horse rein, and he bounded off at a terrible rate, never halting until he had gone two or three miles, by which time I was so jolted that I felt as if I should die with pain.

Then, when we looked back, we saw nothing of the Indians, and the horse was brought down to a walk; and finally, when the sun went down, we drove into a dense wood, where we stayed all night.

I shall not attempt to describe those fearful hours. Not one of us slept a wink. Mother sat crying, moaning, and weeping over the loss of father, while I was heart-broken, too. Chit-to, like the Indian she was, kept on the move continually. Here and there she stole as noiselessly through the wood as a shadow, while playing the part of sentinel.

At daylight we all fell into a feverish slumber, which lasted several hours. When we awoke we were hungry and miserable.

Seeing a settler's house in the distance, Chit-to volunteered to go to it for food. We were afraid she would get into trouble, but she was sure there was none and went.

In less than an hour she was back again with an abundance of bread. She said the house was deserted, the occupants having, no doubt, become terror-stricken; but the Sioux had not visited it as yet.

We stayed where we were for three days, during which we saw a party of Sioux warriors ride up on horseback and burn the house and out-buildings where Chit-to had obtained the food for us.

It seemed to mother that the Indians would not remain at Lac Qui Parle long, and that we would be likely to find safety there. Accordingly, she induced Chit-to to start on the return. Poor soul! she was yearning to learn what had become of father's body. When we reached the house nothing was to be seen of it, but she soon discovered a newly made grave, where she had reason to believe he was buried. As was afterwards ascertained, he had been given a decent burial by orders of Little Crow himself, who, doubtless, would have been glad to protect us had we awaited his coming.

We rode carefully through the wood, and when we emerged on the opposite side our hearts were made glad by the sight of the white tents of United States soldiers. Colonel Sibley was encamped at Lac Qui Parle, and we were safe at last.

Chit-to disappeared from this post in the same sudden fashion as before; but I am happy to say that I have seen her several times since. Mother and I were afraid her people would punish her for the part she took in befriending us, but they never interfered with her at all. Probably the friendship which Little Crow evinced toward our family may have had something to do with the leniency which they showed her.



The little Sioux's Warning.